

The Library
of the
University of North Carolina



Collection of North Caroliniana

Endowed by

John Sprunt Hill

of the Class of 1889

C378

UQm

1946/47

C37
UQ
194

DATE

*This book must not
be taken from the
Library building.*

Library

Unf

Col

Un

Co

CAROLINA MAGAZINE



OCTOBER 1946

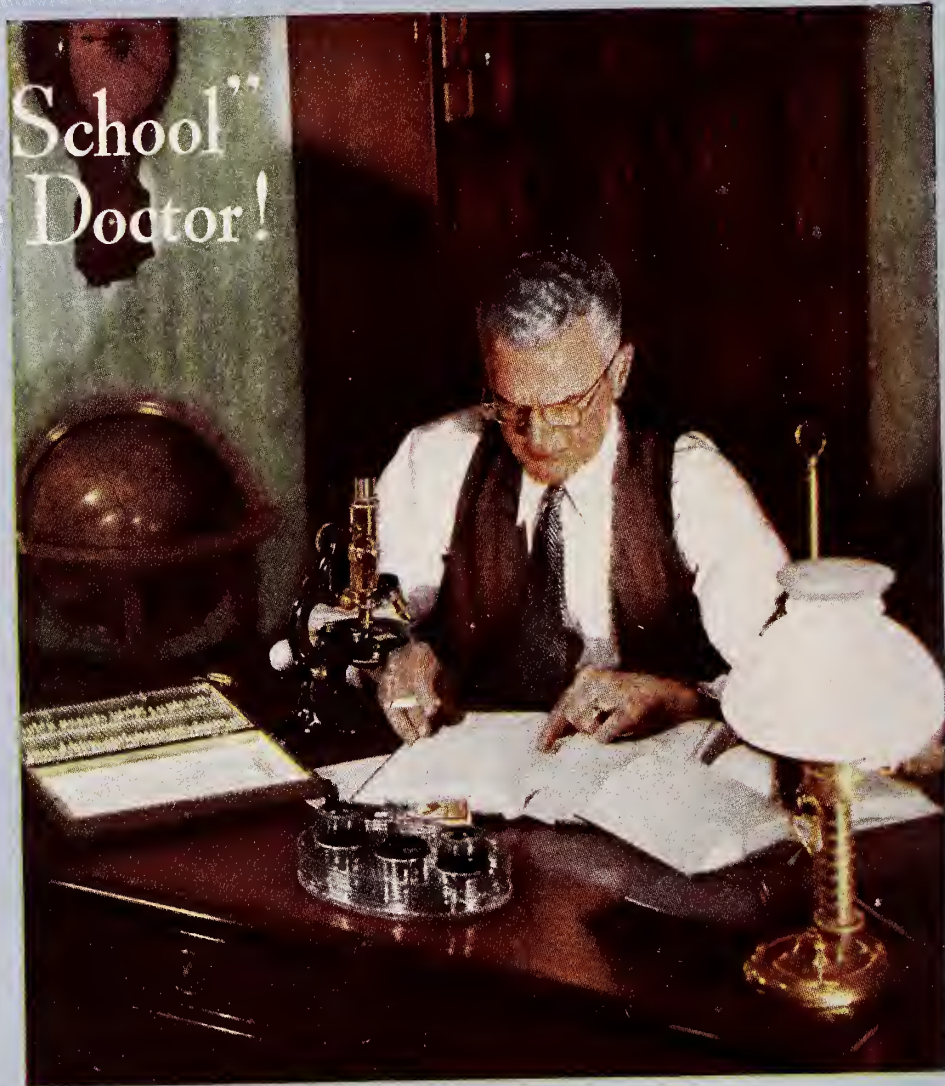
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

"Night-School" for the Doctor!

*His years of study are
never finished...for
the practice of
medicine is one of
constant change...and
every change is for
the better...for you!*

SEVEN long years he studied
before those respected initials
"M.D." were affixed to
his name. And that was only
the beginning!

For every day brings discovery
in the field of medicine. New
methods of treatment, of
protecting and prolonging
life. All these the doctor must
know to fulfill his obligation
to you... to mankind. That's
being a doctor!



According to a recent Nationwide survey: **MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS** **THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

● "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

That was the gist of the question put to 113,597
doctors from coast to coast in a recent survey by
three independent research groups.

More doctors named Camels than any other
cigarette.

If you're a Camel smoker, this definite preference
for Camels among physicians will not surprise you. If not, then by all means try Camels.
Try them for taste... for your throat. That's the
"T-Zone" test (see right).

Your "T-Zone" Will Tell You...

The "T-Zone"—T for
taste and T for throat
—is your own proving
ground for any
cigarette. For only
your taste and *your*
throat can decide
which cigarette tastes
best to *you*... and
how it affects
your throat.



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS

Costlier Tobaccos

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Periodical of Campus Life

October, 1946

EDITOR: Fred Jacobson

MANAGING EDITOR: Jud Kinberg

BUSINESS MANAGER: Ben Perlmutter

FICTION

| | | |
|-----------------------|--------|----|
| LIFE IS SHORT | Harden | 4 |
| TIGHTENED HANDS | Ramsey | 10 |

FEATURES

| | | |
|------------------------------|----------------|----|
| RETURN OF THE NATIVE | Shipley | 6 |
| A BETTER DEAL | Morrison, Crum | 12 |
| CO-OPERATION | McDade | 14 |
| PIPELINE TO THE PEOPLE | Kinberg | 15 |
| THE BIG LINEUP | Seaver, Daum | 18 |
| TEACHING FOR PEANUTS | Schulman | 20 |
| PLANE FACTS | Harden, Sapp | 21 |
| GALLANT LADY | Green | 25 |

HUMOR

| | | |
|--------------------------|-----------|----|
| PRIVATE EYE | Stern | 7 |
| INKA, DINKA, DOO | Hodgson | 9 |
| LENOIR, I LOVE YOU | Furgurson | 19 |

POETRY

| | | |
|------------------------|---------|----|
| POLITICS OF LOVE | Justice | 10 |
|------------------------|---------|----|

ART

| | | |
|----------------------------|----------------|----|
| COVER | Reams, Andrews | |
| PROGRAM FOR PROGRESS | Reams, Andrews | 16 |
| PIN-UP BOY OF '66 | Reams | 23 |

ART

Editor: WINKY ANDREWS

STAFF: John Davis, Kennedy Gam-
mage, Allen Kaufman, John Sink,
James Somers, Clyde Stallings

FEATURES

STAFF: Jack Crum, Daniel Daum,
Fred Flagler, Gilbert Furgurson,
Tookie Hodgson, Bob Morrison, Bruce
Sapp, Dick Seaver, Burke Shipley, Ar-
nold Schulman

ASSISTANTS: Richard Aftein, Le-
Roy Bannerman, Edward Blankstein,
Herb Bodman, Bailey Hobgood, Harry
Hendros, Isadore Nachimow, Ira Roth-
baum, Henry Saunders

LITERARY

Editor: BETTY ANNE GREEN

STAFF: Rosemary Cleveland, Dick

Harden, Don Justice, Paul Ramsey,
Robert Kendrick, Julia Ross, Dick Stern
ASSISTANTS: Bob Andrew, Jean
Benjamin, Joan Blase, Clem Clements,
Jack Dube, E. R. Hartin, Edsel Hughes,
Jack Kestner, Sigsbee Miller, Lenoir
Ray

PHOTOGRAPHY

Editor: ROBERT REAMS

STAFF: Bill Ballew, Fred Retchin

BUSINESS

Associates: BERNARD KEMP
STAFF: Hubert Aenchbacher, Bar-
bara Biggers, Lucy Evans, Jean Eisen-
koff, Charles Foley, Peter Gerns, Anne
Hamlin, Marge Hollander, Annette
Magid, Jim Manning, Florence New-
man, Augusta Pharr, Ernest Rosen-
berg, Warren Rubin, June Sauer

IN A WORLD where push-
button annihilation has been
blasted off the science page
into the realm of page one's grim
fact, the purpose of each printed
word and picture must infinite-
ly transcend all its predecessors.

Atomic energy that ended
World War II enlarged the cam-
pus of the University of North
Carolina by an area equal to our
whole globe. No longer can that
campus be the tight little world
bounded by Kenan Stadium,
weekends in Greensboro and an
occasional binge in New York
City. UNC extends to Paris and
the Peace Conference, Lake Suc-
cess and the United Nations, to
every city and country where
the future is being molded. To
mirror the activities of this vast
campus, the Carolina Magazine
is departing from the narrow
themes of former years. If we
are to be citizens of the world,
we must understand something
of the problems which confront
us in every strata of society.
The Editors of the Magazine
hope to further that grasp of
new and vast realities in each
succeeding issue during the com-
ing year. World citizenship is
still a heady feeling, one new to
the ken of society and so we may
at times err in our judgments.
But all progress is the vast ac-
cumulation of good, dwarfing
the bad.

The Magazine turns its analy-
tical eyes first upon the Univer-
sity itself, its problems, its in-
fluences, its needs. The "Strik-
ing for Progress" section is a
kaleidoscopic report of what we
saw.

To prove that we can still
laugh, still read a story without
a mission, we refer you to the
pages preceding "Striking for
Progress." We hope it shows
that we haven't yet reached the
point where we mentally calcu-
late the destructive power of the
atoms in the lump of ice with
which we cool our bourbon, suh.

Published monthly during the school year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina. Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. Address all communications to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial. Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscription price of \$2.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.

401502

Memo to: U. N. C. STUDENTS
From: ROOM 102, BYNUM HALL
Subject: APOLOGY

It's gradually been forced to our attention over the past year or so that we've been neglecting our duty. As happens to too many people on a college campus, we have in the past had a tendency to sit in our quarters in the above-indicated hall (still inscribed "Gymnasium" on its pillared portico and therefore causing much confusion among new students, especially during registration week) and go quietly about our business of publishing books. We do not mean that we have intended to shirk our manifest responsibility to let you know what we're doing. We haven't. We've just been so busy getting the books out and making a name for ourselves in the outside world that it didn't occur to us until recently that there were people on this campus who didn't know we exist, or if they did, what we do and where we are located.

We must admit that when it came, this realization was quite a blow to us. It hurt our pride. We had thought that our reputation was secure; to find that we were like the legendary prophet was deflating. But we assume full responsibility for the present situation. *Nostra culpa!* We, therefore, tender you our sincere apologies and promise to keep you posted on our activities from now on. As a starter, here's a brief list of some of our outstanding books this fall.

Tops on the list is *ONE DAMNED ISLAND AFTER ANOTHER: THE SAGA OF THE SEVENTH*, by Clive Howard and Joe Whitley. This is the official story of the Seventh Air Force, told by the men themselves, often in their own words; naming names and starting places. It's a book in which everyone will be interested and any former member of the Seventh may well find himself mentioned. To be published December 7. \$3.50.

Then, there's *SEND ME AN ANGEL*, by Alice Nisbet. We don't often go into the field of the novel, but occasionally we find one so good that we can't turn it down. This is such a book. About a South Carolina Negro woman and her half-wit son, it is an understanding story, told with strength and slashing prose. November 30. \$2.00.

For those who are more interested in historical books, there is *JAMES MONROE*, by W. P. Cresson, the definitive biography of America's fifth president, whose life span embraced the vital years of the establishment of the states as a nation. To read it is to

take a refresher course in American history in company with one of the most thorough-going Americans who ever lived. November 16. \$5.00.

Another important fall title is *THE PEOPLE LOOK AT RADIO*, by Paul F. Lazarsfeld and Harry Field. This book will be of interest to everyone who listens to the radio and who has been irritated past endurance by its huckstering. Analyzing the public reaction to radio programs, presentation of news, and advertising, the book goes on to point out the role radio will and must take in the future. November 2. \$2.50.

Not a fall publication, but two recent books in a new fall outfit, is the boxed edition of Josephus Daniels' *THE WILSON ERA*. These two volumes, *YEARS OF PEACE, 1910-1917*, and *YEARS OF WAR AND AFTER, 1917-1923*, are those which *Time* called "a wonderfully cranky, talky, valuable record, as honest as daylight, as native as Congress gaiters and a black string tie." The set, \$7.50.

So much for the new books. But while we are atoning for our past sins, it might be a good thing to take a look at some of our more important recent publications. And foremost on this list is our runaway best seller, *THE MANSIONS OF VIRGINIA, 1706-1776*, by Thomas T. Waterman, the book which has sold so well that it has been out of stock three-fourths of the time since it was published last April. Beautifully printed and boxed, this is the story in photographs and text of the building of Virginia's outstanding pre-Revolutionary houses. Now coming back into print again, it will be available on November 15 (if it isn't sold out in advance by then!). A fourth printing is being ordered. Boxed, \$10.00.

For anyone interested in keeping up

with who's who in the political world but who hasn't the time for extensive reading on the subject, *PUBLIC MEN IN AND OUT OF OFFICE*, edited by J. T. Salter, is just the answer. It's a series of biographical and critical studies of the outstanding politicians of today, written by journalists and professors who know their subjects well. \$4.00.

As we said above, we seldom publish novels, but when we do, we generally have something really good. For instance, in the fall of 1945 we published the book which Lewis Gannett, of the *New York Herald Tribune*, said made "the whole crop of 1945 best sellers seem thin and wan beside it." This book is *MEXICAN VILLAGE*, by Josephina Niggli, and consists of ten short stories, complete in themselves, but so interwoven that together they form a charming and colorful picture of the northern Mexican hamlet in which they are laid. \$3.00.

Other recent books which have had great success are *RANGER MOSBY*, by V. C. Jones, a biography of a Confederate leader which reads like a Dumas romance, \$3.50; *MY AUNT LOUISA AND WOODROW WILSON*, by Margaret Axson Elliott, charming reminiscences by Wilson's sister-in-law, \$3.00; and the continuing best seller, *I RODE WITH STONEWALL*, by the youngest member of Jackson's staff, Henry Kyd Douglas. \$3.50.

In addition, there's a long list of books, both popular and scholarly, which are of special interest in Chapel Hill: *ALL THESE PEOPLE: THE NATION'S HUMAN RESOURCES IN THE SOUTH*, by Rupert B. Vance; *SOUTHERN REGIONS OF THE UNITED STATES*, by Howard W. Odum; Paul Green's books, *THE LOST COLONY*, *THE HIGHLAND CALL*, *THE HAWTHORN TREE*, and *FOREVER GROWING*; *MACHIAVELLI'S THE PRINCE*, edited by Hardin Craig; *READING AND SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGES*, by H. R. Huse; *INTERNATIONAL CARTELS*, by Ervin Hexner; for a few.

This is just a sample of what we've been doing. As you can see, we're rather catholic in our subject matter and we think we have something here which should appeal to everyone of you. We hope you'll drop in and look us over!

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH
CAROLINA PRESS.



MAX SAYS:



**Steaks, Chops
and Seafood**

UNIVERSITY CAFE

Next to Post Office

BULL'S HEAD BOOKSHOP



University Library
Ground Floor

Browse, Borrow, or Buy

Books of Current Interest
Fiction and Non-Fiction

Paul Green: "Salvation on a
String"

"Mansions of Virginia,"
Waterman

Fashion Parade

Several men on campus, tired of hearing co-eds "shriek and sheik" over each other's clothes, decided to stage a fashion show of their own. Immediately posting announcements to this effect, they looked forward to the night—a night of memorable importance—when they could give the girls "une bois de leur propre medicine," which translated from anglicized French, is "a dose of their own medicine."

Indeed, when the night came, they were not disappointed. Feminine voices echoed to the stage from darkest recesses of the theater. Mike Rubish, announcer, adjusted his microphone; Harold Schiffman assorted his music; the curtain went up.

To solemn strains of *Largo*, Jimmy Wallace pirouetted across the floor, and Mike, seeing surprised glances exchanged among the audience, hastily assured them:

*No ladies, there's no fire—
Just Wallace in a brilliant attire;
It would never do if he wore a skirt,
Since it's his long red undershirt.*

After their first shock, the co-eds were prepared for anything, even for Highsmith, who, wearing a dirty tee-shirt and no shoes, next strolled into the limelight. Mike, with the most effeminate voice he could muster, announced Chan's entrance:

*Blessings on thee, little Chan,
Barefoot boy in tee-shirt tan! !
Highsmith isn't really a rogue;
His outfit is very, very vogue.*

This the ladies appreciated. They laughed until tears came into their eyes, and until they thought they were seeing a mirage when—no, it couldn't be—but it was—Choo-Choo Justice waltzing across the stage to the melody of Strauss' "Blue Danube" in his football uniform. Mike added to the merriment:

*Introducing Mr. Justice:
Doesn't he look too smart?
His outfit was designed by Snavelly
To give the Devils a start.*

Notice the padded cut of that shoulder

This divine style makes our team appear bolder

(You co-eds say Choo-Choo looks like a lamb,

But believe me, girls, he is really a ram.)

Schiffman quickly changed the tempo to "School Days." Mike announced the next model, Al Pannill, who was already strolling into view:

It's just too, too convenient behind his ear,

(Continued on page 31)

Attack by Indians on Union Pacific Railroad track-layers in the 1860's. Authorized as a Civil War measure, there were 1,027 miles of track laid—the first railroad across America. Workers lived in railroad cars, were often accompanied by U. S. Cavalry. The founders of our company were supplying the demand for pipes as far west as Denver and San Francisco at that time.



KAYWOODIE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

grew up with America


Slim Apple
\$3.50

Winning new friends
every year since 1851



Our pipe-makers supplied pipes to the men who built America. Technique and manufacturing equipment have grown so that Kaywoodie today is made by the most modern methods in existence. All this is reflected in the smoking-pleasure and comfort which you enjoy when you light up a Kaywoodie. \$3.50 to \$25 at dealers'. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London.



©OPR. 1946
KAYWOODIE CO.

LIFE IS by Dick Harden SHORT

Magazine newcomer Dick Harden writes of good and evil, frustration and temptation in his story of the student and the ex-lady marine.

In the life of every man, there is a time or two, or maybe three, when wee small temptations come along and whisper naughty tales. "Life is short," these temptations say, "and youth and blood are warm." "Come, Friend," they urge. Then reason, being oh so dull, listens to these luring tales, and mother wisdom with all her little resolutions is pushed into the cold, cold dark.

Thats life, my friend, a solemn truth, and its nothing new today. Long, long ago there lived a wise old man, a philosophical joker, who knew the truth in life and love. Omar Khayyam was his name, and Omar had this to say:

"Indeed, indeed, repentance oft before I swore

But was I sober when I swore?

And then, and then came spring and rose in hand

My threadbare pentence apieces tore."

My Pentence is a pieces tore also; now its nothing but a rag. Oh yes, I had a resolution, a very good one indeed. Hard work till graduation day, thats all it required, and, of course, a life free from the distracting influence of alcohol, feminine charms, and dreams of sunny isles. But alas, flesh is weak, no stronger than a beautiful smile or the tingling of ice in a high ball glass.

"Now, that weakness," Deacon Joe would say, "its sinful and shameful too." Deacon Joe has no imagination, though. He doesn't know the virtues of the bottle either, nor is he familiar with the throbbing warmth of a maiden's kiss or the pressure of soft, sweetened lips. Deacon Joe is a damn fool.

Be as it may, that little imp, temptation, came knocking on my door. It wasn't just a tap, but a hell of a rap, and he is so much stronger than me. Out went reason, out went his resolutions, and out I went with vice in mind. Old friend, vice is an engrossing subject.

It started in a restaurant, last Saturday night, to be exact. I walked into this little place with an ethereal, virtuous air. A juicy steak was my only earth bound thought; The little boy was hungry. I found a booth all by my lone-

some, an extremely lucky break, I think, for such a mob as the town seldom sees soon filled the little place. In a bit the waitress came, a decrepit old hag. She asked me what I wanted, and, incidentally, an impertinent question concerning introverts and extroverts. Well, I always have considered myself to be an ambivert, but, at the time, my tendencies, in keeping with the "noble resolution," were slightly on the introvert side. However, this is "post war," and "post war" is hell, and we have to help our fellow men. Thus, I replied, "extrovert," feeling it my duty to sacrifice privacy with the steak for the good of America. The old witch muttered something about since being an extrovert, I should much prefer company for dinner to eating alone, and off she went to drag some famished creature from the mob up front to share my booth.

I surmised my dinner companion was to be a student, or an ex-G.I. anyhow, but what happened was pure sabotage. A most gorgeous creature, her name was Suzan Ellen, slid demurely in across from me. When she mentioned her name, it sounded like Supiyawlet, Kipling's little Burma queen, from the old Moulmein Padoga by the beautiful China Sea. The effect was much the same, I guess. She murmured the sweetest hello, for which I wasn't at all prepared. She smiled; I gulped. The table tipped, my beer glass slipped, and I was embarrassed more than somewhat. Well, finally, I recovered, and after retring the glass from my lap and getting my lower jaw up from my collar, I managed a smile and a nod.

Now, Suzan Ellen Whitney is an ex lady marine, straight from the halls of Montezuma, and a marine through and through. By that I mean, she was very sweet, but she had no intention of spending her seven hour bus lay over in town in a picture show. She was on the way back to civilization after a few weeks with Mom and Pop and the bashful boy friend in the wilds of the wholly hills.

Well, that was the end of my good resolution, and all of my will power. She is an earth bound angle with a voice as sweet as the Virgin Mary's. It is low, of a dulcet note, and suggestive of romance. You know the type, common in description, but very rare in experience. Her complexion is from heaven too, all peaches and cream with the faintest hint of an underlying rose, offset by a background of the



most beautiful chestnut hair. Her eyes are mirrors, so dark and lovely, and Voltaire would say, "Her lips are twin settings of coral enclosing the most beautiful pearls of the Arabian Sea."

Voltaire just didn't know. Her lips are like nothing so cold as coral, but warm and full. They are expectant lips, damp and parting, and desirable. Come to think of it, though, her body would never do for heaven. It is as pagan as Aphrodite's, and as desirable as Tantasias. She would tempt Saint Peter, himself, and Moses could never resist.

After dinner we walked and talked a bit and became very friendly, by virtue of a little trivial chatter on the part of each. That happens, you know, when interests are mutual and life is short, especially when the interest is sex. We decided to spend her lay over in the natural way—with a bottle in a cozy nook, of course.

First, I found a man, through references tried and true, who knows a man who knows a man who peddles gin and bourbon. "I'll get you all you want," he said, "for a price, of course." Being flush with two back checks from the V. A., I said, "Of course."

I then had in mind a comfortable room or a darkened alley. I was in that mood for conversation that makes an alley look good if there is nowhere else for private talk, but she said an alley seems so very sordid. We found the nicest room.



It was a beautiful evening, as beautiful as the beauty of truth. The night was warm and she was warmer and her every kiss was as passionate as Cleopatra's last. She kisses with every muscle, every nerve pressing, straining and throbbing closer. She is a woman who can be heartlessly passionate and have the power to satisfy her passion. She can drive a man mad, or drain him dry, or both.

"Now what the hell?" you probably say. "That's a sorry dissertation." No doubt you are right, and I can't very well argue. We'll let it go at that. But I just got back from this lovely wench and an empty whiskey bottle. It's 3 A.M., her bus has gone, and I'm in this dingy room. I feel too good for wasteful sleep, and I am a little too drunk to read. That's for sure. Thus, Friends, you will have to suffer.

Don't go away yet, though, even if the end seems here. There is a bit more here to say, which perhaps is indiscreet, but say it I shall.



Some wines have a song, but no wine is wrong
So forget the conventional things
Just look at the fun they bring
Whiskey whoozies are strong, so sweet and so long

Then temptors in train pass again and again
Youth's blood is red and warm
Don't resist or refrain, it's right as the rain
And love can never harm

Folks rant and rave of sinful graves
Of wicked demon's chortle
But beautiful babes are love's own slaves
And morals only mortal

Now this tale is tame, it fathers no fame
Its moral is old and true
Since the crime of Cain its been the same
Old Omar Khayyam knew.

"Life is Short" is the first of many stories that Magazine editors hope to peruse and print in future issues. A campus which spawned Thomas Wolfe, Carolina has consistently been in the forefront of collegiate creative writing.

It was in the Carolina Magazine that Paul Green published his early works. More recently, Henry Moll's short story "Luigi," first printed in the Magazine, won the national collegiate fiction award. The history of monthly publications at Chapel Hill is one of outstanding achievement and advancement.

In recent years, due to wartime disruptions, the quality of fiction in the Carolina Magazine fell precipitously. In the months to come, the editors for 1946-47 plan to return this genre of creative writing to its rightful and important place in the scheme of letters on campus.

It is hoped that the manuscripts will cause many a Magman to read far into pre-publication nights in order to choose the stories which represent the finest literary efforts at Carolina. At year's end, the Thomas Wolfe award will be given to the outstanding work of fiction to appear in the Carolina Magazine during the school year.

For the men who create with the typed word, the time is definitely now.



It is Sunday noon in Chapel Hill and the doors of the Presbyterian church have just swung open—services are over—gradually, the people emerge. Slowly the crowd disperses to reveal a slight, middle-aged man standing on the church steps talking now to one person, then to another. He appears, for all the world, to be a farmer 'come' into town for church. Yet another couple enters the little group speaking with the man; one says "Dr. Frank, may I present. . ." For that short 'farmer' is our president, Frank Porter Graham.

Dr. Frank is one of the most well-liked persons in North Carolina, loved by friends and respected by his enemies, for in turn, he has a genuine interest in people—all people without regard to race, creed or color. The well from which springs all the force of his nature is continually nourished by his one consuming passion—the love of humanity. There is nothing of the toadying, opportunistic politician with the Dale Carnegie approach in Frank Graham. Whether it is to a youngster of seven whose birthday falls on the same day as Dr. Frank's, to a yardman, to a Dean or to a government official, he speaks to one and all with the same sincerity and straightforwardness of manner that mirrors his philosophy.

What Dr. Frank thinks of people—and his mind harbors no cynical

thoughts—is revealed through the acts of a man who can brook no hypocrisy. The students are legion who can remember a slender, undersized man who stopped to ask their names, about their hometown, and chat about their courses or offered to give them a hand with a load of books; for all, as he walks the campus paths or village streets, Frank Graham has a cheerful, heart-warming greeting. It is easy to pass by Dr. Frank in a crowd for with his plain features and greyish, thinning hair-line he is not a striking figure, but it is impossible to forget him once you have met him. The very real sincerity and unassuming friendliness of Dr. Frank's greeting is communicated to his fellow men who

The Return of the Native

depart with the sense of having talked with a man, by nature, truly interested in them as individuals.

That remembrance will be reciprocated for Frank Graham's phenomenal memory has grown legendary. Names and faces—people—symbolize to Dr. Frank the diverse streams into which the river of humanity flows and from each he drinks the nectar of the human soul: he remembers people because he

Back to Carolina after anxious years in Washington, Dr. Frank Porter Graham is again the personification of Tar Heel spirit and tradition. This is the story of UNC's "Great Man."

believes in them. Five, ten, or fifteen years hence, walk into his office or drop in on Dr. Frank's and Mrs. Graham's traditional Sunday evening open house and he will be there to welcome you by name with an out-stretched hand and a smile of pleasure lighting up his face at renewing an old acquaintance.

To know Dr. Frank is to know a man of many facets; at once a raconteur and a philosopher, his spirit is imbued with a self-effacing pride in the constructive deeds of other men. At home, sitting in front of the blazing fire in his living-room, nothing delights him so much as to dwell on some amusing anecdote of an absent-minded professor or to discuss the latest results of the Carolina teams and the world of sports in general. In a more serious vein, he may be found talking with visiting students and friends on problems facing the University and the students, on the news of the world and the spirit of the age, on the drama or literature. There are few subjects indeed that have escaped the penetrating and comprehensive mind of Frank Graham.

Unpretentious in dress and manner, his speeches are likewise simple and unadorned. The bombast of a demagogue or the cunning half-truths of a hired 'mouth-piece' are not found in Dr. Frank. Yet, neither is he a great orator. It was not the flourish or the beauty of his language that brought almost 12,000 educated persons to their feet in applause for eight minutes at the last Harvard commencement. It is not to hear the rhetorical magnificence of a

Demosthenes or a William Jennings Bryan that students fill Memorial Hall when Dr. Frank speaks. It is the vibrant force of a man who exemplifies the ideals of democracy and humanism in his words and daily life. His usually calm, mild North Carolina drawl, becoming surcharged with the fervid intensity of those ideals, leaves the audience, whether or two persons or 12,000,

(Continued on page 25)

Walked across to the counter and the bitch said, "Morning, Mr. War. . ." but I slugged her before she could finish. She caught the scream in her molars and reached for me. Her mouth was soft like damp cotton.

Out in the street, the sky was a blue rabbit laying white eggs. Car rolled up, in and off. She was about twenty-two, nice tree-green eyes, five-four, slender as a dip's alibi. "You're Warner," she said, but there was no question in her voice.

"Maybe," I said. You never get anywhere shooting off your mouth.

She turned full at me. I could have slugged her right in the nostrils, but she was even better off the profile. She caught the look, played a cadenza on her ribs. "Nice, huh?"

"You're even cuter than I am, honey."

She laughed low, a bassoon with blood. "Business first, lover. You in the market?"

I looked her over. "What are you selling?"

She looked back and put me in her files. "Two days ago, Father got a phone call. He never talks on the phone himself, but the man was insistent, almost threatening. After that my father went out. It's the first time he's left the mausoleum in three years."

I typed that in my head. She went on.

"He came back late that night and went to bed. Now the room's locked and he won't say a word. Valet leaves his meals outside the door and Father sneaks them in when nobody's looking. For the last three nights when the tray comes out, there's been a bone on it. . . a human bone.

"It's got me worried. You see, he throws a hell of a big party on his birthday every year and that means next week. Invitations are out already. It's the only time people get to hit him for money, so they'll miss him if he doesn't show."

That didn't rock me, I'm paid to listen. "O. K. You want me to find out where his supply of marinated people is coming from. I cost two hundred a day, but I'll cut it fifty if they throw you in."

We kissed and nearly hit a big Buick. She pulled up at the side and took out a fifth. "Good luck," she said.

I took her driver's license out of her

Women in liberal portions and of liberal proportions fall upon Dick Stern's private detective. A satire of the gun-and-gal school of writing in best Chandlerese.

purse, peeled a hundred off a big roll and threw the rest back. "So long Miss Peppering," I threw at her, glancing down at the license.

Walked away feeling her eyes at my neck and back, hitting me like sweeping shafts of hot steel. I was feeling bigger than my five-seven—big, broad and rich.

Back at the office a big guy was waiting for me. A moon face with blood in the slots. "What can I do for you?"

His voice was high, girlish. "Well. . ."

"Besides that," I snapped.

"You're a private investigator, aren't you?"

"You've been reading the phone book." I sat back and looked at him, letting him make the play. His knees were doing a rhumba. Fear slid in thick rolls of fat down his whole body.

"Look, look," he trembled.

"Take it easy, sonny." May be a slap in the teeth would pull him out. He chewed teeth, cringed. You could have kicked his mother in the ribs and he'd ask if you hurt your foot.

He didn't talk so well after that, I sent him out to dentist I worked with. He was gone and the evening came surging in from the Hudson. Thought of the kid in the car. That body, the way they used to turn them out before the meat shortage.

What was her old man's name again. I'd seen their pictures on the sex page of the News. He looked like a pistachio nut. Oh yeah, Stone Peppering. Lot of money, little pride. Married his brother's second wife and chews matches. Christ, what a life.

The bassoon was at my ear. "Hello," it said. Original, that.

"How'd you creep in?"

"Through your ear." She smiled and the sky blew up. I reached over and slapped her like a Krupa skin.

She gulped, in the hips, but came back for more and I said "what the hell." She was like a load of sun wrapped up for Christman. Merry Christmas!

"You're sort of interesting," she puffed.

"Like the Britannica."

"Too bad there's so little of you."

"Yeah," I said. That ended the talk.

After a while she spoke. "My Father's dead."

"Too bad." I guess she had about twenty million now. About a billion fifths of Haig and Haig.

"That closes it up, shamus. The party's off, so you don't have to concentrate on anything except me."

Something was wrong. It oozed out in the perfume. It beat the air like a pregnant stork. I could taste it in my

(Continued on page 31)



The INKA DINKA

NOW it is only natural that a person imbued with an inclination towards polite society should immediately seek the company of young men of similar inclinations and tastes. So it was with me. Having been reared in a delightful, little mountain community in the Eastern portion of Tennessee among people directly descended from the well-known and widely-publicized Jukes Family of Upper New York State, it can be easily ascertained that I possessed considerable social polish and savoir faire when I entered the great State University of the great State of North Carolina located in the heart of the great Southland. However, the mere knowledge that ordinary manners would not suffice in such a sophisticated and blase institution drove me on to even greater care in the matters of skinning rabbits before cooking them, wearing shoes during the winter, and remembering that telephone booths were in actuality not at all like the similar, small structures which abound in great numbers in my home community of Howling Dog, Tenn. Consequently, it can be readily seen by the gentle reader how the word "fraternity" held so much appeal for me. Indeed, here was the very type of organization which would fully perfect my partly-developed powers of getting along with my fellow men and women, too, if I may make bold, and I frequently do.

Therefore, when I received an invitation from the Great and Noble Order of Inka Dinka Doo to visit them at their massive domicile on Old Crow Street, you may be sure that I accepted with alacrity and in less time than it takes to tell, I was in my miniscular room, donning such apparel, as I considered suitable for the great occasion. It was with regret, however, that I learned from my roommate Cedric Claptrap, a Danziger habitue, and therefore an authority on satorical matters, that a toga and sandals were not in current fashion, even at the temples of the various chapters of Greekdome. Depressed at my near-faux pas, I nonetheless, put on my Sunday overalls, pocketed my trusty jug of Nectar de Corn, and departed, whistling, toward the great, pillared manse of the Inka Dinka Doos.

When I arrived at the veritable palace, I was met by none other than Seymour Sinkhold, XIII, that very incarnation of a fraternity B.M.O.C. With a firm, strong grip, Mr. Sinkhold grasped my delicate hand, at the same time deftly slipping a pair of handcuffs on my slender, exposed wrists.

"Welcome, Hodgson," cried he, "I do hope you'll stay with us a while. Come in and have a seat."

"Thank you, sir," I replied, "Lacking a file, I will necessarily do as you request." And with that bit of repartee, we strolled into the Inka Dinka Doo's Lounge room, and took our seats.

Immediately, fifty loyal brothers brought me cigarettes, lighters, champagne, cognac, bourbon, an urn filled with burning incense, and seven year's back copies of "Esquire." Nor was that all, six pledges approached, and with a becoming servile air, began to shine my shoes, cut my hair, and if I had not most vehemently protested, would have certainly attempted to press my trousers with your humble scribe still in them.

As I was enjoying all this grandiose luxury, I noticed that the Inka Dinka Doo's had drawn together into a tight circle around me. Becoming somewhat uneasy, I made a motion to move elsewhere but was suddenly confronted

Inka Dinka Doo, first among fraternities, as created by humorist Tookie Hodgson. Tookie's pen is dipped in vitriolic ink with hilarious results.

with a terrific blaze of light which both stunned and blinded me.

"Mr. Sinkhole," I exclaimed, alarmed beyond reason, "What on earth was that?"

"Don't be alarmed, old buddy roll," answered the great fraternity man. "That was just my foot-square frat pin with the new radium jewels put in. I find radium catches the eye much quicker than mere diamonds or emeralds. It'll cure cancer too, if you stand up close to the subject."

"How novel," I cried, watching the radioactive rays dissolve my cravat. "You Inka Dinka Doo's seem to be right up there when it comes to new ideas."

"You ain't kiddin', Hodgson, old man," quoth Seymour, "Us Inka Dinka Doo's is right on the ball. Look what a swell frat house we got here. Cost us \$1,500,000 when we built it five years ago. We still owe a little on it, but we're payin' it right off. Yessir, every month a check for ten dollars goes right off to the mortgage

holders. You see, us frat boys is *real* business men. Why, Lovelace Frumpfrump over there got a "C" once in commerce, didn't you, Brother Frumpfrump?"

"Yuh," replied Brother Frumpfrump, gurgling happily, and continuing to play with his erector set.

"God!" muttered Seymour, "I told the boys we shoulda given that bird the thirty-six cent special."

"Mr. Sinkhole," I broke in, "Tell me truthfully, just how do the Inka Dinka Doo's compare with the other fraternities on the campus?"

"Now, I'm glad you asked me that, son," answered Brother Sinkhold. "Now don't get the idea that I'm running down the other frats, 'cause I ain't. It's just that they're full of rotten, low-down scum, the very dregs of humanity. Of course, any frat you join you'll like, but somehow, if you don't go Inka Dinka Doo, I just pity you. In fact I think your existence would be that of a blind pig, hung head down on a butcher's meat hook. You see, it ain't that these other frats ain't as good as Inka Dinka Doo; it's just that their men ain't no good, their houses is falling down around their heads, no decent girl will speak to them, and the food they serve is castoffs from Ptomaine Tommy's. Otherwise, they're pretty good fellows. However, please don't let anything I say influence you."

"What you have just told me is very interesting, Mr. Sinkhold" I said, "I don't mind saying that I like many features about Inka Dinka Doo; especially, that spigot upstairs which delivers hot and cold running 'Martini's'."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say that, friend," quoth Seymour, "Now how about pledging up with us?"

"Oh, I need a little time to think it over first," I ejaculated. "O. K. You got thirty seconds. Fellows, get the vat of boiling oil ready! We got another guy here who likes to think!"

"Never mind, Sir, for God Sake's never mind," I cried, as thirty-seven burning cigarettes were pressed against my flesh. "I am yours. Inka Dinka Doo, all hail!"

"Inka Dinka Doo, all hail," echoed the brothers, forcing me to assume the position, as they picked up their trusty paddles. That's how I entered into one of the greater mysteries of life.

TOOKIE HODGSON

DOO Affair



PRESSURE



ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME



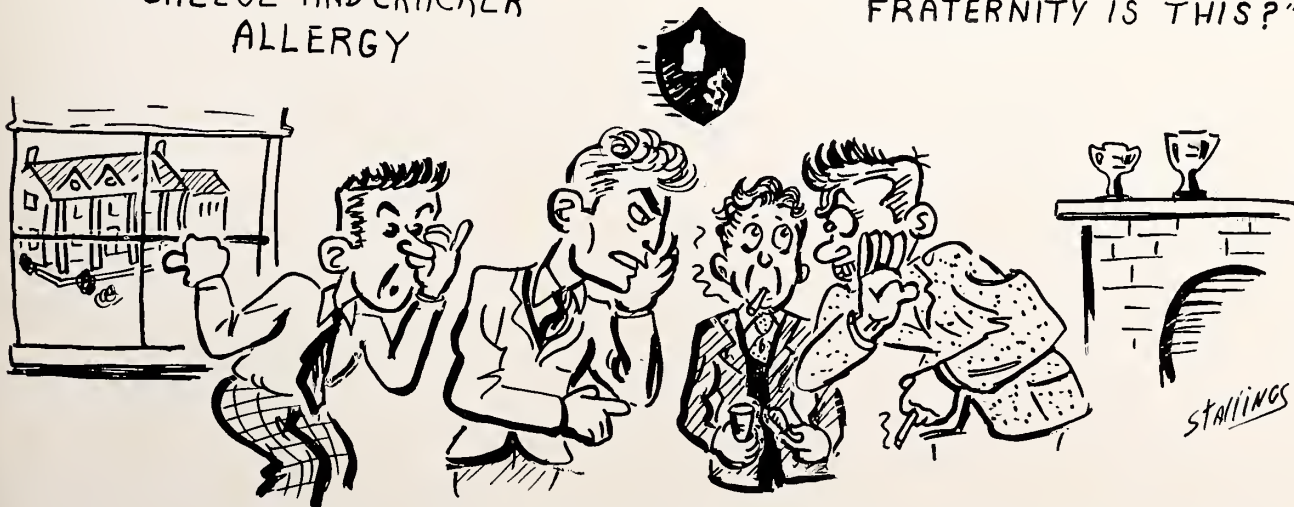
CHEESE AND CRACKER ALLERGY



HESITANT



WHAT FRATERNITY IS THIS?"



"NOT THAT WE'D TRY TO PREJUDICE YOU AGAINST THE LAMBDA DAMNDA'S, **BUT**....."

THE Politics of Love



They are not brown-skinned and
whenever they speak
Show they're not native to those
colonies
Come to by ships, in gentle winds.
Sun-struck,
They fall in tiny settlements like
flies,

Or stake out dizzy claims as if to
seize
Some undiscoverable ore, yet
seem afraid
Always at night, unwilling to
suppress
A small cry even at noon, when
in the shade

Squatting, thinking of home, the
Wild Beast—miles,
They thought, away—rears up,
birds scattering, and
The great hoof's blunder on
whatever the spoils
Left of a violated and lost land.
DON JUSTICE

Tightened Hands

It was cooler inside and dark and a memory of stale perfume lingered in the air. He stood quite still for a moment, he shrugged the heavy shoulders under the dirty fatigues, moved forward and pressed the buzzer with his finger. The grating sound caught the silence, held it for a moment and then it was quiet again. And then the door opened and she was there.

"Lt. Morris?" he asked.

"Yes." She spoke slowly, looked at him carefully with her pale grey eyes, which shifted as his own gaze met them. He quite deliberately let the silence hold for a second and then said, "I have a note for you from Lt. Roberts."

"Oh. I see". She read the note he handed her, then told him to wait and the door closed.

He had come by the sea road and it had been noon, and he wanted water, wanted rest, wanted more than anything to get out of the damned and ubiquitous dust and he had cursed the heat, softly and with no originality, with the spent unreleasing manner that soldiers use to pound out the familiar, now meaningless words. And looking at the stiff far line of the horizon, the distance stance of a ship, the flight of a gull, continued the cursing and tried to forget the hate and tried to hide the thoughts of home and the bitter sweetness of distance and love.

And now he sat on the bench and felt his hand tightening, felt tightness in the muscles of his legs. All right, though, all right, it's all right though, he thought, and formed a brief word in his mind to hold against his desire, to reaffirm the cold depths of hatred. Of course she was, and for that officer too. OK, that's the way it is.

Then she was standing in the door, and he comes to his feet. She was wearing slacks and had on fresh lipstick and had her pocket book in her hand, and they moved across the room and into the sun. They drove back by the sea road.

He noticed that her hair was too pale, her figure too slender, and he knew his fatigues were filth and grime and suddenly he didn't care. She was looking straight ahead and he knew that she was very consciously not looking at him, but looking ahead and her face ducked forward against the driving dust. Twenty miles an hour the jeep moved along the sea wall and far out to the left he could see the cool, blue sea and the immaculate line of the horizon and the distant ship.

She was looking straight ahead and the dust flew around the corner of the windshield against her face and he looked at her face, her pretty face and at the red lipstick, and they drove along the sea wall at twenty miles an hour, and then he looked again at the sea.

(Just once a civil word, you could expect at least that, but of course not either, you could as well expect her to be nice to the jeep, she with her pretty face waiting, her slender legs too waiting. As well expect.)

The dust came faster as his foot moved. They went over the crest of a hill and the sea was hidden. He turned the corner very fast and swerved sharply against the sharp dip to avoid the truck, forcing the man to leap suddenly away toward the middle of the road. They cleared and righted.

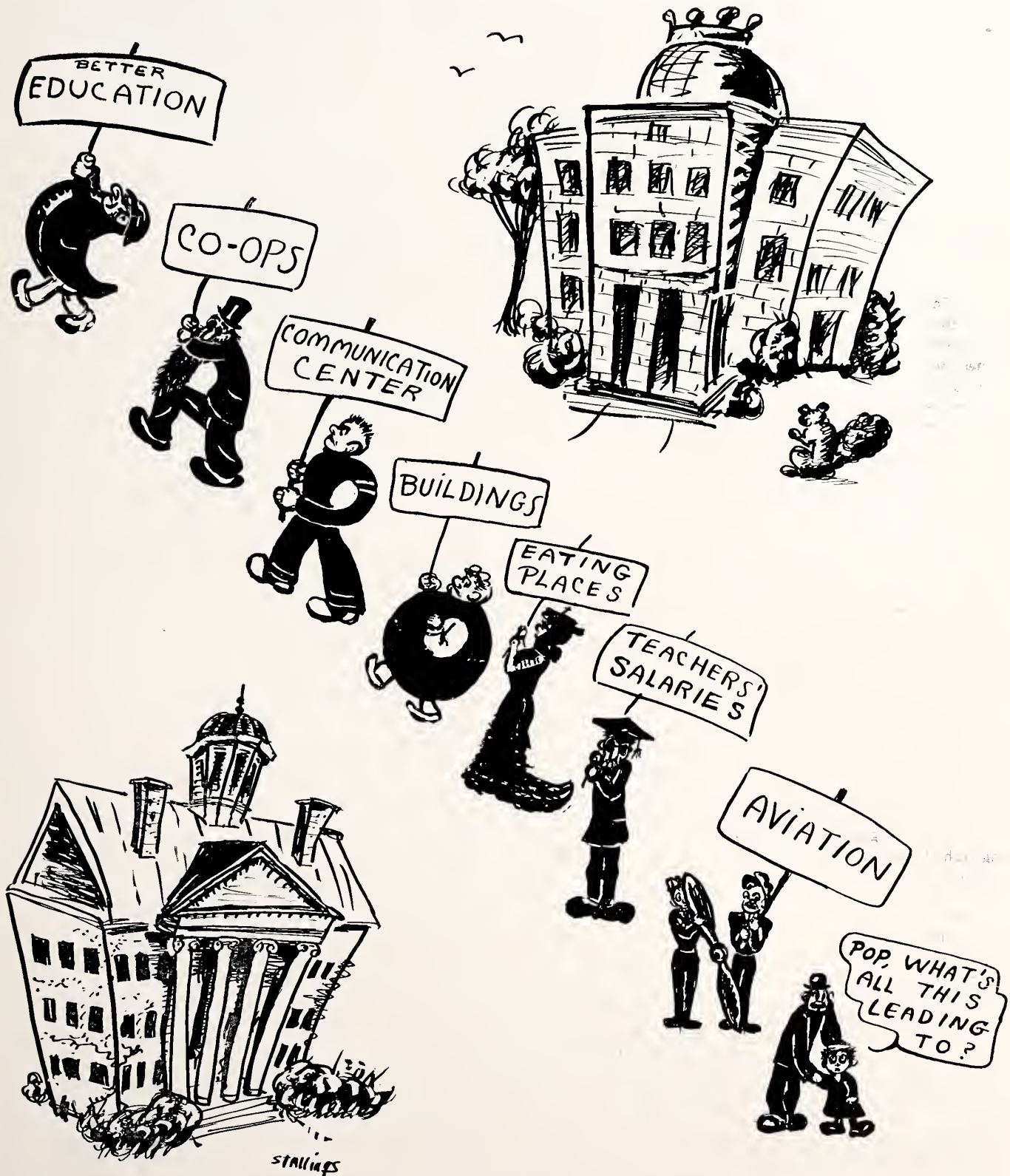
She was looking ahead, leaning forward, when he looked at her again, lips parted, watching the jeep stride the hard bumps, pick up speed, swerve and steady. The speedometer was up to forty five miles and she laughed as they hit a hard bump.

"You're a good driver." she said. "I'm enjoying this." She was smiling through the dust at his face and he said "Thanks" and then they both were laughing.

And he held the jeep on the road, slowing, increasing speed. The dust in his face, the hot sun yet on his shoulders, the dark waters of dirty sweat moving around his back, under his arms, along his legs, and he suddenly didn't mind, he suddenly was conscious of his own attraction and his own skill and he brought the speed of the jeep up and up to forty five and he felt laughter coming through him, and he looked at her and she too was laughing (and there had been the nights when you

(Continued on page 31)

«STRIKING FOR PROGRESS»





A BETTER DEAL

A very small girl stood before a diversified group of tots who were seated on the front steps of a small frame home in eastern Carolina.

"Now children," she mimicked, "open your books to page one." The request was one of great importance and was thereby treated in that light.

"Tommy Jones!" the little girl lifted her head in order to observe the offender better through the hornrimmed spectacles, "you can't read your book upside down!"

North Carolina needs a better deal. For too long a time reactionary Southern politicians have blinded the people of North Carolina and the South to the illusion that we have good schools and that our political leaders are providing for the education which real progress demands. "Though she envies not others, their merited glory" should be stricken from our state song if we think in terms of education for the people.

Many North Carolinians have spent eleven years in the public schools of this state without realizing that, although our schools match favorably with those of other Southern states, we are woefully delinquent when compared with Northern and Western states. Many North Carolinians have felt a bitter lump in their throats when for the first time they visited the great high schools of New York, New Jersey, California, and many other states. Some of these public schools exceed the University of North Carolina not only in enrollment but even in some physical facilities.

"A prominent and practical vote-getter," wrote E. W. Knight of the University Department of Education, "flatters many hundreds of his constituents by saying: 'No government on earth, in the short space of twenty-five years has written and incarnated in the life of a people more of the platform of Jesus Christ than has the Democratic party in our State. Fellow-citizens, it is positively wrong for any citizen to suggest that there is anything wrong with our schools. The spiritual and cultural life of this State has kept pace with its material advance. The path of the program of progress in our commonwealth is as the dawning light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'"

There are six states which rank below North Carolina in expenditure for public education. They offer some consolation to our pitiful educational condition, but the other forty-one states of the Union present us with a fact which gives us no cause for pride. We must "envy others, their merited glory" or else our heads must stay buried in the sand.

Not only do Southern states spend more for education, but these states probably receive less benefit per dollar spent. Our system of segregated education for whites and Negroes has considerably reduced the efficiency of our schools by burdensome duplication. The rural nature of the South necessitates smaller and scattered schools and an

Education is the right of all, the best assurance that the State of North Carolina will get its "better deal" in the years to come. Author Morrison and Crum reinforce Dr. Frank's call for further action and progress.

expensive transportation system. The only factor decreasing costs in the South is the low standard of living at a low price level.

A very significant relation is that the South has one-third of the nation's children to educate although the South has only one-eighth of the nation's wealth and merely one-sixth of the nation's school income. With this statistical fact to face, it is surprising that so many Southerners oppose federal aid to education.

The poverty of the South and the reaction of a parsimonious state legislature are both the major roots of the weakness of North Carolina's educational system. The State collected practically 147 million dollars from its citizens during the last fiscal year—a record breaking collection. The total expenditure, \$68,212,503, left unspent funds including a 48 million dollar surplus brought over from 1945. For this past year ending June 30, 1946 the Legislature appropriated 47 million dollars. However, the educational program has not only its regular improvement and expansion program to advance, but, also, the tremendous responsibility of providing the returning overflow of servicemen with adequate education. During the present inflationary economy the financial increases must be stepped up very sharply. Enrollment has doubled, appropriations have not.

Fifteen million dollars would give teachers a twenty to twenty-five per cent salary increase. Sixty million dollars are needed for building; in particular to consolidate the expensive smaller high school. Another three million dollars must be appropriated for busses.

We cannot measure the success of our educational system only in the terms of money spent, we must also strive to improve the manufactured goods produced by the investment. Today many schools are using the assembly line system which grants the student his degree—or stamp of approval. A few isolated well-memorized facts comprise the result of twelve years of work. Unfortunately, most of the primary and secondary State schools have been persuaded to mold their curricula in conformity with University entrance requirements. Although those students who are anticipating college and occupations which require literary facility should undoubtedly enroll for those high school courses which fulfill admissions regulations, one cannot readily see the necessity of learning a foreign language by a student who wants to become a good carpenter. The fact that such an astoundingly small proportion of the population takes advantage of high school education may be due more to its lack of value to them than to any other factor. Moreover, students desiring occupational training should not be compelled to take a college preparatory course. Vocational training should be part of the curricula of all North Carolina High schools. That type of education which ignores the practical in favor of the theoretical creates only hate and disgust for learning, thus defeating education's first purpose.

A primary problem of our secondary education is its relation to higher education. The University of North Carolina once played a much more significant role in the education of



the state than it now maintains. The responsibility of a state university to the guidance of secondary education is ever present. This University has made efforts through its Extension Division and its Department of Education to increase the caliber of North Carolinian public schools, but these efforts in recent decades have relatively decreased, and we are more and more sharing with other private institutions of higher learning the responsibility of teacher education.

The State must act now. It cannot afford to fall further behind as the South takes up its task of abdicating its posi-

tion as the "Nation's Number One Economic Problem." If North Carolina is to continue as a progressive State leading the South to an economic equilibrium with the rest of the nation, then it is time to give the younger generation the education necessary toward attaining this goal. Money invested in education now will reap great benefits later. As soon as the legislators will come to realize this fact, the sons and daughters of North Carolina can look forward to a brighter future.

ROBERT MORRISON
JACK CRUM



CO-OP ERATION



Henry Saunders, the man above, is one of the tallest talkers on the campus (6'5"). We have his picture because he stands still and talks. Tom McDade, who wrote the article on this page, doesn't stand still which makes him a hard guy to photograph.

Take housing. Tom's housing problem, or as they used to be called, wife and child, now live in Vets' Village. Housing difficulties solved, he invited a vet to share his chateau.

And now take food. Tom McDade and Saunders both found that on the GI allowance it was not a question of buying or not buying a car or suit but one of whether to eat or not to eat. Both deciding eating was best they looked about to see how to make it cheaper. Tom's article tells you what they think.

THE Co-op here has served our lives,"—so writes the wife of a student-veteran at Alabama Polytechnic Institute. Reports from colleges in North—state universities in Illinois, Wisconsin, Oregon—indicate that students North and South are approaching the problem of restricted income by organizing consumer cooperatives.

The common academic problems of students from every college campus are accompanied also with a universal economic problem. The student-veteran with his brittle subsistence check and the non-veteran student with his meager allowance from home are finding the impossibility of stretching income to meet necessary out-go. Over fifty thousand students have seen at least a partial solution to their financial ills through the medium of the consumer cooperative.

The situation here at Chapel Hill is common to that of dozens of colleges and universities—high prices, inadequate distribution, preferential treatment for permanent residents, and general lack of concern for the welfare of the student. Many college towns have been the scene for determining that interesting question in college town anatomy—does the town wag the university or the university wag the town? The Umstead (of Chapel Hill) Act in North Carolina has gone a long way toward settling that question in the past. The tail has wagged the dog.

Many students have discussed the possibility of establishing a cooperative at Chapel Hill. Information concerning cooperatives has often been distorted in the past and a statement of the salient points making up the idea of cooperatives may be in order.

The cooperative movement had its beginning over a hundred years ago and as one of the great democratic social inventions has flourished in democratic countries. Cooperation is not an *ism*. The strongest cooperators in the United States are the very prac-

tical, conservative farmers of the Middle West.

The cardinal principles of cooperation are democracy in action:

Open membership

One vote for each member (no proxies, etc.)

Limited interest on capital stock of the co-op.

Patronage refunds based on purchases

Sales for cash at prevailing market prices

Neutrality in race, religion and politics

Constant education

Continuous expansion

In the instance of Chapel Hill, a cooperative grocery store would seem particularly appropriate. Chapel Hill is swollen with thousands more students than before the war, yet the commercial facilities have not expanded to serve this greater population. The post-war phenomenon, the large population of married students, has greatly taxed the normal distribution channels of the town (and normal distribution in Chapel Hill was always somewhat sub-normal). The 354 families of Victory Village and the hundreds living in the trailer camps and town apartments are ever more aware of their problems.

It is anticipated that the current vast registration will continue for years to come. Loyal Tarheels forecast a permanent 10,000 enrollment at U.N.C. We may leave a graduating gift a bit more practical than a bronze tablet if we can establish a successful cooperative.

Bringing a Co-op into being has no royal road. Principles, organizational procedure and the example of thousands of successful cooperatives are available for study and application, but the matter of application presents a massive task.

One student recently asked a significant question: "When are they going to give us a cooperative?" No one gives anyone a cooperative, *You* give it to

(Continued on page 28)

PUTTING the "popular" in "popular education" to work is the challenging job that Earl Wynn and the staff of Carolina's new Communication Center have set for themselves.

Born of wartime Army-Navy experience in mass education, the Center was sparked into full being last year when Wynn returned from Hollywood and production of naval training films. His indoctrination in the lore of visual education convinced him that methods now existed to bring learning to large groups. Building a center for these twentieth century educational mediums, staffing it with top-caliber personnel needed, was and is an assignment tough enough to discourage all but a missionary.

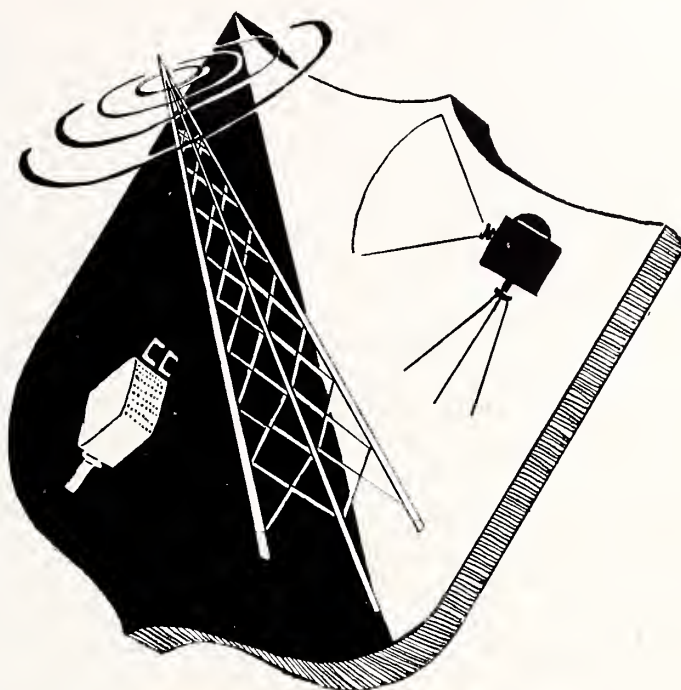
Luckily for the Greater University of North Carolina; portly, capable Wynn has something of the zealot in his approach to the novel tools of communicating ideas: radio, television, motion picture, film strips, posters, brochures. His plans for a radically different unit put the school and state far in advance of the nation. In an era whose pedagogues are too prone to accept narrow limits, Wynn is winning a bloodless battle to democratize education.

With one branch of the Communication Center already in operation, this winter appears to be target day for activation of most facilities. The Still Photographic Lab is now turning out the first products of what will be a vast, integrated setup to "market" knowledge.

This winter, radio and motion picture facilities will be ready. Plans call for establishment of a campus radio station, as well as production of programs for channelling to the entire state through commercial stations. Road block on this ambitious path is lack of studio facilities. Last spring, Director of Radio Jane Grills attempted programming from a makeshift room which resembled the setting for a history of radio, Act I, Scene I. Blankets took the place of cement and soundproofed walls. Controls were crammed into inadequate space. Sole symbol of sound effects was a door propped in a stray corner. Convinced that continuation under such conditions could only hurt the new Center, she recommended cancellation of radio work until the modern studios are installed in Swain Hall.

Those vitally-needed studios should be in by January and from them will go such shows as a series of original dramas, already being scripted. Important to Chapel Hill itself is the "wire radio" station to serve the college. Much like the one installed at State in Raleigh, it will be heard in town and on campus only, provide specialized programs for students and townspeople.

High tension idea for the future overshadows even the largescale program of 1947. It is establishment of a network of educational FM stations to serve the Consolidated University, all other colleges in North Carolina, the school system and the people as a whole. Still labeled "time: indefinite," Center heads believe that it will not be too



long before the FM transmitter is added to the landscape and the station of the Consolidated University is opened.

In all planning, the word "consolidated" has been stressed by Wynn and his staff. They have done this intentionally, to remind everyone that success can be fully achieved only by coordination and cooperation of the three branches of the Greater University: UNC, NC State and Woman's College. In time, the idea may be embraced by higher education institutions throughout the State, forming a powerful force for mass dissemination of information.

In addition to radio, motion picture production should also be a reality shortly after the new year and a course in Elementary Motion Picture Production is already scheduled. Through this medium, it will be possible to film and process educational pictures for higher and secondary school levels, as well as conduct creative experimentation with the art.

High in importance in the long-range campaign for a better informed mass is the Graphic Art Field. Embracing such visual teachers as charts, brochures, diagrams, this division of the Communication Center should be underway by mid-summer '47.

Sleuthlike tracking down of equipment sources has given the Center a \$100,000 nestegg of apparatus with which to start. Best example of the way in which it has managed to accumulate materiel on meager budgets is the \$35,000 worth of radio and motion picture equipment obtained as a gift from the Surplus Property Commission.

But since miracles are rare occurrences, the Center must
(Continued on page 32)



PIPELINE

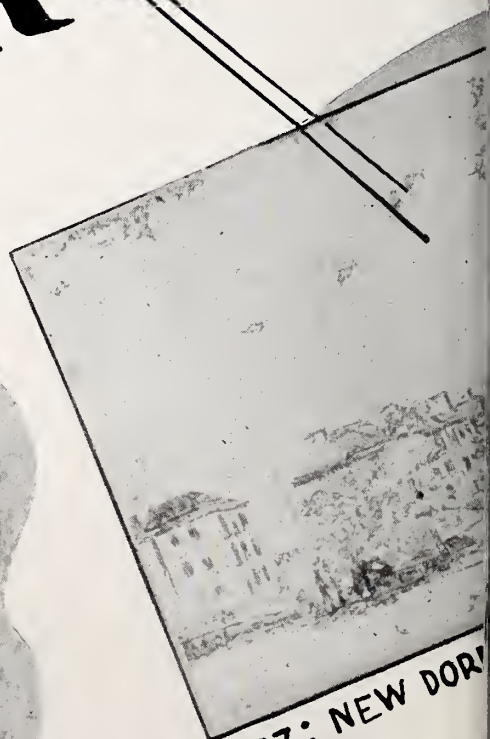
to the PEOPLE

PROGRAM

FOR PROGRESS



1950: MOREHEAD PLANETARIUM



1947: NEW DORSET

BUILDINGS



1949: KOCH
MEMORIAL
PLAYHOUSE

STUDENT
SERVICE
CENTER

A coordinated program for expansion of the University's physical plant is at last a reality. Perhaps it will mean the end of the occasional monstrosities which dot the present campus. But if it is to be truly effective, ideas should be solicited from many organizations—student and faculty alike—which are closest to the needs of the campus.

To the men on publications, cramped quarters of Graham Memorial's second floor have long been a sore spot. To the average student, inadequate facilities of the YMCA have rankled.

Answer to both problems would be construction of an integrated, adequate "Y"; freeing GM for publications.

Sorority Court to give female members of Greek Letter Societies housing comparable to their more-fortunate brothers.

An assembly hall capable of handling at least a major portion of the student body.

... AND THE LINES FORM AGAIN



The phonograph drones on, its record stuck at one place for five years. It's the old refrain. "Where are we going to eat?" Although successive publication editors have exposed the situation, successive town fathers have promised remedial action, descent of 7,000 students upon Chapel Hill finds no full answer yet devised for the problem of getting breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Post-war enrollment hit peaceful little Chapel Hill like an avalanche. After three weeks of comparative serenity, following departure of summer school students, the dike sprang a leak somewhere near the last week in September. This time there was no young hero to shove his blessed little fist into the widening breach. The dike broke. The flood came. And the metropolis of Chapel Hill was born.

Of the problems which this riptide of students brought, that of eating stands high and elementary on the list. Facilities which had long been barely adequate for far smaller populations, now found their patronage doubled and even trebled. "Lines" became the order of the day. Long lines. Irsome lines.

To help meet the situation, the University marshalled resources of the Carolina Inn and Lenoir Hall. Both Grade "A" eating places—the only ones with that high a rating in Chapel Hill—the Inn and Lenoir siphoned off a large portion of student eaters. Food at them ranges from "filling" to "good," the lines range from eight to nine hundred feet.

Big hope for relief of the eating jam is University construction of at least one more building comparable to Lenoir. The idea is not far-fetched. Reliable reports are that Carolina enrollment will remain above 5,000 even after the

GI boom is dissipated. To serve that number, more than one mass-cafeteria is necessary.

For the immediate present, more exhaustive search into facilities of Graham Memorial's Grill should be made. Recently-published excuses that reopening is unfeasible breakdown under scrutiny. When the Grill lost money, there was a small civilian student enrollment at UNC, certainly nothing even one-half the size of the present 7,000.

Stop-gap and long-range planning must go hand in hand to alleviate the crisis and prepare for the future. Freshman '52 won't like to hear the same old line, stand in the same old line. In another generation or two we may well reach five-figure enrollments. We must live in our times or be downed in the current. It was the strain of war that organized Lenoir for its overwhelming burdens of peace. The time to prepare for tomorrow is now.

Town facilities at present are actually inadequate to carry the overflow from University-run restaurants and the fraternity houses. A rundown of the eating places along Franklin Street reveals not even one "A" rating. Here the problem, in addition to limited capacity, is limited cleanliness.

* * *

NC Cafeteria: Management claims "B" rating, but latest visible indication was Grade "C" as of January, 1946 . . . condition of kitchen and dining rooms supports "B" statement . . . 150 seats . . . closed Wednesday.

Campus Cafe: Improvements supposed to have been made since last rating—"C" . . . you still have to go through kitchen to reach lavatory . . . standard dishwashing machine not in

"The phonograph drones on." That is the story of a situation that has existed for many years now without any large-scale constructive action carried out. It's the eating problem, hardy perennial of UNC publications' chieftains. Years of griping, years of lining up have brought little relief. The time is definitely now for the University and the town to shoulder their responsibility. In this fact-filled article, Magazine researchers present a full quota of facts.

use . . . bread found stored with empty beer bottles . . . closed Monday.

Remainder of the restaurants have "B" ratings.

Danziger's: Atmosphere, novelty, more an after-meal rendezvous . . . seats 110 . . . breakfast from thirty to seventy-five cents should bring ETO veterans memories of Paris . . . closed Monday.

Coffee Shop: Same ownership for twenty-five years . . . only recently lost its "A" rating . . . seats 120 . . . closed Tuesday and for breakfast every day.

Marathon Sandwich Shop: Owner claims lack of materials is impeding needed repairs . . . lavatory is number one on that list . . . hot dogs and hamburgers . . . seats 65 . . . closed Tuesday . . . open late in evenings.

Harry's: Better known for sandwiches, beer, bull-sessions . . . overcrowded at rush times . . . overworked . . . seats 70 . . . closed Thursday.

College Sandwich Shop: Well-known for breakfast . . . small seating capacity.

* * *

In general it seems that eating places in town reflect prevailing conditions throughout the nation. Shortages and excuses are common talk. In some places they are used as justification for poor or thoughtless management.

Bred upon the food of complacency, the town and University eating facilities alike seem unable to cope with the terrific pressure of mushrooming enrollment. Whatever the reason, no new restaurants have opened in Chapel Hill since the NC Cafeteria won its fight to get onto Franklin Street.

Although hundreds of students still make nightly treks to Durham, no establishment such as the all-night Toddle House has been opened here. A mid-night closing hour for the last restau-

rant in town leaves a large number of studying-carousing students with only a chocolate bar to satiate their before-bed hunger.

Setting up of a Toddle-Like House is a luxury which must await more normal times. Establishment of the full facilities needed to feed all men and women adequately at Carolina in the present is not a luxury. Any delay may prove to be a costly blunder for the future of the University and town.

Consider, too, the student who came late for registration. He got up late—at 6:31 A.M. At any rate, when he finally had been photographed, fingerprinted, searched for dangerous weapons, given a number, X-rayed, given a new suit of clothes, relieved of all his money and valuables and handed a questionnaire entitled, "Are You Completely Happy Here?" he found that he could only get his desired classes at 11, 12 and 1.

"When do I eat?" he asked innocently, rubbing his tummy and licking his chubby chops.

"Eat?" ten professors screamed madly. "Would you rather eat than go to class?" Undoubtedly their faith in the genuinely interesting features of their lectures had been shattered.

There have probably been more jokes and tall stories manufactured about eating troubles here than there are bricks in the bell tower. That in itself is a tribute to those who will put up with hardships to stuff that ole cranium with some first class book-larnin'.

It's far past time for "eating" to be removed from the subject list for ironic jokes. Good naturedness, like milk, turns sour if exposed too long to unfavorable conditions.

DANNY DAUM
DICK SEAVER



LENOIR I love you

CAROLINA — that's Slobbovian for "We'd rather have Lena the Hyena than Lenoir the Abbatoir."

You haven't lived until you've stood in the line down at Lenoir Hall. As a matter of fact, not many have lived after standing in the line at Lenoir Hall. The lines are so long down there that the students have to take correspondence courses. There's no modesty about running to get there first, for he who hesitates, starves . . . and in that place, he who starves gets off easy. And is it crowded! I was eating lunch there the other day and got all the way to dessert before I found out that I wasn't sitting at a table. . . . I still have a red face to prove it. There is so much pushing and squeezing that I always leave with the uncomfortable feeling that I'm somebody else.

I ordinarily don't eat much . . . my mother was scared by Mahatma Ghandi. But around this place I can't even find a meal a day. I've already eaten the wolf that was at my door, and my supply of number three lead pencils has long since been exhausted. When I look at a coed, I think in terms of calories. Even, now, I can hear what they'll be saying about me. . . . "He went to Carolina . . . now he dad . . . notcherly." I weigh two pounds less than when I was born and my mother is demanding a refund on the hospital bill.

Of course, you can go downtown to eat. Just try it. You can get a tongue sandwich if you will use your own tongue. If you're lucky, someone will wait on you. He asks, "May I serve you?" You say "Yes." So he serves you—on rye bread. I waited forty-five minutes on a chicken sandwich in one of the local troughs the other day. Finally the chicken came out personally and said "You'd better not wait, bud. I've accepted an offer from the Smithsonian Institute.

About the only way I can survive is to devise a method of shortening the chow lines. They say that love decreases one's appetite, so I've been playing cupid—you know, man must have his mate and all that tommyrot. I managed to marry a few of the simpletons off, but they just came back with more simpletons. I also tried distributing pictures of Lena the Hyena, but only succeeded in nauseating people temporarily. I'm almost at the end of my rope, and there's a noose at the end.

GILBERT H. FERGUSON



TEACHING for PEANUTS

Through fourteen chaotic post-war months, as American cost of living skyrocketed almost out of reach, many Carolina educators have taken stock of their jobs. Their result: in New York, beginning street cleaners earn \$1800 a year. At UNC beginning instructors receive \$1400.

To long-standing University faculty members, revelation of this bottom-low salary was no shock. They have been enduring it for years. Unsuspecting citizens, however, had no idea how frightening matters were. The cost of keeping collars white was going up, UNC wage scale was not.

As a logical result, great numbers of underpaid University of North Carolina teachers have left their coolie-wage blackboards, but not to apply for a white uniform and a broom.

While the state of North Carolina has been busily accumulating an unprecedented State surplus (estimated at 40 million dollars) private industry and more alert schools have recognized the importance of paying for and getting good men. The effect: Major migration of competent minds has been increasing while the University of North Carolina has lost some of its best brains.

With knowledge-starved veterans rushing back to ill-equipped colleges, the long vanishing old ivy tradition of shady trees and small social schools has emphatically disappeared. More and more competitive strongarming has crept into everyday University policies. Education today is big business, and as such must be operated in a business-like manner.

This fact is evidenced by the last financial report of the Consolidated University. In this statement, the land and buildings owned by the University were valued at thirty-two million dollars while the combined annual budgets amounted to more than ten and one half millions.

Obviously UNC is no penny-ante enterprise, yet it is being run like a backward rural general store. Trustees and the State Legislature have sat back on their well-padded surpluses with pipe-dream visions of a first rate university, while under their collective noses wholesale sniping of top educators has been in progress for years.

In the private files of Chancellor Robert B. House there are letters showing that, as of last February, 122 members of the faculty had recently received 150 offers to leave the University at salaries totalling \$251,319 annually more than the teachers are earning here. This proffered quarter-million dollar increase does not include all cases, nor does it include the professors who have already left.

As startling as it may seem, this is just a small

part of the mass raids in prospect on the University of North Carolina. A compilation of the 122 offers shows that 55 came from other colleges and universities, ranging from New England to California, including North Carolina and Southern institutions; 46 from state or federal agencies; and 21 from private industry.

It is not necessary to list the entire 122. All cases are basically alike, with offers ranging from \$500 to \$5000 increases in annual pay.

To be more specific, however, a very promising associate professor of pathology, receiving a salary of \$3500 here, has accepted a position in a Philadelphia hospital at a salary of \$10,000. The director of the University Press receiving \$6000 has left for a similar position at the University of Chicago with a salary of \$12,000. An associate professorship in chemistry at Chapel Hill has been turned down by five men because of the low salary schedule. President Graham has been sought by at least five other universities at salaries as high as three and a third times the \$9000 he receives here. And so on through the list. Everywhere people are awakening to the fact that money talks, yet at the University of North Carolina it is not even hinted that money can whisper.

To alumni and students at Chapel Hill, the atmosphere and beauty of the Old Well may be the fulfillment of great dreams of contentment and rest, but stomachs are not filled so easily. While teaching, at its best, has never been a profession for money-seekers, even university professors have been allowed the privilege of eating, wearing clothes and eventually maybe marrying and having children. Mouths are not fed by campus beauty. Grocery bills are not paid by towering oaks. Soon, no matter how strong the ties of loyalty are, economic necessity will snap the strings.

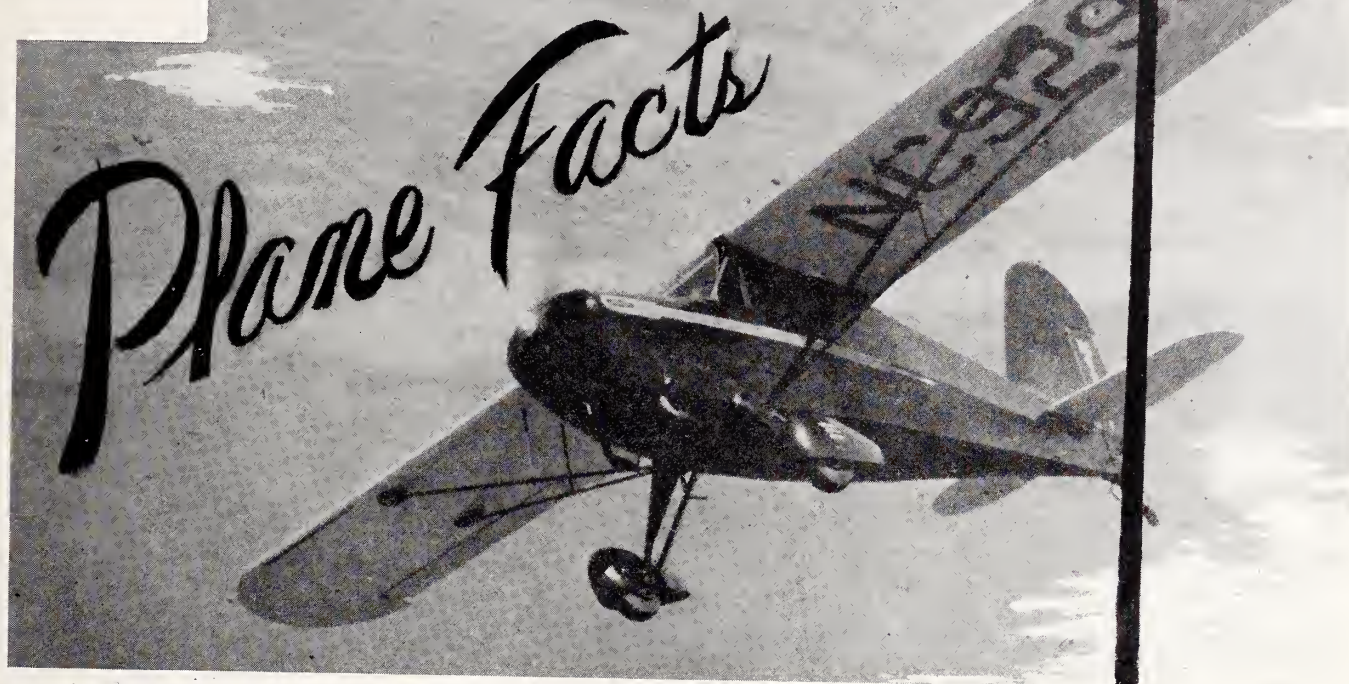
When the State Legislature meets in January one of the problems that will unashamedly rear its head will be: Is the University of North Carolina to be a first or second class institution? It is axiomatic that a first rate faculty cannot be obtained on a second or third rate salary schedule. If the legislature decides that the wage competition is too stiff, then they will have to content themselves with the culls after others have had their pick. The result would be a faculty composed of mediocre or definitely inferior men. When a young teacher showed promise he would be snatched from Chapel Hill, like a steak today is grabbed from a butcher shop. The standards of the University would crumble, the men it graduated handicapped.

(Continued on page 32)

U.N.C.
West
North

\$12,000

AVERAGE PROFESSOR SALARIES



Through the years, the terms "Progressive Thought" and "Progressive Action" have been part of the reputation that is the University of North Carolina. With war's end, the problems of redirecting the endeavors and interests of the school to the vast responsibilities of peace have become tremendous.

So, when the "Tar Heel's" South Building reporter returned in late summer with news that UNC was prepared to establish "one of the most complete aeronautical departments of any college in the nation," comment was that once more Carolina was living up to its reputation.

Unfortunately, the summer dream has fallen like autumn leaves. In August, the plan called for courses in primary, multi-engine, commercial, instructor, and instrument stages of flying. Long-standing Horace Williams Airport was to be the field, veterans were told that they could finance their training under the G.I. Bill.

Three days later, practical aviation at Chapel Hill, a symbol of progress, had smashed against high mountains of reality. It was announced that there was no "plan," merely an "outline" to survey interest among the students.

Behind the temporary cessation, the return to futility at Horace Williams, are many tough and interweaving reasons. "There hasn't been time," was one answer. That meant that overworked authorities do not consider the flying program important enough to warrant a deflection of interest from other issues. Carolina has its hands full on the ground.

According to reports, there is no competent airport manager to boss a revived flying field. Ac-

tually, the files contain several applications. W. R. Mann, pre-war director of flying here, has intimated that he would like to return. However, a salary commensurate with his present pay as a trans-Atlantic air service pilot cannot be guaranteed at present.

The financial problems have proved far greater than previously thought. It is now estimated that from 35,000 to 50,000 dollars are necessary to provide adequate facilities for training of thirty students a term. The State Legislature has approved no appropriation for this purpose for the 1947-1949 biennium, and until it meets in January there is no chance of presenting the need for flying instruction. Certainly, though, no appropriation will be made if the University doesn't request it, and as yet the authorities have approved no plan.

Probable damper on official endorsement is student reception. Only a handful of men indicated their willingness to spend the large sums on air training in addition to regular tuition costs at UNC. Probably, many of them were dissuaded by the lack of actual facilities, dearth of pre-polling publicity about the program, Veterans' Administration cautiousness in approving G.I. Bill expenditures for such outside-curricular studies.

The impasse is only the latest in a long series that have grounded ambitious aviation dreams at Carolina since Horace Williams was first constructed. Until 1943, Aviation was a rapidly-developing phase of education here. As early as 1939, plans were made by the Civilian Aeronautical Association for flight training at Chapel Hill as part of the National Defense effort. By 1940,

(Continued on page 31)



What is all this going to lead to, POP?

Call it Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. Perhaps a remote goal, yet today, as before we think that education plus hard work will approach such ideals. While work is within everybody's capacity; education is more than just a school teacher's job.

In the hope of bringing up successful farmers your ancestor's children probably received most of their education on their mother's knee and over their father's. A good farm was their symbol of success. They knew nothing else in the world.

Later generations grew into a different world already. To them success not only meant shipping the crop to the town's market, but, also, selling beyond into larger fields of opportunity which the railroads had opened to their goods. The geography of the United States had now become as important to the farmer as that of his neighborhood. Education at the hands of mother and father and experience may have sufficed in the past, but, now, children were compelled to walk to the country school.

Not much time passed before another generation had to know as much about the Kaiser's business as it did about the Jones'. On account of the German ruler's ruthless attack farmers all over the United States were forced to spectacular production records so that the people across the seas might be fed.

You see, what's happened, Son? This patch of land, we call our own, once earned your ancestors a living by providing the next town, then their sons began shipping to cities and the nation, and now they sold to the world. Son, they had become citizens of the world.

It took the nation a second war to understand the geopolitical progress of its civilization. Having participated in a world-wide operation men now know

that they are citizens not only of their community, state, and country, but, also, citizens of the world.

However, the world streamlined with its modern invention and discoveries had reached a more complex stage. The responsibility of each world citizen had grown proportionally. School education would not suffice anymore. Competition thrived by leaps and bounds. Therefore, men turned to colleges to be taught the intricacies of their profession thus insuring, rather than assuring, a successful career.

With foresight the citizens of the state realized the inadequacy of their educational system and provided, through their legislators, funds for its improvement. As a result the men and women of the state were as well equipped as anyone else in the world community; moreover the state industry expanded with mounting success benefitting the family, community, and state as well as the nation and the world.

Given the educational opportunities the men got on the endless highway toward Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness; but those who neglected their education rot desolately by the wayside a detriment to the world and all that is in it.

BMOC 1960



Here is a rosy-cheeked youngster hardly out of three-cornered clothes. Little Jim is the Speaker of the Legislature, Editor of the Tar Heel, BMOC of 1960. A very influential chap of the future. If we fight for Carolina now, he can be an influential chap at a very influential school.





GALLANT LADY

"I've no patience with the Ivory Tower", remarked charming green-eyed Katherine Carmichael when questioned about the hurried life at Carolina. "No", I don't think we live too fast", she said, "we have no alternative when so much is always waiting to be done."

Aware of all that complicates life in our time and aware of 750 coeds that she must "hold in the road" for the coming year, Dean Carmichael smiled graciously and said over and over, "I'm just thrilled at being here". "Because I've loved Chapel Hill for years and admired women's work at UNC for even longer, I'm delighted to be a part of its genial atmosphere, drawled the Dean in her precise but definite southern warble. She said, "You know". . . You know I love the South and I'm proud of it every bit, particularly southern cooking, southern charm and southern men."

Back in Texas things are different however. She noted a big difference in Texan and Carolina men. When questioned about exactly what the difference was the dean tilted her head and gave a knowing smile: "Texas men . . . especially West Texas men. . . have a swagger that is born of high heeled boots and a blue-eyed quality in their stare that is born of the open skies". The Texan is relatively without a code except the free code of the plains and the Carolina man possesses a code which is born of his southern way of life. Yes, I've been north, but I like what I know and understand. That is definitely the South."

Dean Carmichael hails from down in Birmingham, Alabama. She attended Birmingham Southern in her undergraduate days and later got her M.A. and PHD degrees from Vanderbilt

University with some time thrown in at John Hopkins on the side.

And now she comes to Chapel Hill for the first time in an official capacity after visiting friends here frequently the past several years. She comes to Carolina with lots of ideas the deans are supposed to have with the added extracurricular interest of Lil Abner and Moonbeam McSwine, dogs that wag their tails, and Tallulah Bankhead. She is a member of the Chi Delta Phi Literary sorority and likes to write book reviews and essays. Most of all she likes her work with girls and plans to meet every coed at her home before the year is over. Her "cool and limpid green eyes" are recognized anywhere, and when she smiles and calls readily the first name of the passerby, you will be convinced that she is a gracious lady.

BETTY ANNE GREEN

Lessons in Love

(a refresher course)



WOLFING—If she doesn't want to kiss you the first time—don't force her. Just sweeten your breath with a yummy **LIFE SAVER**. If she *still* says "No"—Brother, she's just *not* your type!



BEST JOKE OF THE MONTH—WINNER RECEIVES BOX OF LIFE-SAVERS

A pal of ours landed a soft job. He's in a bloomer factory now, pulling down about two thousand a year.

Sebastian Montgomery
216 E. Rosemary Street

Submit your jokes for next month's contest.

The Return of the Native

(Continued from page 6)

spiritually stimulated and mentally thoughtful.

The letterhead "Frank P. Graham, Chapel Hill, N. C." on his personal stationery cloaks a man who has justly earned more renown than any University president with the possible exception of James Conant of Harvard. A tribute in Time Magazine called him the "ablest state university president in the United States," it seems at first incongruous that Dr. Frank does not belong to the ranks of the Ph.D's. He has discovered too much to learn of life through people to dedicate himself to the compilation of bibliographies and the perusal of dusty tomes in the cause of pure scholarship. He by no means neglected his academic preparation. After studying here, he received his M.A. at Columbia University, studied also at Chicago University and was awarded the two year Amherst fellowship to end his days of formal scholarship at Oxford University and in France observing the birth of the ill-fated League of Nations.

The first LLD's were presented to Frank Graham within a few short years following his appointment by the Board of Trustees to succeed Harry Woodburn Chase as our president in 1931. Immediately the students and the news bureau press releases began to speak of him as Dr. Frank. His protests—for he is not a Ph.D.—were as futile as sticks against a tidal wave. The veneration and deep respect of the campus overwhelmed this unassuming man, so that today he is Dr. Frank to the students, one and all, old and new.

Honors have come to Frank Graham, but it is not he who seeks; the honor itself rests lightly on his shoulders, while his heart and mind hold close the ideals it symbolizes to him. Even the signal tribute paid to him by his fellow North State citizens some fifteen years ago was over his vehement and determined protests; in fact, he actively pressed for the selection of co-historian R. J. Connor. All Dr. Frank wished to do was to stay on at Chapel Hill as history professor, content to serve as an inspiration and a stimulus to his admiring students. Hurrying over to the Board of Trustees' meeting in the old chemistry building, he made a short, impressive speech against any attempt on their part to select him. That self-effacing, high-minded speech, very probably, was a mistake: it boomeranged to his nomination on the next ballot. When informed by Governor Max

Gardner that he had, in truth, been drafted and that there was no turning back, Frank Graham, sitting slowly down into a chair with his hands before his face, dedicated his life to our University "with your help and the help of God. . ."

That plain exterior belies the man he is—a fighter and a creator. Thoughts and words are not sufficient to Dr. Frank and he can be faithful to his nature and conscience only when he may put those thoughts into actuality. Inheriting the courage and determination of his Scotch forebears, he digs right in and fights for the heart of the problem. Whatever, wherever a conflict arises, Dr. Frank is in the thick of it, persevering until the matter has been resolved. The students here from 1905-09 knew it in his struggle for student government, the Marines found it out in 1917 when he wore the recruiting officer down to become "one of the runtiest Marines on record," the State legislature and budget commission are uncomfortably aware of his fight for a greater, improved 'University of and for the people,' hard-boiled industrialists learn of it to their sorrow when he fights for labor's legitimate rights, and the South and the nation acknowledge him as a soldier of democracy, defender of human dignity and the rights of man.

As Time Magazine said of our University that "the fact that its prestige is at its highest today is largely the result of one man;" the article was on Frank Graham.

Preceding thousands of her sons and daughters, our University president went to war in March 1941. Surprising the Washington prognosticators, Dr. Frank was chosen with two others to represent the public's interest on the eleven-man National Defense Mobilization Board by the late President Roosevelt. That was no shot-in-the-dark by our country's President, for the two men were well acquainted. It is a little-known fact that Frank Graham had helped Franklin Roosevelt frame the Social Security Act.

"Miracle Man Graham," as he was called by another member of the Board, became the trouble-shooter, who brought about peace in most of the thorniest labor disputes that were seriously threatening to hamstring the nation's productive efforts at that time. When the War Labor Board was created in 1943 to carry on the NDMB's du-

(Continued on page 26)

FLOWERS

FOR ALL EVENTS

Chapel Hill Flower Shop



"Say it with Flowers"

DIAL

Day: 4851 Night: 6746

For Smart
Fashion-Minded
Men It's

JACK
LIPMAN'S

Clothes for Every
Occasion

147 E. Franklin St.
Chapel Hill

**SALES
and
REPAIRS
On Watches and
Jewelry**

**Watch Crystals
Fitted in One Hour**

**GODWIN
JEWELRY
COMPANY**

Beneath Sutton's Drug Store

Edge on Fashion

**ROBBINS
of Durham**

**The Smartest Women's
Shop in Town.**

**SERVING THE
COED**

**Featuring
Nationally Advertised
College Clothes**

**For:
Campus Classroom
Dates Dances**

BENNETT & BLOCKSIDGE, INC.

105 E. Franklin St.

Phone 6161

COAL FURNITURE

FRIGIDAIRE—ELECTRIC RANGES—RADIOS—STOKERS

FOWLER'S FOOD STORE

**All Kinds Fresh Meats, Groceries and
Country Produce
Fish and Oysters in Season**

PHONE 9831

PHONE 6611

ties, Frank Graham was one of two men held over from the defunct committee and, as formerly, continued in the role of peace-maker.

As chairman of the public hearings committee of the WLB, Dr. Frank startled the Board by presenting a solution of his committee's first case—the oil industry wage dispute—they were still in session haggling over the procedural disagreements involved in their case. He had been instrumental in settling three new crippling strikes within a two weeks period.

It was in late 1944, when the full strength of the Board was imperatively needed to maintain the swift flow of war materials without hindrance to the rapidly advancing armies in Europe, that the University's Board of Trustees requested that Dr. Frank withdraw from the Washington scene and concern himself exclusively with his administrative affairs as president. According to the Board's investigating committee, there was an undue amount of confusion as to authority and a slipshod administrative machine here at Chapel Hill. Previously, Dr. Frank had been shuttling back and forth between Washington and Carolina, wrestling with national economic problems for two weeks, then spending one week here to keep the greater University functioning efficiently in its own war-time efforts. Dr. Frank became one of the railroads' best customers, for every week-end he returned to Chapel Hill to be here with his wife when the students dropped by for an hour or two on a Sunday evening at his white-columned home.

On the heels of the trustees' announcement, a storm broke loose throughout the state. Our school paper, the Daily Tar Heel, conducting a campus poll, declared that 95% of the student body and faculty were behind Dr. Frank all the way. No less vociferous were hundreds of alumni and friends of the University in revealing their heart-felt admiration through letters to the school and state papers; editorials written from Manteo to Murphy, were staunch in their support of Frank Graham's position as a public representative on the WLB. Nevertheless, he tendered his resignation, which President Roosevelt just as promptly refused to accept. The uproar was finally quieted early in 1945, when a compromise decision was effected whereby Dr. Frank would stay in North Carolina and continue as a WLB member in the capacity of consultant whenever that Board foundered on the reefs born of stubborn, hotheaded individuals.

Thus did Frank Graham return home on reserve status. Ever since, he again has devoted the unceasing efforts of his tireless will and boundless energy to his first love—the University of North Carolina as an institution of all the people, both with “a common destiny in the adventure of building a noble commonwealth.” In his magnificent inaugural address on that November 11th, Frank Graham asserted that the University “takes no side, but democracy and justice are on the side where it belongs.” And Dr. Frank has firmly entrenched it on that side, to whether many a blast of retrogression and reaction from without.

Frank Graham has been paid the honor by such men as Senator Bilbo of being called a Communist; that charge has been voiced by his enemies in North Carolina, who at once have a healthy and fearful respect for the man. That and other epithets have been hurled at Dr. Frank for long years by narrow-minded individuals, engaged in a name-calling that is stupid, and without the slightest foundation of truth. The only ‘ism’ of Frank Graham is a Christian humanism and liberalism. No ideology does his thinking, none of his words are echoes of the fixed creed or philosophy of another—Dr. Frank is Dr. Frank. A friend of labor, he voted against one of John L. Lewis’s coal strikes and denied a wage increase to ALCOA strikers in 1943, because he could not remain true to himself by condoning the errors of labor. He accepts the idea of capitalism, but never forgets the immortal ideals of the Declaration of Independence and those poignant words, of Voltaire, “I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right of say it.”

No matter the problem or crisis—personal, administrative, state or nationwide—Frank Graham translates them into questions of ethical import and follows the dictates of his conscience out of which stem his own clear-cut thoughts. Strong in his faith that the

Sermon on the Mount is sound social and economic doctrine, Dr. Frank lights the path, in this paradoxical crisis of atomic power versus man’s social adjustments, toward that “great

spiritual communion reaching around the earth in a one world neighborhood of human brotherhood.”

BURKE SHIPLEY

Illustration: JOHN E. SINK

For That Well Groomed Look



VILLAGE BARBER SHOP



Across from the Post Office
Under University Cleaners

IF

- It’s lovely flowers
you want

OR

- Beautiful gift
items in silver,
brass, copper or
glass

then it’s the

UNIVERSITY FLORIST

Pick Theatre Bldg.

Flowers by Wire Anywhere

32 Years Serving
Carolina Students

Ford — Goodyear — Esso

Strowd Motor Co.



IT IS THE ACCEPTED JUDGMENT OF MEN WHO ARE EXACTING
IN THEIR CHOICE OF CLOTHES AND ACCESSORIES THAT THE
QUALITIES OF DESIGN AND TREATMENT ASSOCIATED WITH
FINCHLEY EMBRACE THAT DEGREE OF CHARACTER AND DIS-
TINCTION WHICH ASSURES CORRECTNESS AND SATISFACTION

A FINCHLEY REPRESENTATIVE VISITS YOUR COMMUNITY
AT REGULAR INTERVALS DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR.
WRITE FOR DATES.

Finchley
FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

**For Good Food at
Reasonable Prices,**

Try Us

CARRBORO CAFETERIA

Main St. Carrboro

Our Meal Hours Are:

Breakfast 6:30-9:30

Lunch 11:30-2:30

Supper 5:30-7:30

**Quality Meats
and Groceries**

Frozen Foods

Sea Foods

Wine and Beer

**Fresh Fruits and
Vegetables**

**P & V
GROCETERIA**

Telephone F-3341

Main St. Carrboro

Co-operation

(Continued from page 14)

yourself. The usual cooperative has its beginning in the common economic problems of a group of people—a neighborhood, a community or a student body. A group meets together, discusses and studies cooperative enterprises, attracts still more family heads, and determines the potential market for their project. Often the first tangible effort in natural evolution is instituting a "buying club," wholesale purchasing of case lots by the associates. When it is felt that expansion is warranted, shares of stock are sold to prospective cooperators, officers are elected, a store building is purchased or leased, a manager and clerks are hired, and the shelves are stocked.

The stockholders (one vote per member—not one vote for each share of stock) in open meeting determine the policies of the enterprise. The cardinal cooperative principles must be followed by every co-op. All goods are sold at the prevailing market prices, but the patronage refund represents the saving for the consumer. The difference between total cost and prevailing market price is periodically distributed to the customer on the basis of his total purchases.

The stock owned by each member of the cooperative is also a source of income for the consumer. Each stock certificate yields a priority dividend at a stipulated rate of interest, usually the current bank rate.

The history of the consumer cooperative at the University of Illinois illustrates several points in cooperative organization and procedure. The Consumers Cooperative of Champaign-Urbana began with a membership of seven in December, 1942. From a humble beginning in a basement depot staffed by

volunteers, the Co-op emerged into a fully equipped store with over 240 stockholders and capital exceeding \$5,000. The membership annually elects a nine-member Board of Directors. This young cooperative has paid three percent per annum on outstanding stock and in 1945 patronage refunds amounted to approximately four percent.

The dividends of cooperative enterprise do not end at patronage refunds and interest on stock certificates. There is great democratic value to the very process of getting together with one's friend and neighbors to solve problems in common, and to share responsibility.

Chapel Hill needs a cooperative but one shall not come into being except by the direct action of those who will benefit most from it.

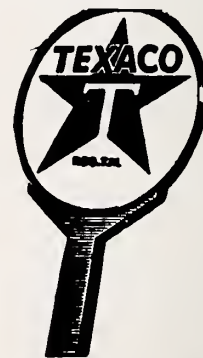
If a Co-op seems to be the answer to your needs, talk it over with your friends and neighbors to solve problems about it. There are dozens of books and pamphlets about cooperatives at the library. Get together with your friends, talk it over, join with the group that has already been formed.

No one gives anyone a Co-op—you give it to *yourself*.

TOM MCDADE

**University
Service
Station**

**Odis
Pendergraft
Prop.**



For the Best Cleaning Job in Town

**We do only quality work but our prices
are reasonable.**

UNIVERSITY CLEANERS

Across from Post Office

4921 PHONE 9901

The finest in
photography
uncondition-
ally
guaranteed

**JACK
WILLIAMS**

Photographer

110½ Corcoran St.
Durham, N. C.

Dial F-0181



A JACK WILLIAMS Original CAROLINA CO-ED

**Your United-Rexall
Drug Store**

**THE
CAROLINA
PHARMACY**

Drug needs, cosmet-
ics, and fountain
refreshments.

**Your Patronage
Appreciated**

We have a complete stock of Diamonds,
Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Fountain Pens,
and Various Other Gift Items.

White's

JEWELERS

Make Your Christmas Selections Early

CAMPUS CAFE

SERVES THE VERY BEST

WESTERN STEAKS AND CHOPS

Better Food at Better Prices

171 E. Franklin St.

Phone 7046

SUNDAY and MONDAY

NOVEMBER 3 & 4

Alan Young — Jeane Crain

in

"MARGIE"

CAROLINA THEATRE

WOOTTEN-MOULTON



PHOTOGRAPHERS

Chapel Hill
North Carolina

TRY OUR

Special Pound Cake a la Mode
with Chocolate Sauce

**CAROLINA
COFFEE SHOP**

We Serve the Best

in

Regular Dinners

DANCE INVITATIONS

Cards and Envelopes to
match in 3 sizes

•

PROGRAMS

Souvenir Programs
Numerous sizes and styles
One and two color

•

Orange Printshop

Telephone 3781

Chapel Hill

Fashion Parade

(Continued from page 3)

*Pannill with his pencil, pulling a tear.
(But girls, it is not a "Hill" tradition—*

Merely the mode for a politician).

Then, hoping the co-eds were growing as tired of hearing "too, too," and "but definitely," as he had grown of hearing them say it, Rubish continued by:

*Presenting Charlie Vance,
Who has just stepped out of Esquire.
Notice the drape of his pants.
(The attire was not originated by
Petty,
But doesn't he look too smoothly
ready?)*

Finally, Rubish apologized for omitting the most popular garment on campus and explained that all the raincoats were too wet to model.

Thus the show ended. Mike, with triumphant sweat on his brow, bade the ladies a triumphant "good-night." But he was, how shall I say it? somewhat deflated when at that moment, two co-eds giggled up at him: "Touché, Mike. The show was sheik, but definitely!"

JULIA ROSS

Tightened Hands

(Continued from page 10)

drove out to the place you remembered, and the moons and the wasy talk and the later kisses, but that was in a different country, in a distant country you could not touch here, and he felt then the curse above the heart, the feeble filthy words shaping along the fibers of the mind, and then he remembered who she was and what she was, and the four letters he thought and thought

again and he felt better. But not too much better, what he had had for a moment was not now, and after Lt. Roberts had dismissed him with a curt "Thank you, Wilson" he brought the jeep back by the row of tents.

And thought where they were and knew what was happening, as he watched, in the thick heat, a fly weaving and weaving the hot air in the top of the tent.

And John Roberts—Lt. John Roberts—was laughing aloud and drinking a whiskey and soda and talked for a long time to the blonde girl he had not seen for so many exciting, dull, and terrible years.

PAUL RAMSEY, JR.

Private Eye

(Continued from page 7)

mouth, and I didn't like it. I made a grab for her, but she got behind me. Moonface walked in, pulled a roscoe on me. For once, I couldn't think of anything bright to say.

"This is curtains, Warner." It was curtains all right, and he hit me with the rod.

All the little men were making sledgehammers in my head. Slowly I came out of it, but the men were still there. I opened my eyes. My secretary bent over me, soaking my head. I looked at her, her legs looked good from the floor.

My eye, my private eye, glanced around the room, got past the couch and did a double take. SHE was there, her neck snapped like an old swizzle stick. I kicked her off the couch, shot a quick look at my secretary.

"She'll keep, baby. Come on over here."

DICK STERN

Illustration: JAMES SOMERS

Plane Facts

(Continued from page 21)

many students were spending Sundays aloft in planes based on the four hundred acres left to the University for an airport site by the late Dr. Henry Horace Williams.

In 1941, thousands of dollars were furnished by the University and W.P.A. together to enlarge the field. With these improvements it became one of the best pre-war college airports in the nation. It had, and has, one 5,000 foot and two over-4,000 foot runways. With their location on high ground, these runways, although not hard surfaced, have excellent drainage. Two hangars were constructed, a new highway from Chapel Hill to the Airport was laid down. In the early '40's, four instructors were able to handle forty students.

War demands in 1943 and a shrinking enrollment forced sale of equipment and planes. Since then, the program has been discontinued and efforts to utilize the field proved desultory and unsuccessful.

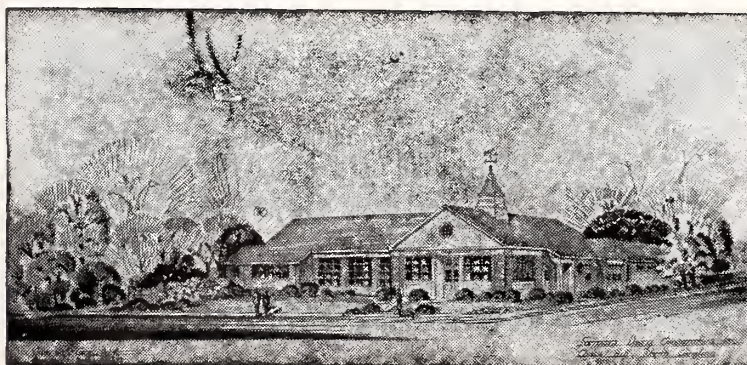
While the problems at present are unquestionably great, the goal of flight training and an aeronautical department is worth concerted student-official-dom support. If there is that interest in aviation, if the desire exists to see Carolina keep pace with the times, the answer is obvious. An active part must be taken by the students, a receptive spirit evidenced by the officials.

Creation of a joint student-administration-faculty survey board to survey the entire field, possibly construct a workable plan for the present and fu-

Home of "Better Dairy Products"

Dial F-3366
For Home Delivery

You are cordially invited to visit our modern dairy plant. Eat in our Dairy Store and Milk Bar for delicious milk drinks, sandwiches and ice cream.



FARMERS DAIRY COOPERATIVE, INC.

431 W. Franklin St.

(Continued from preceding page)
ture is one way to channel interest in aviation into constructive lanes.

The hope for 1946-47 is that the University can institute a program with a small number of light planes during the winter. This is not the first class aeronautics department needed, but it is a beginning. With the response of an air-minded student body, the program can grow.

The V.A. must be shown the advantages a veteran can receive from flight training. They can be made to realize that in the near future cities with proper airport facilities will be the trade centers of the world, that knowledge of

aeronautics is not only a personal advantage, but a hard-headed business asset.

The possibilities here are limitless. Horace Williams Airport at present is in excellent condition for primary flight training and it is satisfactory for the accommodation of heavier ships, even multi-engined planes. But to provide facilities efficient under varied weather conditions for advanced phases of flying in heavier ships, the runways should be hard-surfaced. Runway lights, a lighted "Wind T" and a control tower would have to be installed for safe night and bad-weather flying. Accommodations are necessary for maintenance

shops and hard surfaced taxi strips should be built from ramp to runways.

To many air-minded men on campus, the hope for a full-scale aviation program in collegiate North Carolina lies in integration of facilities of the Greater University. As it now stands, UNC is grounded while NC State and Woman's College are soaring to progress in the field of the future, populating the airplanes.

FRED FLAGLER
DICK HARDEN
DAN SAPP

Teacher's Salary

(Continued from page 20)

The present faculty salary scale, the same one in existence since 1922, only a little short of a quarter of a century ago, starts with \$1400 a year for instructors and goes to \$4500 a year as the maximum for full professors. In the Association of American Universities, composed of thirty-four universities, UNC ranks among the lowest in wage schedule, so low in fact, that in this respect Carolina can compete with only two or three southern universities. With the calls of industry and government, the comparative position is still less favorable.

It is bad business to be outbid by competitors. It is worse business to sleep through the bidding. The University must be handled on a scale it deserves. The situation rests with the Legislature.

ARNOLD SCHULMAN

Communication

(Continued from page 15)

look to the University for the money still needed to realize full value from materiel on hand. State officials have shown their interest in the program through Budget Bureau approval of emergency allotments which will cover cost of construction to be completed in January.

Working in the hope that he will get the financial support he needs, Earl Wynn forsees a Communication Center that will be the hub of a vast network of education in the State of North Carolina. Part visionary, part realist, he is a perfect choice to carry through one of the most startling advances yet proposed in the range of teaching.

"Communicating from one mind to another; the penetration of the mind, rather than of space alone," is the problem as he sees it. Wynn is confident that the dynamic institution he has blue-printed and breathed life into will meet the challenge.

JUD KINBERG

Carolina Sport Shop

Records, Radios and Electrical Equipment, as
well as sporting goods of exceptional quality.

Carolina Sport Shop

YATES BROS.

Plumbing & Heating

Oil Burners & Stokers

PHONE 6571

*If Your Hair Is Not Becoming to You —
You Should Be Coming to Us.*

THE UNIVERSITY BARBER SHOP

145 E. Franklin St.



LOOK HERE!



Joe and Mary are two of the many college students who know the advantages of going to Franklin Street for the "pause that refreshes" each morning and evening.



Set yourself up for work or play!

with clothes from

Varsity

BASIL RATHBONE
STAR OF
"DRESSED TO KILL"
another of
Universal's Sherlock Holmes Series.

*Yes!
it's Elementary*



RIGHT COMBINATION OF THE
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS *Properly Aged*

ALWAYS **B**UY **C**CHESTERFIELD

CAROLINA THEME:
"Happy Days Are
Here Again"

The Daily Tar Heel

THE ONLY COLLEGE DAILY IN THE SOUTHEAST
CHAPEL HILL, N. C. SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1946

Editorial: 200, News: 400, Sports: 600

NUMBER 47

TIME XLIX

HAPPY DAYS HERE AGAIN

CAROLINA

SID SADOFF, Carolina fullback who
just Duke's, goes off right tackle for a
Harry Dunkle, whose blocking

Throat-Fr...ng Cl...s
Across The Field, ...s ...ner...

From Lalanne ...
Learn ... To Bet

MAGAZINE



Heels March Second Half 6-3 Upset Win

Jim' Lalanne Carries Ball
Quarter Touchdown Drive

By Leonard Lobred

...back that
just helped
down ...
...considered one of the all-time major
...ence football history.

...en playing the entire 60 minutes and several
...only a very few moments, Carolina used only 16 p
throughout the game, and all functioned consistently well.
Jim Lalanne, who played miraculously on weak ankles su
by special pads fixed up early last week by Chuck Quindan, T
trainer, and Paul Severin, All-American flankman last ye
junior, certainly performed with such sure-fire brilliancy th
can hardly be left off any all-star eleven. Harry Dunkle,
from the field late in the final period with cramps in his l
contributed greatly with nine punts for an average of 45.

Coach Ray Wolf would name no individual stars last n
listed, however, that a great deal of credit for the win a
Johnny Vaught, his line coach, who drilled the Tar H
wall of Severin, Dick Sieck, Bill Faircloth, Carl Sauthe
Smith, Gwynn Nowell, Gates Kimball and Stu Richards
whom played steadier than at any other time this aut
these Severin, Sieck, Nowell, Kimball and Richardson pla
minute. Sid Sadoff was the only back in for every play
That Carolina Line

It was the Carolina line that pushed back the Duke del
almost every play, beginning in the third quarter and ho
through the end. Jim Lalanne, advancing the ball alon
handedly the entire 23 yards to the score, alternated fro
to the other while Tar Heel linemen battered Captain Ab
son and Tony Kulla on the left side and Bob McDermott
Karmasin on the right.

Duke's three points in the middle of the second perio
to those who were betting on Carolina and recalling the
test, came midway the second quarter, when True-Tee
booted the pigskin through the uprights after Duke ha
on Carolina's 15 in the middle of the field. An earlier
... CAROLINA CLICKER, page 2

From Beginning to End
Twenty-Two Best Plays

NOVEMBER 1946



Everybody knows him...

Early or late, he's a familiar figure to every policeman on the street—he's the Doctor—he's on an emergency call!

• A Doctor's life isn't his own to live as he chooses. There are interrupted holidays and vacations and nights of broken sleep. Emergencies require his presence for long, exacting hours... with somewhere a pause and perhaps the pleasure of a cigarette. Then back to his job of serving the lives of others.

According to a recent Nationwide survey: **MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS** **THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

The "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat

The "T-Zone" is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you*... and how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

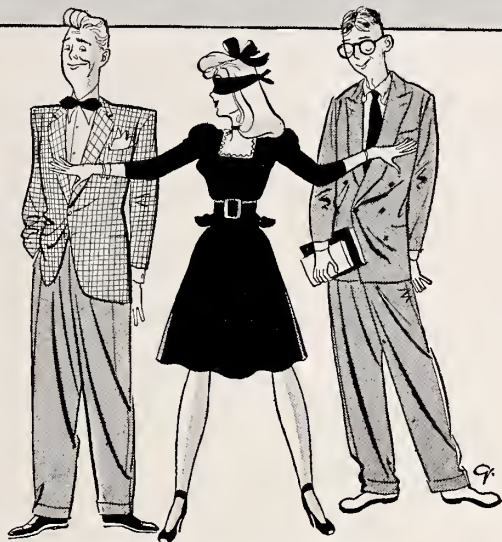
THE MAKERS of Camels are naturally proud of the fact that, out of 113,597 doctors who were asked recently to name the cigarette they preferred to smoke, more doctors named Camel than any other brand. This survey was nationwide, covered doctors in every branch of medicine—nose and throat specialists too. Three nationally known independent research agencies made and vouch for the findings.

Try Camels. See how *your* taste responds to Camel's full flavor. See how your throat likes Camel's cool mildness. That's the "T-Zone" test (*see left*).

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*

Lessons in Love

(a refresher course)



Blind dating—It can be fun! It can be torture! In any event, always have LIFE SAVERS handy. If your date's smooth—you'll be glad your breath is sweet! If he's not—well, they're yummy little candies anyhow!



Pa: "I think I'll go downstairs and send Nancy's young man home."

Ma: "Now, Elmer, remember the way we used to court."

Pa: "Yeah. Out he goes."

Winner:

GERALDINE HAZEL SHAVELSON
Box 156, Chapel Hill, N. C.

MONTALDO'S



Greensboro
For the
Young Set
Who
"Live in
Suits" . . .

1st Drunk: "Shay, do you know what time it is?"

2nd Drunk: "Yeah."

1st Drunk: "Thanks."

—Log.

Landlady: "I thought I saw you taking a gentleman up to your room last night, Miss Smith."

Miss Smith: "Yeah, that's what I thought too."

—Log.



SPECIALIZED FOODS

Mrs. Thurston would like to see her Student and Faculty Friends from the University of North Carolina at the Marine Room.

Serving Hours 11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.
5:30 P.M. to 8:00 P.M.

For Reservation phone Durham F-9493

Meals from 65 cents to \$2.00

Fountain hours 7:45 to 5:30 P.M.

Chatham
makes good
blankets!



Chatham Manufacturing Co., Elkin, N. C.

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Periodical of Campus Life

November, 1946

EDITOR: Fred Jacobson

MANAGING EDITOR: Jud Kinberg

BUSINESS MANAGER: Ben Perlmutter

FICTION

| | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------|----|
| ANNA OF FLEMALLE | Hoyle Bruton | 4 |
| THIS WAY TO HEAVEN | Elizabeth Barnes | 6 |
| A HOSPITAL, NOT A CHURCH | Arnold Schulman | 10 |

FEATURES

| | | |
|--|---------------------------|----|
| PRIDE OF CAROLINA | Bill Woestendiek | 7 |
| CAROLINA CARAVAN | Bill Ballew, James Somers | 8 |
| WHAT I DON'T LIKE ABOUT CAROLINA | Charlie Markham | 12 |
| WHAT I DON'T LIKE ABOUT DUKE | Tookie Hodgson | 13 |
| TAR HEELS | Eddie Allen | 14 |
| BASKETBALL 1947 | Irwin Smallwood | 16 |
| CAROLINA PARADE | Jud Kinberg | 18 |
| FINE AND MELLOW | I. N. and Out | 26 |
| ROD AND REEL | Don Justice, Dick Stern | 27 |

HUMOR

| | | |
|------------------------|------------|----|
| A CAROLINA FABLE | Julia Ross | 17 |
|------------------------|------------|----|

POETRY

| | | |
|------------------|--------------------|----|
| NIRVANA | Betty Ann Green | 16 |
| OH SEA | Charles T. Foley | 16 |
| CARELESSLY | Rosemary Cleveland | 16 |

ART

| | | |
|--------------|---|----|
| PIN-UP | Robert Reams | 11 |
| COVER | Robert Reams, Bill Ballew, Winkie Andrews | |

ART

Editor: WINKY ANDREWS

STAFF: John Davis, Kennedy Gam-
mage, Allen Kaufman, Ben McKinnon,
H. K. Privette, John Sink, James
Somers, Clyde Stallings

FEATURES

STAFF: Jack Crum, Daniel Daum,
Fred Flagler, Gilbert Furgurson,
Tookie Hodgson, Bob Morrison, Bruce
Sapp, Dick Seaver, Burke Shipley, Ar-
nold Schulman

ASSISTANTS: LeRoy Bannerman,
Herb Bodman, Bailey Hobgood, Harry
Hendros, Isadore Nachimow, Ira Roth-
baum, Henry Saunders

LITERARY

Editor: BETTY ANNE GREEN

STAFF: Hoyle Bruton, Rosemary

Cleveland, Dick Harden, Sibyl Goerch,
Charles Foley, Don Justice, Paul Ram-
sey, Robert Kendrick, Julia Ross, Dick
Stern

ASSISTANTS: Bob Andrew, Clem
Clements, Jack Dube, E. R. Hartin,
Edsel Hughes, Jack Kestner, Sigsbee
Miller, Lenoir Ray, Jack Shiller

PHOTOGRAPHY

Editor: ROBERT REAMS

STAFF: Bill Ballew

BUSINESS

STAFF: Hubert Aenchbacher, Bar-
bara Biggers, Lucy Evans, Jean Eisen-
koff, Charles Foley, Anne Hamlin,
Marjorie Hollander, Bernard Kemp,
Annette Magid, Jim Manning, Flor-
ence Newman, Augusta Pharr, Ernest
Rosenberg, June Sauer

¶ Published monthly during the school year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina. ¶ Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. ¶ Address all communications to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial. ¶ Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. ¶ Subscription price of \$2.00 per year. ¶ Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.

OUR COVER this month is not just designed in the spirit of hope. In proclaiming "Happy Days Are Here Again" as the Daily Tar Heel did seven years ago (when we beat Duke last) we mean to answer those pessimists who are constantly reminiscing about the "good old days." Contrary to them we are convinced that most of us never had it better. Granted that it is only human nature to find fault with the problematical present in contrast to those wonderful days gone by; however, when people become intimidated by the seemingly unquestionable superiority of the past, then it is time to rise in defense of the spirit of progress.

With the excuse that nothing will ever be the same again more and more people are sitting back with superficial disgust allowing policies and activities to develop haphazardly. Naturally nothing will ever be the same—not at Carolina. The University would not be famous for its progressiveness, if not some new plan or idea, radical or otherwise, would be worked over daily. If such changes do not seem to be for the good, it is only because those people living in the hope of the "good old days" have failed to contribute their wealth of experience to the new ideas. Constructive criticism is appreciated in all fields of endeavor, but time for idle talk could be spent for better results.

Unfortunately enough time has been wasted already. In three years war destroyed values which are worth more than hundreds of years of constructional efforts. That, however, is no reason to hide behind a cloak of despair. The world suffered a terrible setback; yet the past must not intimidate the future. The spirit of progress must triumph.

Anna of Flemalle

by Hoyle Bruton

I
WHEN my outfit moved from France up the Meuse river to Flemalle, a little mining town on the edge of Liege, it was bitter cold. They called it buzz bomb alley because, when they started, the buzz bombs dropped in there three at a time all day and all night.

God knows I hadn't wanted to go there, but when our trucks rolled in I was all of a sudden perfectly satisfied. The street was full of children and they were yelling the biggest welcome and hugging us and giving *us* souvenirs! I had forgotten how it was to have a kid take hold of me. It was like coming home.

The town looked cozy. Roof tops ran together and looked like one big roof, and houses seemed to scrounge together for warmth. The whole bunch sat in a basin of high, pointed slag piles and natural hills that pressed in so close the town turned up at the edges. The houses looked as if they'd drained to the bottom of a dish.

That's where I first saw little Anna—in the street there. My buddy Cooper was on duty, trying to keep kids out from under moving trucks. Anna and another little girl her size were standing on each side of him, smiling and talking French, and my buddy was look-

ing pretty foolish because he couldn't even tell when to say *oui*.

Anna got my attention right off. She was wearing a red coat too short for her, but it was pretty—or maybe Anna made it pretty, or maybe they were both pretty, I don't know. She was tall for a 10-year-old, and spindle-legged. But she had a wonderful face. It wasn't round and dollish and pretty that way. It was a little thin. Her eyes were open and they looked at you even, and she always smiled—a big smile that showed perfect teeth. When she spoke, she tossed her head sideways and her hair swung out over her shoulder in rhythm with her voice. And she always spoke low.

I went straight up to Cooper and asked who his friends were. He said how the hell did he know, not being able to speak the frog lingo, and I felt kind of foolish like a BTO trying to make a smooth pick-up.

I asked Anna what her name was, and then her little friend. Anna was Anna Bednar, a Czech name, and her friend was Nellie somebody and pretty too. I could speak French fairly well, but couldn't think of anything else logical to ask, so I gave them some chewing gum I'd saved from K rations. Anna thanked me with a little toss of her head—and she didn't smile at the chew-



ing gum, like other kids, but about something else, from a sort of happiness, as I figure now.

I had to leave and unpack and that was all I saw of Anna that day. We took over two Catholic grammar school buildings on opposite sides of the road, living in one and working in the other. We could use the buildings because the kids weren't going to school while buzz bombs came over.

II

Next morning after chow I was crossing the road when I spotted Anna standing by herself down by a high wall. Lord, it was cold, and I felt sorry for her in a thin dress and the short red coat. I waved and she half ran and half skipped to meet me. She didn't look cold. Right off the bat she held something out to me and said *souvenir pour vous*. It was a picture of her when she was about seven years old and she was standing in a doorway with one arm propped way up on the door jamb, looking a little shy. She always looked a little shy.

That thrilled hell out of me, because I had learned from other guys how the kids were operating. If a GI had given a kid something, and the kid liked the GI besides, he brought a special souvenir to the GI and that made a kind of bond

(Continued on page 20)



THIS WAY TO HEAVEN

Under the Sign of the Seventh Veil, Kay and Bill receive a strange prophecy. Its fulfillment makes exciting reading in the hands of authoress ELIZABETH BARNES.

THE SIGN caught their eyes, "Madame Maria, Born in India, under the Seventh Veil." Bill stopped the car, and they walked toward the trailer; Kay decided it would be fun to see what the future held.

Madame Maria was a plump fortune teller whom everybody in the small town was talking about. Her voice was deep, somewhat gruff, but mysterious and pleasant. "Rainy today. Pretty hair. Have a seat." The ruddy wrinkles in her face looked as if they held the wisdom of the ages, but her eyes glowed with the animation of youth. "Cross ze palm wiz two dollarz, pleez." Automatically Kay did as she was asked. The walls were covered with smoke and smut; dirty dishes stared from the sink, mocking the gems that sparkled on the Madame's fingers and arms. Kay's right hand was clammy; she wondered if the lady had noticed it. Her heart jerked with anticipation. Madame bent over and traced the lines carefully. "Two will be happy, but not in thiz lan'.

D'ya un'erstan'?" Her voice was strong. "That's all." She looked into the young girl's face. Kay was frightened by the coolness that had filled the woman's eyes. What was hidden there? But Bill was waiting. "Come to me agin later, an' I will tell ever'thing then. It is late. Ze two dollarz, take them wiz you and come tomorr' we'en my min' is clear."

Kay found herself being ushered to the doorway, into the blackness, but it didn't matter; she knew Bill was standing there waiting for her. The fear that stung her heart and had almost reached her eyes was stilled by the sight of him. His warm kiss seemed to put her trembling heart in his steady hands.

"Ready to go, honey? I sure am glad we don't have anything to worry about now." He laughed. "We get all fixed up, I hope? I bet a dollar I saw the future more clearly than she did in those few minutes, and it didn't cost me a cent. By the way, is there anything more you want to know? Intuition, that's what it is, honey, intuition."

"It didn't cost me anything either, but—"

"Hurry, beautiful, Mom is waiting supper on us. You know how Dad likes to eat everything while it's ten degrees hotter than the hinges on the gate of

hell! Watch that puddle!" He put his arm around her waist and lifted her across the water.

As he opened the door to his jalopy, his eyes met hers for an instant and read the uneasiness there. Give, baby. Couldn't be all that bad, I know."

"Bill, I must be gonna kill somebody. She wouldn't tell a thing."

"Yep, we're going to have to cut out going to the movies."

Before long they were laughing about the experience, convinced that they didn't believe in such foolishness anyway, that it was just for fun. They joked about the fact that Kay had baffled the great Madame Maria at a cost of exactly nothing.

Amid Bill's smoke rings and Kay's lively conversation, the storm approached unseen. Jagged lightning raced across a clouded sky, and the rain drops were large. Seconds lapsed between the splashes on the windshield. They had driven in the rain before and liked it. There was a sense of coziness and aloneness as they heard the warm rain fall on the car top. The drops fell hard and fast, splashed, and soaked into the concrete in front of the jalopy. The windshield wiper swept the glass steadily, but it could not keep up with the beating rain for long. Bill knew the road well, and drove on slowly. The thunder spoke louder; its incessant rumble drowned words, but could not drown intimate smiles. Trees along the highway were bowed; the infinity between their branches was arrowy with lightning. A lashing wind hurtled or sidestepped every obstacle, leaving it devastated. A few hills from home the grade was steep.

Her hand was still in his. Kay reached up to brush away a tear, but felt nothing. She got up, stretched, and called loudly to him, but the still air refused to carry the call. Kay was alone. She knew it. She looked for Bill, but he was nowhere to be seen. The aching had stopped, and she felt free, freer than she had ever known people could be. Bill would love it this way. She wondered why she had never felt this way before.

"Kay, Kay, I must go with you. Don't leave me. Wait,—just a second, a second, Kay. I'm coming. I hurt so, Kay,

(Continued on page 25)



By Bill Woestendiek



PRIDE of CAROLINA

COLLEGIATE athletics need never fear the threat offered by the rapid growth of professional athletics because there will always be room for both. Such is the opinion of a man who won undying fame on the Carolina gridiron as a fleet-footed halfback and then went on by dint of his flying feet and brilliant baseball activity to win the American League baseball batting title in the role of New York Yankee second baseman in 1945. He has now returned to the locale in which he started his rise to athletic fame.

The stocky speedster needs no introduction to sports fans the country over. He is George Stirnweiss, a native New Yorker who came south to win fame and glory with his running and passing feats on the football field and his great play on the baseball diamond.

One of the latest in Carolina's long list of all-round athletes, the soft-spoken Dutchman is back on the campus in the capacity of an assistant football coach and scout for Carl Snavelly. He can be found any afternoon in his office in Woollen gym, scanning the list of plays he has copied from future Tar Heel opposition on a scouting jaunt.

Stirny, or "Snuffy" as he has come to be known throughout baseball circles, handicapped throughout his athletic career by stomach ulcers and an operation on a ruptured stomach that put him on a special diet and made him ineligible for the draft, places a great deal of the credit for his success on his athletic background at Carolina.

"The fine conditioning and competent coaching here was of great advantage to me in later years," the Yankee key-stone guardian said when questioned about his career at Carolina. Stirnweiss, who played an All-American brand of football under Ray Wolf in the same backfield with another Tar Heel star, "Sweet" Lalanne, and did tricks with a baseball for Coach Bunn Hearn, had nothing but praise for his collegiate tutors and associates. Unnoticed in all the reflected glory from his baseball and football performances is the fact that Stirny also played varsity basketball at UNC in his undergraduate days.

Following a six-weeks performance at Norfolk in the Yankee baseball chain, George jumped to the Yanks top double-A farm team, the Newark (New Jersey) Bears, where in 1942 he ran hog-wild, driving the rest of the International League's pitchers and catchers to distraction by stealing the unbelievable total of 73 bases in 80 tries.

The war gave Stirnweiss his big break, and the "Flying Dutchman" made the most of it. Out of the draft because of his stomach, the young infielder was called up into the Big Time in 1943 when he joined the New York Yankees—hope and ambition of anyone who ever dares dream he might some day be a big leaguer.

Although he had played second base for the greater part of his baseball career up to that time, "Snuffy" broke into the lineup for the first time at shortstop, following Phil Rizzuto's de-

parture into the armed service. Stirnweiss played 88 games for the Yankees that year.

Playing spasmodically and growing in baseball stature under the watchful tutelage of manager Joe McCarthy, Stirnweiss soon became the key figure in the wartime Yankee infield. With Rizzuto, Joe Gordon, and Bill Johnson in the service, the little New Yorker who went south to win recognition and then came back to stardom in his home town, came into his own.

Running wild in 1945, Stirnweiss again set the pace in stolen bases, making himself the most-feared base runner in the league. But overshadowing his running was his great all-around play which won him the batting crown with a .310 average and got him the most hits in the league. As has been the case throughout his career, Stirny found himself in a fierce battle for the batting title, and didn't win it until the last day, beating out Tony Cucinello by a narrow margin.

Considered by many to have been the most valuable player in the American League in 1945, Stirnweiss is very reluctant to talk at any length about himself, but is quite willing to praise his managers and fellow players.

When queried as to the biggest difference between collegiate and professional athletics, the Yankee star said he believed competition was greater among the pros, who are making a living out of the game.

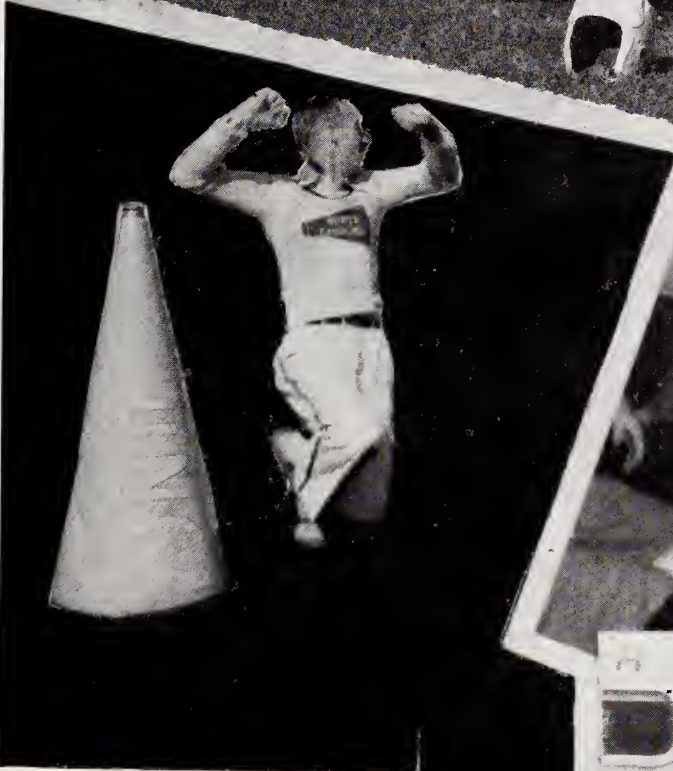
(Continued on page 22)



THE TRAIN pulled out into black night. As it gathered momentum, the first corks were pulled from the necks of "refreshment" flasks.

The football caravan, presager of return-to-normalcy, was on its way north to Baltimore and the midshipmen of the U. S. Naval Academy. That train that left Durham station was the first of its excursion-bent kind since 1941. The wartime controls and inconveniences still remain in fragments of American life, but for a weekend it was the freedom and fun of old times.

Most students who had reserved Pullmans turned in early. Those in the coaches kept the talk of Baltimore, blondes and Saturday Victory going late into the night.



In Baltimore and its Municipal Stadium, there was the inspiring pageant of well-dressed ranks of marching mid-dies. There was the more inspiring pageant of a hard-fighting Carolina team which pushed through to a 21-14 victory.

After the game there were a few hours of revelry before reboarding the train for the return to Durham and Chapel Hill.

Not all the Big Team's rooters went to Yankeeland by railroad. All Friday afternoon, Chapel Hill's streets were crowded with cars going north. The '46 automobiles—symbol of this year's production bottlenecks—were bedecked with blue and white crepe paper and loaded with festive passengers—symbol of the return of "college life."

A Hospital - - - Not A Church

By Arnold Schulman

HOLLOW echoes burst and there is nothing. And she stands and shouts and cries for help, yet all about is nothing. And she shouts. A voice is there in the vacant and it screams. "You, YOU. U."

And alone she cries. Alone she yells. And hears no words and does not see. For nothing. Nothing. Blueblack, grey-ongrey.

And nothing.

Yet, the hand is there. The cold hand. Dead hand. Sheetwhite hard hand is there and pointing. Into nothing.

"Come. You. Go. GO."

The snowcold hand and nothing.

"Is this the gate? Am I here at last? Is this . . . is this . . . death?"

She speaks softly. A whisper without words. Then the cry, the desperate yell and the irresistible following of the hand into tunnel dimness.

* * *

For a time Ralph stood by the bed and listened to the breathing. Deep. Hard. Strained. The breathing from the bed. And the slow sound of hushed feet in the hall. The smell was there. The warm, penetrating, sickening hospital smell.

"She doesn't recognize me. She doesn't see."

Ralph turned toward the doctor. "She doesn't know me."

Together they walked to the hall.

And the words turned like morning in his ears. There's nothing you can do. Nothing you can do. It was like a song. Like a poem. Like a whirlpool-head. Like a dream.

Ralph spoke again but did not recognize the voice. "She'll be dead in the morning."

A look of exasperation seemed to come into the doctor's face. "I told you there's nothing more we can do. Just wait. You people seem to expect miracles. This is a hospital, not a church. Medicine can do so much and no more."

Ralph felt himself turn and walk, then night blew cool breath in his face as he moved through the darkness.

"She'll be dead in the morning."

* * *

Far hills fade and then there is none. Only following the hills into treeless nothing and the music and the breath and the brewing stewing nothing into mounds of far off hills. Into the fade and melting rocks. Trees and then the desert.

The old man moved like yesterday with a smile like tomorrow. He kept pointing to the finger. He smiled and she spoke.

"But I'm alone. I'm all alone. I don't know you. I don't know where I am. Will Ralph come? I'm all alone."

The old man smiled and the finger spoke. "They all come alone. They all."

For a moment she recognized the man as the preacher. She remembered his nose. "I now pronounce you man and wife." She remembered his words. But his face grew long and she knew that she did not know. Her mother. He had her mother's face, but now it changed and was nothing. Blended nothing into bluegrey black. Long nothing. Long black.

And slowly she followed the finger.

* * *

Ralph heard the man ask him what he'd have, but for an instant he couldn't see for the mist. The man asked again.

"Scotch," Ralph said. "And soda."

While the words kept screaming like an owl. You can't expect miracles. This is a hospital. Nothing you can nothing you can whirlpool-head like a song.

As the path of scotch lit warm candles

to his stomach, bold Past sped by. And stayed.

Past: All happiness will sway as November and marriage till death do you part.

The month had been happy. The Mr. and Mrs. The honeymoon and flowers. And the feel of warm body in bed. The month. Just the month. Just Mr. and Mrs. for a month.

Ralph beckoned to the bartender and asked for another.

There's nothing you can do.

* * *

But the squeak was heard and grew until all roars and infants blast at last. While the finger pointed and the blackness grinned and the hollow echo-voice would spin . . . a little way . . . still just a little way . . . at last there is a little way.

The hill was shrinking and down into bleak, low, destitute nothing, blank dullness clammed a blood-red hand.

And vanished.

Yet low volcano voices muse and cull the dooming booming gwoooooooos. Far into the distance. Valley. Topless mountains. Grey alone. The voice.

AND CAME YE ALONE INTO THIS BEING AND ALONE SHALL THOU BE GONE. THOU SHALL NOT WANT AND FOLLOWED THEE INTO GREEN PASTURES ALONE FOREVER AND EVER . . . AMEN.

She smiled now and recognized. The fog grew clear. The voices soft. All peace kissed her hand. Contentment laughed. Green mountains paled blue and the road became easy. Sliding now. Sliding down familiar hills. Gliding. Rolling. Sailing. Happy breeze. And best of all the heavy hand released her chest. The squeezing vice released her head. A face glared down into her eyes. A face behind a film. But the film was clearing. The film was clearing! And behind the blur she recognized the nurse. The nurse put a cool hand on her burning head.

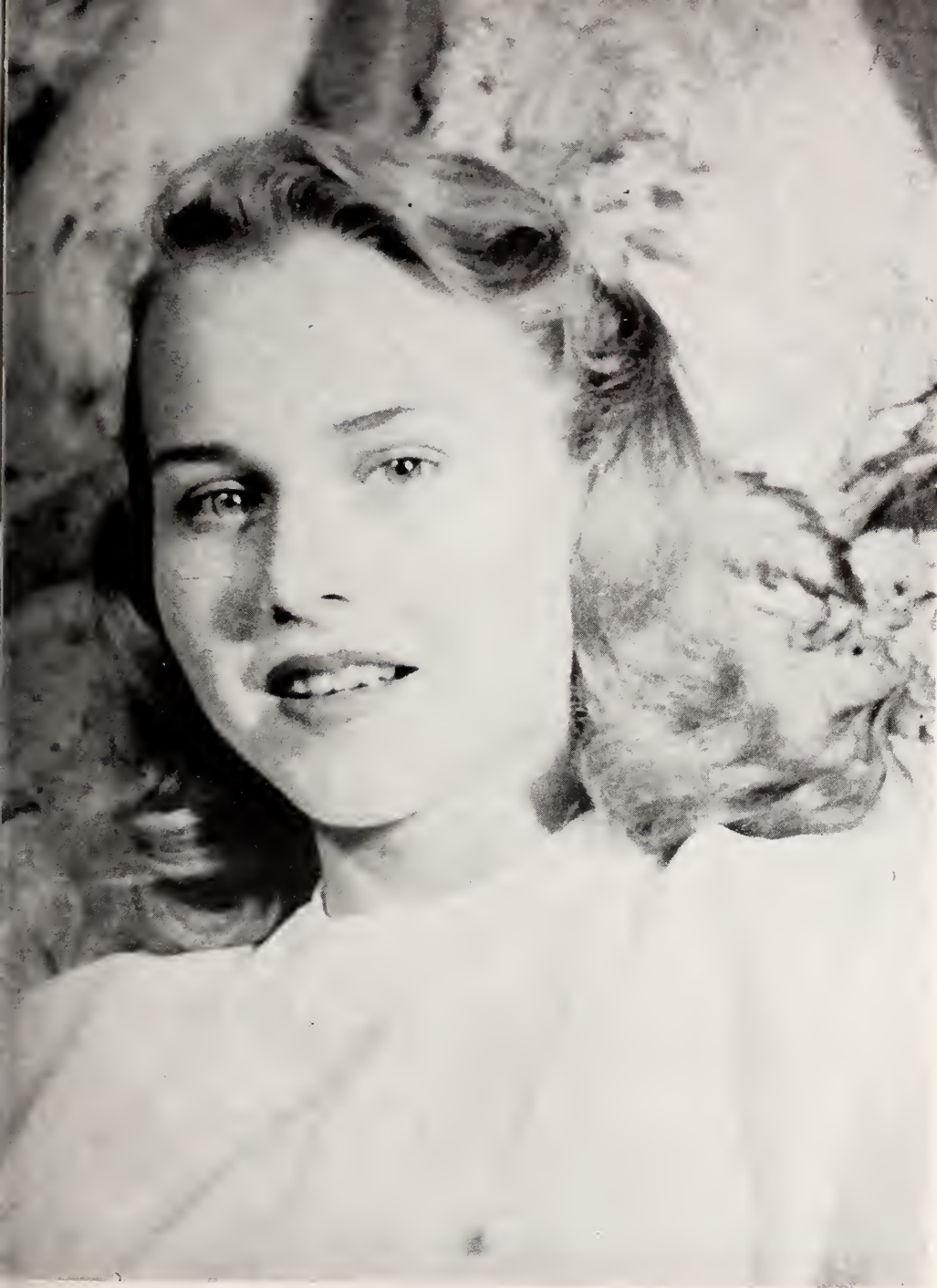
"Easy now. Easy." The nurse said. "You'll be all right. You're going to be all right."

* * *

As Ralph faced night again and knew the street, the only words he heard were: Miracles. You people expect miracles. A hospital . . . not a church.



The doctor stood coldly. Calmly. A man? A machine? Then sternly, without feeling, the doctor spoke. "There's nothing you can do. Why don't you go. Get some air. Get a drink. There's nothing you can do."



“Liz Hazlett”



What I Don't Like About Carolina

CONTRARY to the general suspicion, I did not enroll in the University of North Carolina last fall for the purpose of stealing King Carl's choice football formations for Wallace Wade, nor was my return to Duke this year prompted by similar motives in behalf of the Tar Heels. As a result of this fluctuation between Duke and the Hill, I have formed one definite and perhaps unusual conclusion which this article gives me a welcomed opportunity to express: THE DUKE-CAROLINA "RIVALRY" IS NON-SENSICAL.

I do not refer alone to that phase of the age-old rivalry which includes the painting of the respective campuses by the lowest order of dimwits from both universities. That practice, which well reflects the grammar school maturity of some of our students and yours, will probably cease this year after the unfortunate episodes of 1945. What I wish to condemn is the state of mind from which such practices stem. And, by way of analyzing that state of mind, I can best describe what I dislike—and dislike intensely—about the University of North Carolina.

School spirit, I understand, is what Carolina takes pride in above many of the other virtues with which I willingly admit it is blessed. I cannot help but condemn, however, a school spirit which is seemingly composed of two distinct phases: love Carolina and hate Duke. Your orientation handbooks don't mention the latter, to be sure, but I dare say there is not a new student on the Hill who has not been fully impressed with the idea that to love Carolina is to hate its neighbor to the North . . . and not only to hate it, but to keep on hand a stock of sneering remarks about Duke and its students. Perhaps we at Duke do not go into hysterics at our football games over the success of our team, as you do; but I can truthfully say that I never heard an insulting reference to the University of North Carolina in my three years at Duke—except, of course, when jeers with Carolina students were jestingly exchanged.

The type of remark which grew all too familiar to me during my year in Chapel Hill was directly in line with the "Don't give a damn for Duke-University" philosophy in which all Carolina freshmen apparently must be drilled . . . the monotonous line about the bunch of damyankee foreigners in the student body at Duke, and that old chestnut about Duke subsidizing its

football team. I want to add in passing that Duke students come from 40 states in the Union, about half from North Carolina, so our student body is as representative as that of any university in the nation. And as for the foreign names on our roster, I can only say that I have known some outstanding gentlemen of foreign descent at Duke, any one of whose friendship I would not trade for that of any half-a-dozen pure Anglo-Saxons I could pick at random.

Carolina delights in its parody of the Duke fight song, which sarcastically refers to the football team's being paid "by dear old Wallace Wade." After the eminent Mr. Justice enrolled, for a nominal consideration, in the University (where, I understand, he has finally reported for football), I never want to hear another Carolina man accuse Duke of buying football talent. We may as well be honest with ourselves. Both Duke and Carolina—and 99 per cent of the other football powers in the country—make it financially profitable for their players to participate. There is not a man in either Duke or Carolina's starting line-up who is beating his brains out six days a week merely to hear the crowds roar on Saturday.

A true school spirit, I believe, is one which evidences the highest type of sportsmanship. To put it quite frankly (and with no disrespect to the true Carolina gentlemen whom I came to know well there last year) the Carolina student body, as a whole, exhibits the worst sportsmanship I have ever seen. This is particularly disgusting in basketball season. It seems to be the inescapable duty of the Carolina cheering section to boo—raucously and at length—any close decision by the referee which favors the other team. It likewise follows that when an opposing player is attempting a foul shot, the Carolina section must distract his attention by another chorus of boos, whistles and cat-calls. If that is Carolina spirit, Frank Graham is a monkey's uncle.

Amazingly enough, Duke men respect the University of North Carolina. As students, they admire its easy-going manner and collegiate atmosphere (as opposed to the cold formalism of their own campus). They envy you the freedom which is your Carolina heritage, and wish that their own administration might be a little more broad-minded in its attitude toward students. There is nothing bitter in their feeling; naturally they like to lick

Carolina on the athletic field, but a victory over Army or Tennessee would be equally as pleasing as one over Carolina. A loss to Carolina occasions none of the bitter sadness which engulfs the Hill when the Blue Devils win.

It is unfortunate that this "to hell with Duke" complex persists among Carolina men long after they have left Chapel Hill. We have within a twelve-mile radius the two greatest centers of learning in a Southland which has long needed a dynamic educational and economic revival. The potential here is tremendous. It is shameful that these two great universities cannot engage in a cooperative program for the betterment of the region primarily because of the barriers of animosity and disrespect which have risen over an annual football game—animosity which flares up throughout the state when a large hunk of football talent named Yovicsin moves from one school to the other. That's why I say the Duke-Carolina rivalry is a lot of nonsense.

If the two universities together can ever realize the potentialities they possess for revitalizing the South, their success will be dependent upon public support and approval of their undertaking. This brings to mind another phase of Carolina which I do not like—a phase perhaps more difficult to explain than the "don't give a damn for Duke" complex.

Carolina is as free as any university I know . . . faculty and students alike are both entitled to the free and open expression of their opinions on political, economic and social matters. It is my belief that in many respects this freedom has been, and is being viciously abused, to the detriment of the University, the state, and the cause of a progressing South.

There have gathered in Chapel Hill of late, particularly as students, a conglomeration of pseudo-sophistivates and pseudo-intelleccts whose immediate goal seems to be complete, all-encompassing social revolution. I like to call them bleeding-heart liberals. On any question of public interest, they can be depended upon to take a position as far to the left as propriety will permit. Last year, they usurped the columns of the Daily Tar Heel with their "liberal" twaddle. The organizations which they have infiltrated pass resolutions which are widely published throughout the state as representative of the student

(Continued on page 23)

What I Don't Like About Duke

B EING a person highly sensible of the "code d'honneur," I was extremely reluctant to vent my wrath against Duke University without first having made a thorough investigation of the various defects of that institution. Therefore, without further ado, I made plans to undertake the somewhat laborious journey to the "City of Industry and Education" to gather material for my forthcoming malediction. In short, I was off in what the U. S. Senate would call a "fact-finding tour."

Arriving at the entrance of Duke, I dismounted from my wheezing bus, and prepared to penetrate the piney woods which conceal the various noble edifices of Dukedom from the vulgar eyes of tourists.

After a short while, I strode into a clearing, and there, before my very eyes, rose the Gothic Spices of Duke. Green, tailored lawns provided a perfect setting for the various turrets, flying buttresses, cupolas, and gargoyles, which littered the place. However, several signs strictly forbade me to walk on said lawns. "A very wise regulation," I thought. "If you let them walk on the grass, the next thing you know, they'll be in the bushes."

Therefore, with respect to the noble college's delicate sensibilities, I carefully avoided the grass.

The next thing which caught my attention was a group of workmen sand-blasting the various buildings on the campus. Upon inquiring as to the cause of this interesting operation, I was informed that the buildings were being aged.

"Yes sir!" spoke one of the workmen. "Them Dook fellers in there told us to age this place at least a thousand years by next Tuesday, and we're doin' our damndest to do that very thing. After we get through what we're doin' now, we're gonna glue ivy all over the jernt. Then, we're gonna carve up old man Duke's statue until the old boy looks like some feller named King Richard, the Lion-Hearted. Yes sir, what it took Oxford to do in eight hundred years, we're gonna do in three days!"

"Well," I answered, "there's nothing like authenticity!" "No sir!" There sure ain't," replied the workman, firing medieval cannon balls into the Chapel Tower for that final touch of historical charm and exactness.

Proceeding on with my sight-seeing tour, I arrived at the Administration

Building. Inside, I found the university officials, all of whom were Methodist ministers, gathered in close conference.

"Gentlemen," announced Asbury MacDoodle, the Chancellor, "In spite of everything we've done, some of the boys here are still able to date the coeds. You *know* what that means! Why, in no time, some foolish girl will actually let a boy hold her hand!"

"No! No!" thundered the shocked assemblage.

"It looks that way," replied MacDoodle, in an awe-inspiring tone. "Anyway, we'll have to take some strenuous measures to correct this deplorable situation. I'm in favor of the chaperone system. Under that, the boys can visit the coeds between 7:00 and 7:30 P. M., provided that there are iron bars between them, and that at least nine members of the faculty present."

"Chancellor MacDoodle," cried Brother Simonpure Jones, "I favor your system, but I still think it's pretty risky. As you know, I'm very broadminded, but thirty minutes for a date is definitely too long. I propose that we limit dates to fifteen minutes including a five minute opening prayer and a five minute closing prayer. In between, the girls and boys can read Bible tracts to each other."

"A splendid idea, Brother Jones," answered MacDoodle. "All in favor, say 'aye'!"

"Aye" echoed the august assemblage, signifying their unanimous approval of this broad-minded suggestion.

"Gentlemen," quoth Mr. MacDoodle, "we have another very serious situation to deal with at this time. Coach Wallace Wade reports that two of his most promising athletes are now on strike for higher pay. It seems that these deserving young football players can't lead the life to which they are accustomed on the paltry salaries which we are paying them, and I for one, am in favor of giving them a slight raise—say five or six thousand a year."

"Here! Here!" cried the pedagogues, voicing their favorable sentiments towards this worthy motion.

"Of course," began Brother MacDoodle, "we'll have to sell a building or two to raise the cash, but it will doubtless be well worth it."

"Amen!" quoth the administrators.

Interesting as this assemblage was, I decided not to linger longer, and accordingly left my seat, and strode into the great out-of-doors.

It was at this time, that I thought it wise to collect my scattered data, and arrange it in a useful manner. I record below for your edification some of my findings.

Duke University consists of a large football stadium surrounded by athletic field houses.

Duke is a Methodist institution. The Methodist Discipline frowns on the usage of tobacco. Duke University was built by James B. Duke, a multi-millionaire tobacco tycoon. Everyone is glad that religious scruples didn't interfere with the acceptance of Mr. Duke's endowment.

Duke is a Southern school. It is reputed to have some Southern students, although I didn't see any. There are plenty of nice people from New Jersey, though.

Duke has freedom of the press. Anyone can print anything he likes in *The Chronicle*. However, it is always best if the administration likes it too.

Lots of people at Duke say that our student government leaders "dawdle and argue" too much. They don't do that at Duke. They don't have anything to "dawdle and argue" about.

Duke students don't drink. The university regulations forbid drinking.

There are a lot of fraternities and sororities at Duke. Each one has a room.

The architecture of Duke is Gothic on red clay, and Georgian with a cigarette factory motif.

Duke's regulations are very good. You are relieved of doing any thinking. The university even plans your menus for you.

The Duke coeds are very cute. Most of the Duke men would like to date one someday.

Having thus compiled the above list, I took myself homeward. Arriving at Chapel Hill, I had a glass of beer, dropped in at a sorority house, had a nightcap at my fraternity house, and then returned to my room.

Once inside my domicile, I began work on my "What I don't Like About Duke" thesis, but it was quite useless. I felt no dislike. In my heart was only a heart-felt pity for the underprivileged unfortunates who every night, take out a copy of the "North Carolina Record" from beneath their pillows, and avidly read until dawn. Dukesters, I open my heart to you!

— TOOKIE HODGSON

... PAGE THIRTEEN



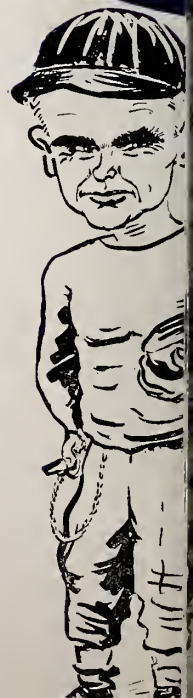
By Eddie Allen

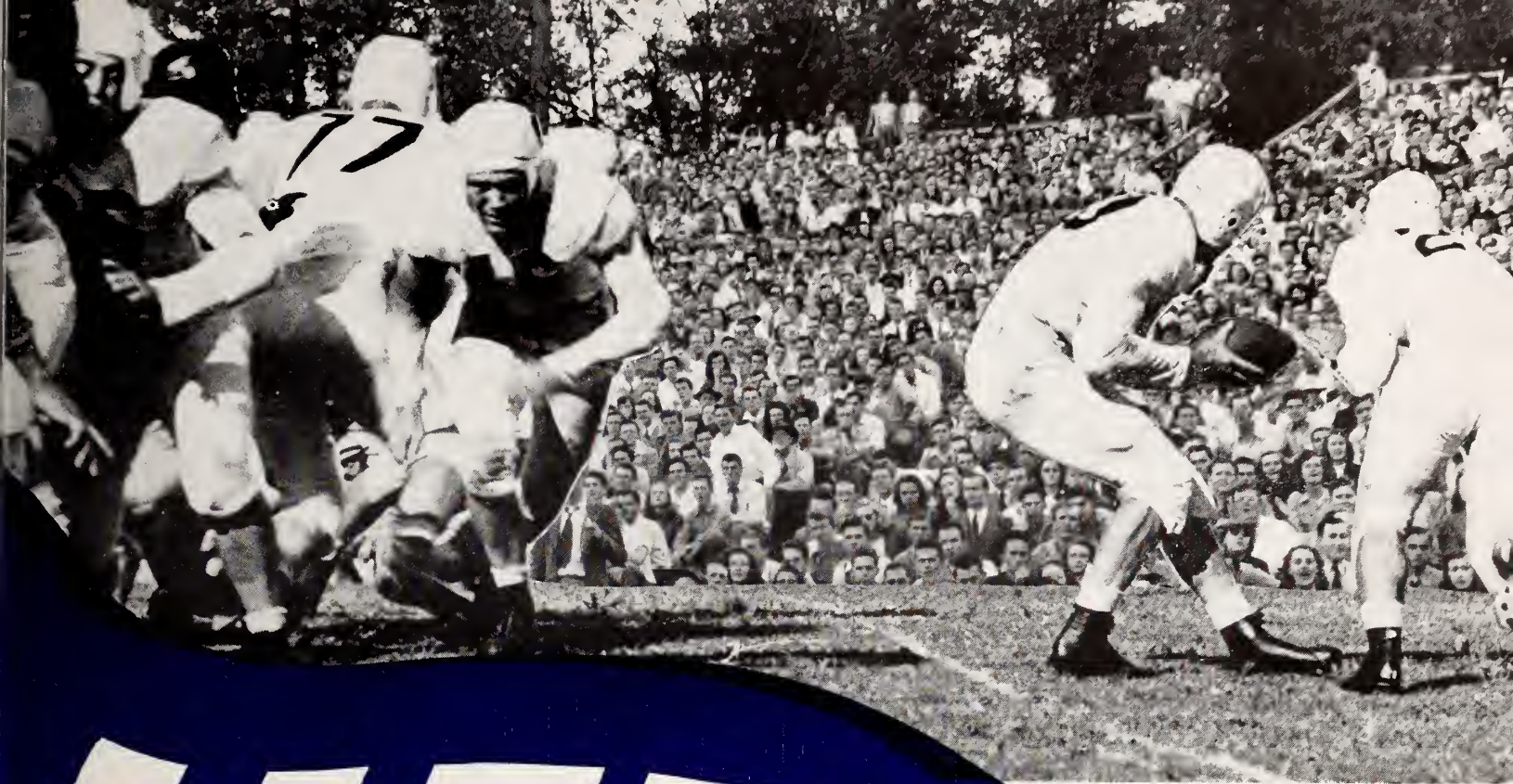
There will be other gilded autumns. . . other gaudy, football-frenzied Saturdays. Sunday morning eyes will cloudily scan new names in the sports pages' biggest, boldest type. Yearly numerous gridiron "Battles of the Century" will be ballyhooed, then forgotten. And in all this wonderful, tinsel madness Carolina will have its share-perhaps a larger share than ever before.

But whether in banquet hall or beer bistro, they will speak of this Carolina team. . . speak of it if not as THE finest of all Tar Heel teams, then as the keynote of an era which will bring such a dream eleven to Chapel Hill. They may not compare it with the unbeaten, toboggoned terrors of 1898, or with the 1925 crew which mauled Duke, 42-0, or with the brilliant 1929 Team of a Thousand Backs.

Yet when those worthy clubs have become misty memories, there will still be talk of a bass-voiced, graying Dutchman named Snavely and his oak-legged legions of 1946.

Undoubtedly the greatest Tar Heel grid machine since the days of Stirnweiss and Severin in 1939, this year's ag-





HEELS



gregation proved its worth last week by coming from behind to whip Duke's brawny blue-shirted battalion, 22-7, and thus even the score in the 33rd renewal of the South's most fiery Autumn feud. The traditional failure or success of a season was the stake and Carolina walked off with the pot. That one game alone will give the Tar Heels of 1946 something to recall around the hearths of the future.

This is a team of returnees. Its coach was among the first of them, leaving Cornell early last year to come once again to the scene of his brilliant, checkered regime of 1934-35. There were other prodigals, too—college boys who in a flicker of a Jap knife became soldiers, sailors. . . then found themselves college boys again and found, too, that they had become better equipped for the rugged business of collegiate football.

Most of them wore saddle shoes at Chapel Hill before they wore government issue in the Pacific or Europe. But for their sparkplug there came a compact little man whose only academic experience before he ignited service football

(Continued on page 24)

Phantom Age

By Irwin Smallwood

The University of North Carolina has taken great strides in reaching new heights in the collegiate sports world during the past few years, and this has been done to a large extent through White Phantom basketballing. Last season, 1945-46, the Carolina cagers reached an all-time peak for a Tar Heel team, losing only to Oklahoma A. and M. in the finals of the National collegiate tournament.

And this year, as the season nears opening day, the prospects are uncertain to say the least, for the Phants, who are seeking to remain in the National spotlight against their toughest schedule in years if not in the history of the game at Carolina.

Gone from last season's No. 2 team in the nation are All-American Jim Jordan, Bones McKinney and Don Anderson, about as good a trio of players as Carolina ever had outside of George Glamack. Gone, too, is Ben Carnevale, the young Naval lieutenant who built the best team Carolina ever had and who is now head mentor at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

This makes for a dark picture, that is until you start looking on the check column instead of the debit row.

To take the place of Carnevale has come a smiling Kansan, Tom Scott, a man who despite his young years, is no newcomer to the field of basketball coaching. In fact, Scott, who comes to Carolina from Missouri State College, is said to be one of the up-and-coming coaches in the nation, which is not hard to see when you look at his 50-5 record in conference games over a five-year period at Missouri State.

Scott, who refers to little Pittsburg, Kan., as his home town, first started his coaching career back in 1930 when he took over at a Kansas high school. He coached in Kansas high school circles until 1936, when he went to Concordia College in Morehead, Minn.

Two years were spent coaching at Concordia, and in 1938 Scott went to Missouri State, where he remained until the Navy got him in 1942. The genial Scott was an athletic officer in the Navy, reaching the rank of lieutenant, and he returned to Missouri in time for the 1945 season.

While at Missouri State, Scott's teams won four out of five conference titles, and won 50 out of 55 games in the league.

It was last May that Carolina ath-

letic officials and Scott got together on terms after Carnevale was signed with Navy, and the new Carolina hardwood tutor moved into Chapel Hill during the summer and got things rolling shortly after the fall school session began.

Back on hand to bolster the Tar Heels' chances for the rough year ahead are such boys as Johnny Dillon, All-American hook shot perfectionist; Bob Paxton, rebound mainstay from last season's first string; Jim White, first string guard from last year; Taylor Thorne, a part-time starter last season; and Roger Scholbe, Jim Hayworth and Buster Stevenson, reserves from the 1945-46 varsity.

In addition, there are Dick Hartley, Dick Donnan and Cam Rodman, lettermen from years past, and several newcomers to the Carolina basketball family.

New men grabbing the spotlight at this early stage are Jim Hamilton, Sherman Nearman, Norman Kohler and Fred Swartzberg. Hamilton was a star for a Kansas college before entering the service, Nearman played service ball and was an outstanding high schooler in West Virginia, Kohler is the twin brother of Stan of State, and Swartzberg was a regular for State in 1943 and 1944. N. W. Cole is another new man who shows some promise, and freshmen Carson Coy and Ed Wagner should prove an asset before the season is over.

The season officially opens December 4 for the White Phantoms, just three days after the last football game, and the slate calls for three home games in a row with Cherry Point, Catawba and High Point before the big mid-western swing December 19-21. During the northwestern trip, Carolina will meet DePaul and Northwestern in Chicago stadium.

Only one day after school re-opens after Christmas holidays, the Tar Heels will meet Maryland in a home game and then take a trip for two more intersectional contests, with New York University in Madison Square Garden and LaSalle in Convention Hall in Philadelphia.

Virginia will be in Chapel Hill for a game January 21, and then the Phants travel again, this time for games with Maryland and Navy. Following the Navy tussle January 25, Carolina

(Continued on page 28)

Nirvana

Unfathomed depths entrance the
guide
And I am willing just to ride
On Mercury's main through the
dark morass
Of humanity's senseless suffering
and to pass
Without a glance at wrath or
goodness.

The flame is waning low and
burns the heart,
Yet there is naught but to de-
part
In Kesi's saddle to meet the Is-
vara-form.
There is no nerve that feels the
storm
And I am free, forgiven and
faithless.

The winds now open their frothy
folds
And desire decays; ego scolds;
For sinking through the billowy
depths,
There is no passion to be swept
From the purged and painless
soul . . .

BETTY ANNE GREEN

O Sea!

O, Sea!
How soft to me thy billows are
That rise and roll and roar,
As surging midst the foam and spray,
They beat against the shore.

How hard they beat—and yet no end!
Their striving has no meaning;
Nor loss, nor gain, nor end, nor change,
But alas! Their natures they are feed-
ing.

—Charles T. Foley.

Carelessly

Carelessly
You pulled out each pink petal
And blew it off your fingertips
Until the rose itself was gone.
Only a stem and hard center re-
mained.
And that you threw away.
So like our Love
You pulled apart each memory
And laughed at our kisses
Until naked my being stood—
robbed of dreams
Only a lonely soul and forgiving
heart remained
And that you threw away.

ROSEMARY CLEVELAND

...THE LITTLE BLUE LAMB...

JOEY had just finished his prayers. He had carefully included "God bless Carolina" in his discourse, and had reverently concluded "Amen" before begging for his usual goodnight story. Papa Alumnus proudly patted his son on the head, lighted his pipe, winked at his wife, and began his tale.

"Once upon a time, Joey, there lived in Europe a beautiful, beautiful queen—Queen Carol Anna. Her kingdom was the biggest and best in all the world. It was strong because Justice was the password and no kingdom can be strong without Justice, just as no football team can. Her castle garden was the loveliest in all the world. Why, she had in it shrubs of every kind and each night you could see knights and their ladies strolling there. Carol Anna had a group of brave warriors to defend her land. These were called the "Order of the Grail." All the men in it were snaves, because the very bravest of them was known as Sir Snavelly, who rode far and wide on missions with his warriors and always came back with the prize. This beautiful queen had many lovers, but there was no one to whom she would give her hand.

Then one day a young Duke came from an unknown land and built a stone castle near Carol Ann's kingdom. It was hard and cold and the password there was Pride. He was handsome and rich and wicked, and he wanted to marry Carol Anna and win her kingdom. So one night he went to her castle. He stole her heart with his flattery, and the queen came to love him very much. But the brave, wise Sir Snavelly warned her before it was too late, and they put the Duke in prison. Then later they hanged him on some gallows that looked something like the goal posts at the football game. When he died he turned into a devil and went to Hell. He had to wear a blue coat, because blue is the color that stands for loyalty. It was to punish the



Duke for trying to trick Carol Anna into marrying him and for being disloyal to a queen.

Soon Carol Anna died of a broken heart, for she had loved the Duke very much. When she died she turned into a white lamb, because she was pure and innocent. She went to heaven and is still living up on a cloud. She plays a harp all the time while other lambs sing "Hark the Sound." Sometimes she thinks of the sins of her lost lover and weeps for him. That is why it rains so much at Carolina. You see, Carol Anna's cloud is right over the school where we went today. Carolina is named for her and the school we were playing this afternoon is named for the Duke.

For soon after the Duke and Carol Anna died, their relatives sailed to America. In honor of their dead cousin, the beautiful queen's relatives built a school first and then later the Duke's relatives built one near Carolina in honor of him. The two schools have always disliked each other. They both want revenge for what happened so long ago. Now each year they play a game like the one we saw today, a game called football. Each one tries to beat the other and, in that way, to settle the feud that was started when the Duke was hanged. But the argument is no sooner settled than it starts all over again. And so it will go on forever and ever. Someday, son, you will go to Carolina. But remember, Joey, whether our school wins the game or not, it will always be the best because Carolina is fighting for what is right and Duke is fighting for what is wrong. It is a battle of Justice against Pride."

Papa Alumnus paused to look down at the soft childish face of his little boy. Joey was fast asleep. The story, however, had made some impression on his baby's mind. He was busy dreaming of a big blue devil climbing the golden stairs to stick his big blue pitchfork in Carol Anna's cloud.



...AND THE BIG BLUE DEVIL...

Nation's Leaders ??

"The nation looks to the colleges for its leaders."

One capricious Political Science professor gave his students the test ordinarily designed for citizenship applicants. To the class, studying the Constitution, he submitted the three Constitutional questions which citizens-to-be are required to answer.

Three-quarters of the class flunked the quiz.

Stealing March

To the technique of Power Politics, the shrewd captains of the Student Party this month added a P. S.: Publicity and Service.

Not content to fight it out with strongly-entrenched University Party in the few weeks usually devoted to elections, SP has taken to the field and newspaper in mid-fall quarter. Rebuffed in its attempts to obtain a page in the Yackety-Yack, the party turned to the *Daily Tar Heel*.

Early in November, a notice appeared that:

To discuss sending a student speaker to the state legislature in January, the Student Party will meet at 4 o'clock this afternoon in Phi hall.

Chuck Heath, party chairman, said the petition which the UNC representative will present to the lawmakers in Raleigh will cover the following three main points:

A self-financing plan for Lenoir dining hall, University instructors' salaries, and a proposal for new dormitories.

Behind this announcement is clever reasoning. By supporting administration demands in Raleigh, the SP will gain reflected glory from sure victories to be won by UNC in the Legislature. In the past, campus political parties have been criticised for their transitory activity. Once the ballots were tabulated, the machines were oiled and shrouded until the next election.

Now, by taking active part in university affairs, the Student Party lays claim to a more important role on campus: active support of crucial issues.

For complacent, inactive University Party, failure to meet this newest chal-

lenge from the SP can spell disintegration and doom. Lulled by war-years' landslides, the UP has done little to match and counteract a revived Student Party in the past year. To the vote-catching technique of "open nominations openly arrived at,"* the UP had only the vote-losing dissension of the Morrison affair in Spring, 1946, elections.

Gone are the days when the strong, controlled fraternity vote could automatically spell victory for UP. The balance of power has returned to the dormitories. And yet, the University Party has done nothing to extend its sway to these crucial areas.

The Student Party has already stolen some important marches, unless the UP shakes itself from lethargy, it will probably see the most important march also go SP: the March elections.

Turn About's Fair Pay

When a group you've hand-fed puts the bite on you, the time for consideration is over.

Perhaps that thought was uppermost in the mind of Graham Memorial head Martha Rice as she signed the latest check to pay for music provided by a local dance band at a Student Union affair.

For many weeks now, all GM activities have ricked and rolled to the afternoon and evening practicing of the

local bands. Although their musical interludes did disturb concentration, little was said. For the orchestras, the arrangement was perfect: rent for the improvised "practice hall" totals a low zero.

Miss Rice soon found that gratitude is strange and wonderful. Asked to play for an hour at Graham Memorial lawn, one seven-piece band set the price at the usual forty-five dollars. When some learned of it and wondered at it, the band's explanation was that union scale would not allow anything else.

By strict interpretation, the union orchestra cannot cut its price. But had it wanted to return the favor, it could easily have returned part of that price willingly as rental. No such move was made.

Once more, good faith has proven unequal to the harshness of our brave new world. Mental fission has stolen upon us; and in the U. S., Carolina, individual there is little regard for ethics.

To meet the problem, Miss Rice early in November sparked organization of a non-union orchestra to play for nominal fees at smaller affairs around the campus. Under the leadership of Ned Reap, a maestro of long experience, the band promises to be of top caliber. Little was known what the attitude of the local Petrillos would be.

Creaking Wheels

To men long familiar with Carolina and its way of extra-curricular life, the clock seemed to be running out of minutes.

During war years, Carolina's BMOC's become Little Men of Battle. In the Pacific and ETO they heard of the disintegration that had occurred on campus, disrepute into which such hardy, respected oldtimers as Mag and Tar Heel had fallen. Even if the worst were true, the former UNC greats and near-greats were determined that their return to Chapel Hill would bring inspi-rennaissance.

That future is today's present and the would-be glory makers find themselves fighting desperately, retreating steadily against the legion of indifference.

Prime example of the lingering death which hovers over student activities is the *Daily Tar Heel*. Under soft-spoken, well-schooled editor Bill Woestendiek it is well on its way to regaining the power and the story. But Woestendiek is an editor of 1943, not 1946. His



NED REAP

* In the Spring, '46 elections, the Student Party held open nominating meetings, allowed anyone on campus to nominate anybody else. This cleared the decks for SP stigmatizing of the "back-room, smoke-filled nominating caucuses of the UP."

CAROLINA PARADE

Managing Editor is a sophomore of 1943. On the revitalized editorial page, writings of two oldtimers also stand out. Randy Hamilton, Keeper of the Tabs on campus pécadillos, is a man who first entered UNC in 1941. *Strictly Detrimental's* often-obtuse, occasionally important Jud Kinberg held the Managing Editorship of the DTH in 1943 before army call.

True, there are other and younger men, many of them, working on all pages of the *Tar Heel*. But to most of the top publication and student government posts the campus has sent "old men." What this bodes for the future is significant and grim. Unless an intensive program for immediate choice and training of vigorous, lower-class leaders is instituted, the renaissance may fall off into the bleakness of the last war years.

Just as Carolina's football team, it is not 1946, but 1947 that will be crucial. It is questionable if the BMOC's will prove as astute as Coach Snavely in building for the future.

Maelstrom in a Microcosm

A DTH article about the visit to Chapel Hill and Kenan Stadium by Woman's College habitués started it all. In rapid succession, a number of Carolina's coeds sent Letters to the Editor. Theirs was a legitimate complaint about weekend evenings spent at unedifying studies.

To check this problem, grave if widespread and true, the Magazine sent several of its reporters to McIver Dormitory last weekend. This is their report:

| | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Coeds without dates | 16 |
| Beauty Rating: | |
| Above average | 4 |
| Average | 8 |
| Below average | 4 |

Perfectionists might argue that as long as one girl remains dateless, the campus is not perfectly attuned. But what of the men?

Today they find themselves hopelessly outnumbering the women. Even discounting a large number of freshmen—many of them under legitimate date-baiting age, crossing off the nominally-ineligible husbands, there is a 5-1 ratio in "favor" of the men. Result of this lopsided preponderance of males is many a lighted dorm room on Saturday night.

Unable to satisfy the social urge

here, a great number of Carolina Gentlemen siphon off to Durham and Greensboro. There, "playboys without honor in their own land" find hearty welcome, warm kisses.

What the answer to the problem is not even Dr. Groves would have known.



LONELY?

In Midwest colleges, date bureaus sprang up, prospered. Perhaps that is too compromising for men and women here. Certainly, some answer must be reached. For any large number of coeds to remain apart from the opposite sex is heresy.

Besides, if it is permitted to continue, people may soon be using the Arboretum to actually study floral structure.

For Whom?

For a week after the start of classes, nothing was heard from the claxon in the bell tower of South Building. Finally, efforts of several bell-doctors cured the strange laryngitis. Since then, they haven't been able to shut the old b. up.

Several times each week, it gets away from its keeper, goes on a wild jag. Recently it clanged incessantly at 2 a.m.

Shake & Quake

If the student body hadn't been told, they might have thought Sadie Hawkins Day had come a week ahead of schedule. Actually, it was only the fraternity pack in full cry descending upon its yearly quarry.

Rooms that had rarely seen the whisk of a broom suddenly became spotless. Throughout Fraternity Court in the days preceeding the opening of Rushing on November 3, there was a mighty hustle and bustle. Brothers were fit to be shaved, shined, showered . . . and tied.

Greek Letter Societies entered the pledging ratrace knee deep in paradox. At a time when they are numerically at their strongest, they find themselves in steady South Building decline. The passing of years and men has brought a regime which does not look with unbounded favor upon the institution "fraternity man."

Level-headed, capable Whit Osgood has steered his Interfraternity Council past most of the shoals of this disfavor. But he too knows that the cards have been reshuffled, perhaps stacked.

1946, the first true peacetime rushing, finds the system creaking under abnormal strains. Failure of South Building to have a complete listing of students available meant hours of extra work for fraternities. Inaccuracies in town addresses meant that only dormitory bids could be delivered, many of these returned with "Address Unknown" across them.

To rectify this situation, Osgood has proposed addition of another address card to the registration lines. But for fall, 1946, that solution came too late.

Despite inadequacies, despite faculty and administration frowns, fraternities slambanged, rushed and hotboxed themselves into a banner year. Houses all did well, the top ones reaped the benefit of momentum given by prestige and size.

Whatever the arguments, and there are many good ones, against Greek societies, those at Carolina seem far better than their counterparts to the north and south.

So long as they indulge in only their hallowed minor abuses, they need little fear such action as swept the institution from the University of Virginia campus in one clean swoop.

Quality Merchandise

at

Reasonable Prices

Varley's
MEN'S SHOP

Edge on Fashion

ROBBINS

of Durham

The Smartest Women's Shop in Town.

**SERVING THE
COED**

Featuring

Nationally Advertised

College Clothes

For:

Campus

Classroom

Dates

Dances

Anna

(Continued from page 5)

between them. That made them comrades.

Well, from that day on, Anna and I were tombstone buddies. She insisted that her mother do my laundry and I went to her house to see if it was okay. Madame Bednar was wonderful and so was Monsieur Bednar and Anna's two little brothers, Emile and Andre.

I had a lot of dirty clothes and Madame Bednar washed and ironed every piece pretty as you please. I tried to pay her and she wouldn't take a franc, and even the children laughed and ganged up on me and pushed me down in a chair and tried to take my mind off laundry and money. We played parcheesi on the kitchen table a while, and the kids made sure I won. Then I had to go. I shook hands with Monsieur Bednar first and then with Madame Bednar, and before I did I slopped a couple hundred franc notes in my right hand. She knew what I'd done *toute de suite* and before I could get my hand back there were big tears in her eyes.

That was a swell family. They'd rather do something for you than accept something, though God knows they were in awful need of everything. They treated me like a son, or better, and made me the happiest I'd ever been. I ate with them and went in and out like one of the family. We always met with handshakes and parted the same way—until later the kids started kissing me on both cheeks. I gobbled that up, but it took me a while to get the movement of my head coordinated with theirs. Never had kissed like that before. Americans kiss from a sort of determined angle, and often like people desperate, but the belgiques kissed as well from one side as the other—and it was like a benediction or something.

They puzzled me though. For instance, one day Cooper and I took Anna and her brothers to a movie, the first they'd seen in years. They were awfully poor. Well, right when everybody's spirit was the highest, Anna's too, I'd look at her and all of a sudden it'd look like she was laughing and crying at the same time. That stumped me.

I told Cooper I didn't understand how come Anna was about to cry, right when we were all knocking ourselves out laughing.

Cooper was a quiet guy who usually meant more than he said. He didn't want to see Anna cry either. He said hell no, we wouldn't understand Anna, because we laughed too much to feel. We just couldn't see for looking, he said.

He was right. Somebody said we soldiers overseas were the United States' diplomats, ambassadors of democracy and all that stuff. A civilian must have said that. We weren't good diplomats. We were young, headstrong, sometimes calloused and we learned slow, awfully slow.

III

Coming back that day we took the kids into a joint that served ice cream of a sort. It was mighty good to the kids. The manager of the place saw what was cooking and took us to a little parlor where we had a regular party. We were having a bang-up good time when I noticed Anna's eyes again. She was still happy, but something inside her was not happy. I didn't *compris* that at all.

I said, I'll be damned, Cooper! When you get a chance, take a look at the princess. Something's gnawing her again. He did look after a while and he got pretty quiet after that.

Later at chow he talked some about it. He said he figured the American light-hearted way was like a fresh breeze to the belgiques after years under Germans when there wasn't much to laugh at. But he said maybe the belgiques know a breeze is impersonal and doesn't last long and that Yanks won't last long. He said maybe that's what little Anna knows and you don't. He said maybe that's why she's saddest when she's happiest.

Thinking back, I guess old Cooper was right. I was in a foreign country having a good time for a spell. Everything was a novelty to me, the shape of the houses, the cobble stone streets, the way cognac appeared in homes and was drunk to my health, the sound of a beautiful language—and above all, maybe, the fact that I was outside it all and enjoyed it that way, never having to suffer any miseries that went with life there.

I didn't feel the depression of reality in Liege. I didn't have to know that food wasn't going to be much more plentiful, that black market buyers would always get the meat on Thursday night at the butcher's back door, and that the butcher would wag his head sadly at the poor on Friday, meat day. It didn't depress me that the streets would always be dirty and the sidewalk urinals smelling and the sky always full of soot from the mines. I wasn't sad because winters were long and bitter cold and summers short. It didn't worry me that I was poor and that my children wouldn't be well educated and that my beautiful daughter like Anna would probably get ugly and coarse on her hands and knees scrub-

bing somebody else's door steps and floors. I wasn't lying awake thinking that my pretty children's teeth would rot and fall out before they were grown because they hadn't had enough milk and stuff when they were little. I didn't know that Liege wasn't a happy place but a sad place, and that the sadness would last longer than Americans. Maybe Anna knew.

She had been one of a lot of little girls in her drab town. All of a sudden she was whisked up by a foreign soldier and made to laugh. She was taught words of English and stuffed with good things to eat and the soldier always laughed. Anna had suffered privation all her life and I'll bet she never cried about it—about cutting her finger, maybe, but never about what she *didn't* have. But sometimes when she was happy her feet touched the ground for a second and the pain was more than she could bear.

IV

Orders to move came and we had a day's notice. Rundstedt was on a rampage in the Ardennes, the battle of the bulge. Cooper and I wanted to stay out of work, so we joined some other GI's who were taking a last walk up a big hill back of the school. Anna asked if she could go with us and I told her it was too cold. Cooper said let her go, and she did, holding my hand all the way up the hill and back. On the way down I heard her catch her breath. I looked and pulled her over to the side away from the others and asked her why she was crying. She didn't answer my question but said in her soft French that she wasn't crying—that she was very happy. Then to prove it, she tilted her head back, looked straight at my eyes and smiled. It occurred to me how brave she was, and I had a funny guilty feeling.

People can do without things entirely a long time, like the belgiques. But the *loss* of something hurts more—it hurts bad. Hope builds up into a big lump of happiness that bursts inside and breaks a person up.

Next day stuff was loaded, and Cooper and I were standing beside our truck, waiting to shove off. It was awfully cold. The whole town turned out, grown-ups and kids too. Every kid was standing beside his comrade and Anna was standing with me against the big rock wall.

She didn't want me to see her cry, so she stood a little behind me with her head down. I had a lump in my throat as big as a baseball and wondered who was being the biggest baby about the whole mess when somebody yelled load up. The other boys weren't spoofing

(Continued on page 22)

SALES and REPAIRS On Watches and Jewelry

Shop Early for
Christmas

GODWIN JEWELRY COMPANY

Beneath Sutton's Drug Store

MEMO:

For Your Holiday
Cleaning

DON'T WAIT
DON'T BE LATE

Convenient
Dormitory Service

UNIVERSITY CLEANERS

Across from Post Office

4921 PHONE 9901



"Now, here's one we might get together on, lady."

MAX SAYS:

For Your Mealtime Enjoyment



Steaks, Chops
and Seafood

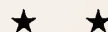
UNIVERSITY CAFE

Next to Post Office

Buy from the Most Complete Department Store in Town

Established Since 1914

BERMAN'S DEPARTMENT STORE



"Outfitters for the Entire Family"

(Continued from page 21)

and laughing either this move, but maybe their feet were too cold, I don't know.

We were climbing on the truck and I couldn't see a doggone thing to look forward to. Couldn't see anything but being cold and griping, and always wanting what we didn't have, and wondering if the folks at home were okay or if they worried too much.

Sitting on the truck, Cooper said through his overcoat collar did I ever have a dream so good it hurt when I woke up and saw I was in the same place I had always been. He said some people's lives are so miserable they can't enjoy a decent dream any more, and he was looking back at Anna.

All of a sudden I wanted to say something to little Anna and I turned around. She was still watching me—but she looked cold. I yelled we'll come back soon, Anna—we'll come back—but the convoy was rolling and the people yelling *bonne chance* and Anna didn't hear me.

* * *

Never trust a girl who says she loves you more than anyone else in the world. It proves she has been experimenting.

—Rebel.

Pride of Carolina

(Continued from page 7)

"The competition is very keen," Stirny said, and he should know, for in the past few years he has been competing with some of baseball's top names for a permanent spot in the Yankee infield. He belied any statements that spirit is lacking in the professional game, saying that a very high spirit exists among the players.

A banner future for collegiate athletics is foreseen by the former Carolina footballer, who now makes his home in Crestwood, N. Y. when he's not on the road with the Yankees or at Chapel Hill with the Tar Heels.

"Competition is much keener now with many players back in school from the service, and as a result collegiate teams should be much better for several years. Athletic programs in the service have helped develop many boys also," he mused as he looked up from a group of football diagrams.

Asked to compare collegiate athletics at present with the time he was at Carolina, he again decided that keener competition now was the main difference. "Then, too," he added, "the Freshman ruling was in effect when I was

here. But today the freshmen are older and bigger."

"It will never come about, there will always be plenty of room for both of them." Such was Stirnweiss' emphatic reply to the question as to the possibility of pro football slowly pushing collegiate football out of the nation's gridiron picture. "Then, too, collegiate athletics very definitely play an important role in preparing one for the tougher grind of professional ball," he added.

Questions as to the future prospects of the New York Yankees for the 1947 season were avoided by the man who is expected to be their chief second baseman for some time to come. Father of two girls and a boy, the Yankee star's position seemed to have been made secure by the recent sale of second baseman Joe Gordon to Cleveland by New York.

George attributes his base stealing ability to the careful study he makes of each pitcher in the league. Asked about hitting against them he replied, "They're all tough on any given day. I don't have any cousins." He singled out Hal Newhouser, Bob Feller, and Tex

(Continued from preceding page)

Hughson as being the top three he has hit against and then added teammate Spud Chandler as ranking with the others in ability.

Speaking about Hughson brought up the recent world series, and Stirny was just as surprised as most of the other people in the baseball world by the Cardinals' upset win. He said he was sure the Red Sox would win easily.

The congenial 'Yankee' who went south to become a Yankee is busy these days with his coaching and scouting duties, but he is looking forward to a banner year next summer, a year that will get underway early for the New York club, which has a spring training trip planned which Stirny says will take them to Havana, Venezuela, and Puerto Rico, and, eventually, New York.

But for the present, like every true Tar Heel athlete, however great or small, the man whom American league pitchers see running in their dreams and who makes a habit of taking base hits away from the top hitters in baseball, is concentrating on doing his bit towards bringing about a successful conclusion of Carolina's 1946 grid campaign.

Carolina's Faults

(Continued from page 12)

body of the University of North Carolina—resolutions such as that of the Dialectic Senate which advocated the admission of Negroes to the University.

I do not wish to debate the virtues of their position. I believe it is one which is determined primarily because they are intellectually immature; more simply stated, because they do not know any better. They are misjudging the mind of the South, and doing great damage to the cause in which they believe so zealously. Their ideas are not inherently dangerous; there is a great body of opinion at the University and in the South which believes that the South can find its way, but that the path to progress and better living for all cannot be trod overnight. That opinion will prevail in the long run. The danger in the presence of these advanced thinkers is that their irresponsibility will irreparably damage the good name of the University and weaken its potential influence for good.

I have found, in my years at Duke and Carolina, that the institutions are not greatly different. There is good living and good thinking at both. I wish that every Duke man might spend a

year at Carolina, and every Carolina man a year at Duke, and that the understanding thus developed might give birth to a great joint endeavor. I hope it is not too idle a dream that Duke and Carolina men may someday outgrow this nonsensical animosity, and may together help to build, in a sane and mature manner, a new and abundant Southland.

CHARLIE MARKHAM

* * *

Girls, when they went out to swim,
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard.
Now they have a bolder whim,
And dress more like her cupboard.
—Pelican.

University
Service
Station

Odin
Pendergraft
Prop.



Here's the answer
to the
\$64 QUESTION

Give the
EVERSHARP
Skyliner Pen
\$5⁰⁰

**MATCHING REPEATER
PENCIL \$3.75**

Exclusive Magic Feed
prevents ink flooding
or leaking high in a
plane—so of course at
ground level too —
writes more words with
less refilling! Compare!

**Whites
Jewelers**

Use Our Lay Away Plan

GIVE EVERSHARP AND YOU GIVE THE FINEST





No, no! I said 281 WEST Burley Road!

ALL-OVER PROTECTION

Bumper to Bumper Service for
Winter

Dealers for Plymouth & DeSoto Automobiles

POE-MANGUM AUTO SERVICE

PHONE 6581

"Be Sure with Pure"

Oscar Kaplan, Pres.

Tel. J-9601

Kapp's Men Shop Inc.

"The Shop for Style"

Haberdashery — Clothing

107 E. Main St.

Durham, N. C.

We Carry a Complete Line of
Campus Styles

Tar Heels

(Continued from page 15)

ranks had been at Asheville High. That was Charley Justice, a cropped-haired, lithe-limbed grid mail-carrier who even as a freshman has set sports observers to writing feverish notations in All-Star futurity formsheets.

There were lettermen of pre-induction years, a crop of capable, most uncalled-for freshmen, and a respectable hold-over from last year's club which broke even over a 10-game schedule. Such were the ingredients which Snavelly and his aides boiled almost continually through winter, spring, summer, and the then payoff days of fall.

The potion was tasted for the first time one damp, muggy afternoon beneath the shadow of the Bell Tower. It was the opening game, the opponent an underdog but hairy-chested Virginia Tech team that didn't seem to believe it was scheduled to lose by four touchdowns. The prognostications seemed accurate when Carolina sliced across two decisive scores—one on a pass from Bill Maceyko to Art Weiner, each in his first play in Tar Heel uniform, and the other on a 65-yard jigstep by the phantom Justice. Carolina supporters didn't have a kick coming, but neither did the team when in the second half the Gobblers converted two blocked Justice punts into stunning touchdowns and a more stunning 14-14 tie.

That was a disappointment, but not a disaster. The next Friday night found the Tar Heels in Miami, Fla. Carolina students, most of whom had stayed at home, were drinking the final round at Brady's when the news came of a 21-0 UNC victory which meant happy days were perhaps, after all, here again. Justice, running as well under the Florida palms as under the Carolina pines, was the big boy in that one again, pedalling 68 yards for one tally. There were other stars—powerful Hosea Rodgers, scooting Billy Myers, Extra-Point specialist Bob Cox. But the whole team had a part in the sum total of the Tar Heels' first firm step along the victory trail.

The following week, Maryland served "T" to the local talent, who inhospitably countered by choosing five "TDs" and a 33-0 victory instead. A three-year letterman—crazy-legs Jim Camp—the chunky Myers, and piston-legged soph B. K. Grow were the big numbers of the Tar Heel offense that day, and Snavelly could feel justly proud of beating one of the real masters of American football, the Old Liners' Clark Shaughnessy.

It was Maryland again for Carolina the next time out, with Navy as the singularly tough resistance in Baltimore's hulking Municipal stadium. Three thousand students made the devious northward journey to see their team vault into the national spotlight with a 21-14 triumph. Justice took a quarterback sneak over for the opening score of the day, but it remained for two scintillating Tar Heel drives through the fourth-period shadows to tie the score and then to win. Walt Pupa was author of each tally, and the swarthy Long Island fullback was the toast of ensuing Carolina revelry.

Florida's rawboned 'Gators then furnished the opposition, and it was tough opposition despite the 40-19 Tar Heel triumph. For Justice it was another field day, as he tore off 70 and 90-yard scoring kick returns. It was a Homecoming crowd of 18,000, and the old grads were satisfied that the current club clearly had brought home the bacon.

Defeat—the first of the season—came sickeningly in Knoxville's melancholy Shields-Watkins stadium after that sickeningly because it was only a 78-yard punt return by

(Continued on page 28)

Heaven

(Continued from page 6)

but don't leave me here, please don't. Just a second. If you go, we may get separated, Kay. Yes,—don't you see, we will be separated, darling. I can almost see you now. Kay, Kay, I love you."

And he took her hand again. They rambled across the newly plowed field which was moist and cool after the rain. The clean air felt good brushing against them.

Voices startled them, and they turned around for a minute. Beyond the steam rising from the wet highway, they saw car tracks and gazing people. A woman held a white handkerchief to her eyes.

An aged Negro man had come from the house behind the field. "Cars an' young folks jus' don' mix. If'n God don' show His pow'r in one way, he shows it in another."

The woman with the handkerchief warned her husband who had started to lift Bill and make him more comfortable. "Don't you move him, John—don't move him. His neck may be broken. You can't ever tell. Don't touch him, John. Wait until the authority comes. It's not any of our business."

The crowd grew larger. Muffled voices could be heard more distinctly as the rain slackened. Remarks flew. "John Stidham just now said that he seen those two drinking at the Silver Dollar early this afternoon." "That young feller must 'a' been goin' awful fast." "She's so young and beautiful." "Bet that gal was driving."

Others just stood and stared blankly at the crushed bodies until the ambulance drove off with them, their faces covered with clean, white sheets.

A small boy stooped to pick up a watch with a broken band and a silver hair clasp, engraved "Kay." A billfold lay on a piece of window glass. Inside were several pictures including a small color print of a golden-haired girl, driver's license, some change, and a country club pass.

"Bill, what has happened?" Kay's voice was dim. "Why are all of those people there?"

"Don't know, honey. Maybe somebody's sick or a car's in the ditch. They're leaving now. Let's go." They turned toward the small patch of woods near the Negro man's house. "By the way, Kay, what are you going to wear to the club tonight? The blue dress I hope. Dad thinks you are a queen in it!"

They belonged together this way—Kay and Bill. Both of them sensed



ETTA GAYNES has a new way with bows . . .

beautifully tailored coat with balloon sleeves
and a double row of miniature buttons.

In an all wool fabric. Quality rayon lined
with EARL-GLO. Sizes 9 to 17, 10 to 16.

\$49.75

STEWART'S

206 W. Main Street
Durham, N. C.

(Continued from preceding page)
that this was forever, and instead of the former uncertainty, they felt that theirs was a future full of love, and roaming through fields, newly ploughed, after a warm rain. A bird sang. They stopped to listen.

"Bill, I forget to tell you something else she said. 'Two will be happy, but not in this land.' What do you suppose she meant?"

Give a chorus girl an inch, and she's got a costume.

—Log.

* * *

"Do you think I'm fast?"

"No, I think you're half fast."

32 Years Serving

Carolina Students

Ford — Goodyear — Esso

Strowd Motor Co.

DANCE INVITATIONS

Cards and Envelopes to
match in 3 sizes

PROGRAMS

Souvenir Programs
Numerous sizes and styles
One and two color

Orange Printshop

Telephone 3781

Chapel Hill

Fine and Mellow

Best news for the purists is that New York City's 52nd Street remains the center for true improvised music and its devotees. Unfortunately, signs that preceded the Street's decline in the late 1930's are again evident. Our guess is that there are still one or two good years left before the phonies again take over the peanut-size bistros which crowd this avenue.

Jazzology

Back when Goodman was fronting his third band in the 1940's, he featured a singer whose main attribute was an uncanny ability to hit vocal clinkers. Fresh out of high school, or so the press release of 1940 went, Miss Peggy Lee was decidedly unimpressive. With his amazing ability to develop stars, BG improved Miss Lee's style tremendously. First noticeable sign that she was on the road came with release of "How Long Has This Been Going On," an overlooked Goodman release that is a true masterpiece.

Shortly before Miss Lee left the band to enter a maternity hospital, she recorded the smash hit "Why Don't You Do Right." In the two years of relative inactivity that followed, Peggy's style matured considerably, no doubt due to the influence of husband Dave

Barbour, a fine jazz guitarist buried in the peonage of Hollywood studios and broadcasting stations.

Establishment of Capital Records gave the Lee-Barbour combination a chance to collaborate on the Coast. The result is a definite addition to the field of jazz vocalists. Proof of this is the relaxed, thrilling delivery of Miss Lee, backed by Barbour's original compositions and tasteful playing.

"Stranger in Town" was the first, followed by an outstanding coupling, "You Was Right Baby" and "What More Can a Woman Do." These sides prove the artistry of the Barbour family, both in jump and slow blues tempo.

Latest product of the talented two-some is "I Don't Know Enough About You." If you liked the tune as sung by the Mills Brothers, get hold of Peggy's version.

If having a baby is the reason for the marvelous improvement of Mrs. Barbour, we're convinced of the efficacy of the marriage institution.

I. N. AND OUT.

* * *

People who live in glass houses shouldn't.

WOOTTEN-MOULTON



PHOTOGRAPHERS

Chapel Hill
North Carolina

Rod and Reel

The Big Sleep may very well have come at the end of a perfect day. Hollywood had very nearly established a surprisingly fresh and not overly derivative genre of American art with such films as *The Maltese Falcon* and *Murder My Sweet*. But the trouble with genre art has been its tendency to extract a formula from early examples of the type, and to solve special problems with general rules. Nobody could ask for a more definitive statement of the murder movie formula than *The Big Sleep*. A few remarks may throw some light on what this formula really means.

That frantic, shadowy world we escape to in these movies is like the world most of us descend to in our sleep. The too-rapid pacing of events, the unexplained words and gestures, and above all the darkness and terror of our dreams is all there. And like a dream world, this movie world may be taken as a horribly apt symbol of the kind of civilization we wake up to every morning.

The hero who will save us turns out to be not the armoured knight, but the private detective. But look closer—beneath the modern disguise he seems much the same, only translated into terms we can understand. He's tough, puts up a good fight, finds love when he wants it and knows the rules of behavior at any level of society, from the millionaire's home to the hamburger joint. But above all, he is an essentially moral man, not any less moral in his loyalty and his crusade against evil than was St. George when he went after the dragon. Yet around this com-

paratively normal individual scenes of violence have beat so, that he has been twisted into an exaggeration, a king-size version of the norm. He's hungrier and thirstier, needs love more badly, and has, if possible a deeper love of money.

Therefore, "the private eye" assumes a symbolic role in our times. He is all of us, living in a tough, violent, ginlocked world. To survive he has had to be tough and cruel and partially sober. Thus the murder movie becomes nothing but a hopped-up version of the old morality play, in which the 1946 edition of *Everyman* always manages to rock all the big and little Satans off to a big sleep.

Now that the big money has finally drawn good script artists to Hollywood—Faulkner, Hecht, Chandler and Veillers—the sudden death theme has become a valid artistic vehicle. Along with the writers, photographers and directors worthy of the name have been let out of their cages to work. The former have learned how to photograph a house so that it really looks like a house and not somebody's left-over castle, and the interior of a room so that it doesn't look like Carnegie Hall. The latter, probably spellbound by Hitchcock, have mastered the trick of letting each minor character speak out authentically and individually if only for one line. This all adds up to such a high degree of realism in dialogue, environment and character study, that the most grotesque occurrences become believable, and at the same time, by

(Continued on next page)



The Erie Canal—First conceived in Revolutionary War days when the Allegheny Mts. were a barrier to transportation, the Canal carried enormous traffic until 1851, when first railroad was completed to Lake Erie. In 1851 the originators of the Kaywoodie Company began the manufacture of pipes.

KAYWOODIE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

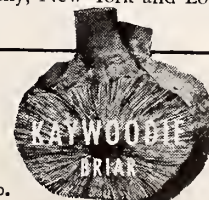
grew up with America

Hand Made
"Billiard"
\$5

Winning new friends
every year since 1851



Kaywoodie is an American institution. Rendering pipe-enjoyment to men who appreciate the best, was the aim of our founders, when they started in 1851. It is our aim today, 95 years later, with every modern development at our command. You will see the precision, care and quality with which Kaywoodie Pipes are made, by examining them at dealers', \$3.50 to \$25. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London.



COPR. 1946
KAYWOODIE CO.

... PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN



"With glasses he'd be the best extra-point man in the business."

(Continued from preceding page)
force of contrast, more horrible than if placed in an absurd dungeon and committed by some ridiculous Frankenstein.

The Big Sleep stuck close to the formula. It had everything. As a matter of fact, it had too much. The pace was too fast. Incidents became more perplexing than exciting. Another murder was like another olive in a martini. The minor characters were real but they were all either gals who invited Bogart to a big sleep or guys who threatened to put him into a permanent one. What saved the picture was fast, funny dialogue tossed off with a nonchalance and occasional tenseness by the Bogarts and company.

Though not up with the best of its type, The Big Sleep swept in with a wave which we can hope will fertilise the arid fields of Hollywood movie art.

Phantoms

(Continued from page 17)

returns home for an eight-game stand, which includes games with such teams as NYU, Duke, Georgia Tech, Wake Forest and State.

The last four tilts on the 23-game slate are scheduled away, at Duke, State, Wake Forest and Davidson.

"This is as tough a schedule as any

team in the country will face this year," Scott opined as he was rounding his charges into shape for the opening game. "We have been improving gradually, but I just can't know how good the team will be or will have to be until we have played a few games."

"It's a swell bunch of boys I have to work with," said Scott, "and I have a good assistant in Pete Mullis." Mullis, well-known around Carolina, was assistant during both Carolina's last two red-letter seasons.

There's a tough season ahead, granted, but the Tar Heels have a good chance to come through as good or better than last year. However, till "they're off," all we can do is speculate.

Christmas Cards Now on Display

Come in and make
an early selection.

Ledbetter-Pickard

Tar Heels

(Continued from page 24)

Captain Walt Slater that gave Tennessee's Vols a 20-14 decision. Carolina had fought back after an early 14-0 deficit, with one of their scores coming on a 73-yard twisting, turning excursion by Justice that was rightly called one of the greatest runs in the history of Southern football. Billy Myers got the other score for Carolina, but that was erased when the potent Vols staged their 11th-hour explosion.

William and Mary was leading the Southern conference with five wins and no losses when they hit Carolina in delapidated Richmond stadium the following Saturday. When the turf had ceased to fly, Carolina had won, 21-7.

Next came Wake Forest, conqueror of Tennessee. The Deacons fell victim to superior Tar Heel play, 26-14. Then Duke came with all their guns loaded. But the Snavelymen were of higher calibre, gaining their season's objective in a brilliant victory. The 22-7 score marked the first Tar Heel victory over Duke since 1940.

Thus Carolina has launched a winning jag which will shine more brilliantly than any of their rivals in the state's post-war golden time of sports.

Compliments of

HORACE J. BURNS

Local Representative for

P. F. Collier & Son, Corp.

Publishers of:

Harvard Classics

National Encyclopedia

and

Educational Books of All

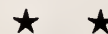
Descriptions

Easy Monthly Payments

Headquarters: Washington Duke Hotel

APTER'S KOSHER DELICATESSEN

Try Our Delicious Meals
We Specialize in Cold Cuts and
Delicacies for All Occasions



121 E. Parrish Street

Durham, N. C.

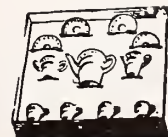
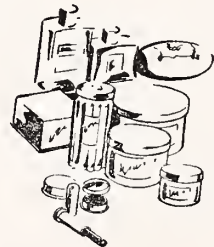
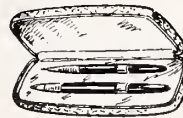
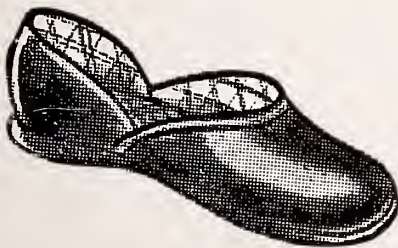
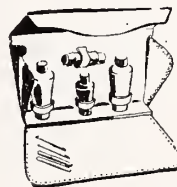
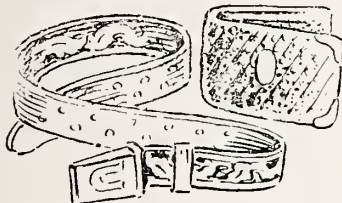
PHONE N-4371

We Appreciate Your Business

Christmas

IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS ★ ★ ★

Important among these are small Christmas Gifts
for friends and relatives . . .



All of these and many
more can be found

at

Varsity

In New York City it's
ABC
Chesterfield is the big favorite
in the Big Town, outselling
all other cigarettes by far.

ALWAYS Milder **BETTER TASTING** **COOLER SMOKING**

ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD

RIGHT COMBINATION ★ WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS · PROPERLY AGED

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

*Merry
Christmas*

DECEMBER 1946
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



CAMEL

CIGARETTES

PRINCE ALBERT

SMOKING TOBACCO

GRAND
GIFTS FOR
SMOKERS!

● Every time he buries his pipe bowl deep in the fragrant gay Christmas treasure-tin of Prince Albert and tamps down a golden-brown pipeful of this mellow-mild tobacco, he'll think of you. The National Joy Smoke — on Christmas and every day of the year.

1-POUND TIN
(ALSO IN ½-POUND SIZE)



● Here's a grand gift that keeps on saying "Merry Christmas" long after that festive day is done. Two hundred rich, full-flavored, cool, mild Camels, all dressed up in a bright and cheery holiday carton. No other wrapping is needed. Your dealer has these Christmas Camels.

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Periodical of Campus Life
Published Since 1844

December, 1946

EDITOR: Fred Jacobson

MANAGING EDITOR: Jud Kinberg BUSINESS MANAGER: Ben Perlmutter

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: John Sink

FICTION

| | | |
|---------------------------|---------------|----|
| CLEAN SLATE | John Sink | 8 |
| A BLUE VASE | Martha Linney | 10 |
| MORE KIND THAN HOME | Stuart Harris | 11 |
| IN A DRY MONTH | Dick Stern | 14 |

FEATURE

| | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|----|
| OH SO SWEET | Eddie Allen | 3 |
| "PEACE ON EARTH. . ." | David Andrews | 5 |
| VET VILLAGE | Bill Woestendiek, Bob Reams | 12 |
| CAROLINA PARADE | Jud Kinberg | 18 |

HUMOR

| | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|---|
| CHECKLIST FOR CHRISTMAS | Kinberg, Reams, Sink | 6 |
| MODERN LIVING | Jerry Hurwitz | 9 |

ART

| | | |
|-----------------------------|------------|----|
| PINUP | Bob Reams | 15 |
| RANDOM HARVEST | John Davis | 16 |
| MERRY CHRISTMAS COVER | John Sink | |

ART

Editor: WINKY ANDREWS

STAFF: John Davis, Allen Kaufman, Ben McKinnon, H. K. Privette, John Sink, James Somers, Clyde Stallings

Morrison, Dick Seaver, Burke Shipley, Arnold Schulman, LeRoy Bannerman, Herb Bodman, Bailey Hobgood, Harry Hendros, Isadore Nachimow, Ira Rothbaum, Henry Saunders

PHOTOGRAPHY

Editor: ROBERT REAMS

STAFF: Bill Ballew

LITERARY

Editor: BETTY ANNE GREEN

STAFF: Hoyle Bruton, Rosemary Cleveland, Dick Harden, Sibyl Goerch, Charles Foley, Don Justice, Paul Ramsey, Robert Kendrick, Julia Ross, Dick Stern, Edsel Hughes, Jack Kestner, Siggsbee Miller, Lenoir Ray, Jack Shiller, Jack Crum, Daniel Draum, Gilbert Furgurson, Tookie Hodgson, Bob

BUSINESS
STAFF: Hubert Aenchbacher, Barbar Biggers, Frieda E. Decins, Jean Eisenkoff, Charles Foley, Anne Hamlin, Marjorie Hollander, Bernard Kemp, Jim Manning, Florence Newman, Ernest Rosenberg, June Sauer, Geraldine Williamson, Margaret Jean Taylor.

SINCE the humor magazine is about to step out of the back-room as a campus "issue," it is only right that we jockey ourselves into position in the race for higher student fees which are said to make the proposed magazine possible. We are in favor of a humor magazine, but as long as we have no apparent abundance of talent on campus, shouldn't one magazine suffice? From the beginning our policy has been to print a proportionate amount of humor. Unfortunately that has not been possible. We even had to struggle for the rest of the material.

Hand in hand with the drought in material comes a large overdose of technical troubles. Any kind of magazine gains half of its value through timeliness. Our November Football issue would have been twice as good if it had appeared the day before the Duke game as we had planned. Due to the limited capacity of the Orange Printshop the issue appeared a week later although the staff of the Magazine had met the deadline. It hardly seems possible that the printshop could contract to print another magazine. Because all the printers are overcrowded nowadays, the humor magazine would be faced with technical trouble from the start.

Economically speaking we can think of numerous little details that present gigantic hurdles. Granted, however, that sufficient funds would be appropriated, then we still have one major argument against a humor magazine. If it is to be entirely humorous and to stay within the limits of decency (the downfall of most humor magazines), the magazine will be a success, only, if it strikes the reader as being funny. Otherwise the magazine is just going to be a number of printed pages and no more than that.

On the other hand the Carolina Magazine has the opportunity to print fiction, art, photography, poetry, and humor. There is sufficient diversion to interest everybody. Although we could use more funds, we can easily print forty-eight pages, paper supply permitting, due to the excellent work of Ben Perlmutter and his business staff. Moreover, Jud Kinberg, our capable, hard-working Managing Editor, and John Sink, who has done so well in presenting to you an artful Magazine, would only be too glad to present a bigger and better Magazine. The fault has not been with any of us. Outside of the photography and the business staff we have no dependable workers. This is a students' Magazine. If they cannot support it with their creative ability,

(Continued on page 31)

¶ Published monthly during the school year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina. ¶ Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. ¶ Address all communications to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial. ¶ Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. ¶ Subscription price of \$2.00 per year. ¶ Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.

If it's new clothes you're looking for
Try the NEWEST MEN'S STORE



A View of a Well Stocked Men's Shop

We have a complete line of Suits, Coats, Sweaters, Shirts and Ties. All practical for campus wear.

KAPP'S MEN SHOP, INC.

"The Shop for Style"

107 E. Main St.

Durham, N. C.

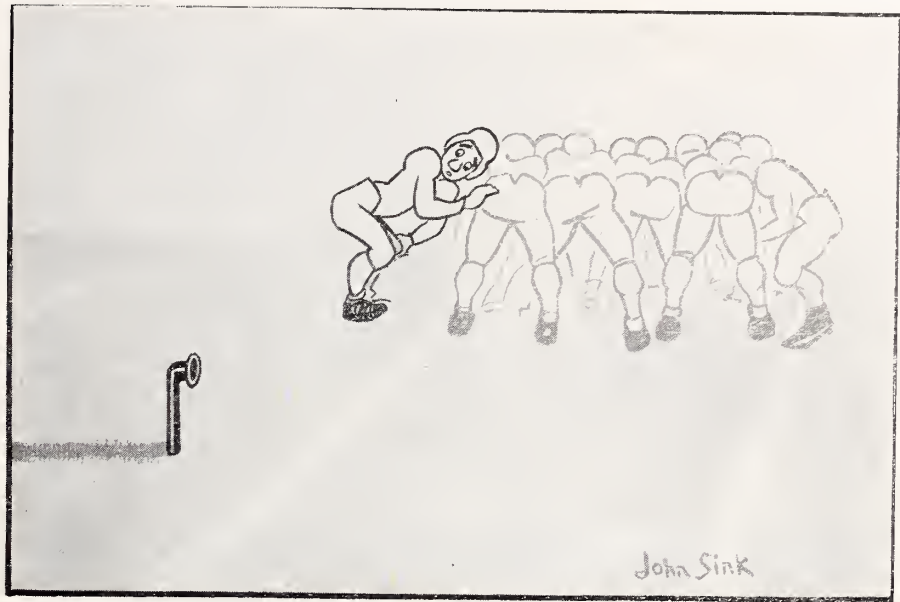
Justice Solves Sugar Shortage

Actually the invitation had come a week earlier, needing only a Carolina victory over Virginia for an official R.S.V.P. On Tuesday night the team had voted in secrecy, and with but five dissenting ballots had elected to accept the University's first post-season bowl bid, a Jan. 1 date in fabulous New Orleans.

As such things will, the news got around. So actually it was something of an anti-climax that crisp, sunny Saturday when Carolina crushed the Cavaliers, 49-14, in the classic confines of Charlottesville's Scott stadium. Thus there was only quiet elation when Sunday morning's page one streamers blared that the Tar Heels had been paired with untopped Georgia in the annual Sugar Bowl classic.

Carolina adherents who had trekked through the Blue Ridge foothills, who had witnessed the finale of our school's great grid season, had their celebrations. In Charlottesville their was gaiety, speculation over ticket, transportation plans Louisianaward. Chapel Hill was a darkened ghost town, most of its windows blackened, with a large part of its life at home enjoying belated turkey.

On the team there was a not-unusual mixture of emotion. It had been a long season of bumps, sweat and a few tears. Many of the Tar Heels had not had Christmas at home for a long while. Santa Claus for them now would wear the familiar headgear and hip pads. But they realized, too, the signal honor of the invitation, recognition for their eight successes over a 10-game schedule.



"I hear Georgia is employing naval tactics to scout Carolina."

And you knew in talking to the players that Georgia's vaunted T-N-Trippi power would run into argument come New Year's Day.

The athletic office was besieged in the dim light of Monday morning by student ticket-seekers, who queued up in manner reminiscent of registration lines. And you know there would be a worthy number of Tar Heels on hand when their team enters towering, multi-tiered Tulane stadium—and you could see, too, the full glitter of UNC Sports' new age of gold and glory.

EDDIE ALLEN

32 Years Serving

Carolina Students

Ford — Goodyear — Esso

Strowd Motor Co.



SPECIALIZED FOODS

Mrs. Thurston would like to see her Student and Faculty Friends from the University of North Carolina at the Marine Room.

Serving Hours 11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.
5:30 P.M. to 8:00 P.M.

Meals from 65 cents to \$2.00

For Reservation phone Durham F-9493

Fountain hours 7:45 to 5:30 P.M.



for gifts of



quality

Thirty "Specialized Shops" brimming with sparkling gifts —
gifts for everyone on your holiday list.

« Peace On Earth » (?)

World Peace is 1946's most important and vexing topic. All statesmen have found their march toward it blocked by countless pitfalls. At this time of "Peace on Earth" the Carolina Magazine presents this important essay by DAVID ANDREWS, one of the AVC World Peace Contest winners.

TODAY, those who ponder the problems of war and peace can no longer be called idle dreamers. While the starving and homeless from the last war are still uncared-for, we can already hear the rumblings of another war—an atomic war.

A few people realize that another war will very likely mean their own death, and certainly the death of world civilization. Most people are ignorant of the critical nature of the situation. Others are indifferent. But those who know and care are hoping desperately that we can find some practicable means of keeping the peace—before it is too late.

In order to succeed, it is clear that we must know what peace is. What *is* peace? How is it established, and how maintained?

Peace, in essence, is order. An example makes this clear: In Chapel Hill, we consider that the peace is kept so long as there is no serious outbreak of violence. That does not mean, however, that everyone is living in love and accord with his neighbor. There may be, and there is, economic injustice, profiteering, interracial friction, gossip—but as long as there is no actual disorder and lawlessness, we consider ourselves at peace.

If it is true that the essence of peace is order, the question of how order is established and maintained must be central to any serious effort at peace-

making. What *are* the sources of order? Basically, there are two. Order may be required, or voluntary. The source of required order is law. The source of voluntary order (co-operation) is self-discipline, in consideration of one's own and other people's welfare. For instance: The observance of stop-

somebody might get hurt." The first is required order based on law; the second is voluntary order based on self-discipline.

A crucial point for us as peace-makers is this: in a society of imperfect humans life ourselves neither required order based on law nor voluntary order

based on co-operation is adequate by itself — *both* are necessary. Law without co-operation is rebellion, and it is true that if everyone in Chapel Hill were determined to discard law and order the Chapel Hill police would be powerless to control us. Likewise, a certain willingness to co-operate without enforceable laws to regulate our relations and settle our disputes would shortly lead to disorder and violence.

But how is this related to war and peace among the nations? The relation is that these principles apply as well to nations as to individuals and towns — a fact which holds the key to the problem of international order.

To test the idea, let's take a brief look at the way in which law-and-order has developed in history. History

shows that whenever independent social groups—whether families, tribes, city-states, or nations—have had to live together in close contact, but were not bound together by common laws under one government, the competition and dispute arising in the course of their

(Continued on page 20)



lights is a requirement for peace and order in Chapel Hill. If you are ever tempted to break a stop-light but decide not to, you will probably make your decision on the basis of one, or both, of two ideas—either "No, that's against the law; I might get into trouble," or "No, that's not right;

Checklist for Christmas



FOR DAD:

**CHECKBOOK AND PROSPECT-
ING TOOLS** so he can maintain
us in the style to which we'd
like to be accustomed

FOR MOTHER:

PHI BETE KEY from the 1% of
the students
ASPIRIN from the other 99% for
use when she sees the grades





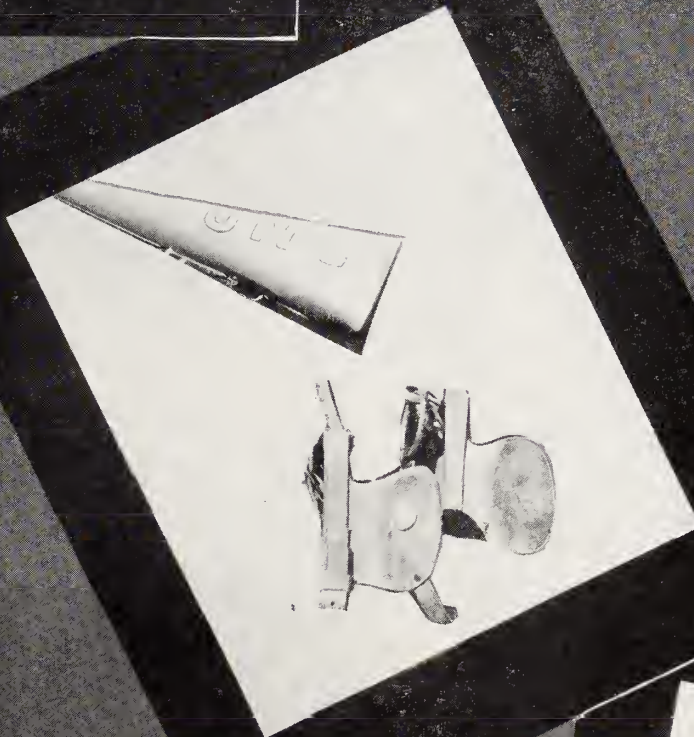
FOR OUR GIRL:

HANDCUFFS to help her remain true
TYPEWRITER so we can understand the letters she sends us



FOR PROFS:

BLINDERS to cut from view the better-left-unseens in classrooms
MEGAPHONE so they can reach to the farthest corner of giant classes



FOR MAG EDITORS:

RUFF, RUFF. Need we say more?



Clean Slate

By John E. Sink

Return means trouble — women trouble — in this impressive “first story” by Illustrator-Author Sink.

JOHNNY EDDERS hated fear. It did something to him. He couldn't tolerate it. When it got into his system he was no longer Johnny. Almost anything was liable to happen. Like that day on the shell-scarred mountain top in Italy. They said he was brave. They gave him a Silver Star decoration and a battlefield commission. But he hadn't felt very brave. He was scared. He wasn't really so mad at those Krauts; he was just fighting his own fear . . . because he couldn't stand to have it inside him.

Now he was scared again . . . scared and didn't know what to do about it. You couldn't beat this kind of fear by throwing hand-grenades or melting the barrel off of a machine gun. You couldn't fight back because you didn't really know what you were fighting. Johnny tried to pin it down. It was all shadowy, like grey cotton just beyond his fingertips, but it had to do with the past . . . what he was in the past, and what he wanted to be in the future. Maybe that was it. He was scared of his past. He had left it in St. Augustine three years ago, and now he had come back to it. For two weeks he had been looking at it, and it made him sick.

(Continued on page 21)



"He never finished . . . John's good right fist caught him squarely."

IT MIGHT have looked rugged to those on the outside, but life in the Tin Can — UNC's Grandfather Quonset Huts—had its amusing side-lights. At least we had had a roof, even though it leaked, and we did beat the Chapel Hill housing shortage.

By nature I'm an optimistic and confident soul, and stories of the lack of housing at Carolina caused me scarcely a worry. I didn't have a room when I stepped out of the bus at the Chapel Hill station September 24th, but I had the nonchalant air of a man who knows he can get what he wants when he wants it.

But I learned fast, and what I learned the fastest was to print the words "Tin Can" on the return address of my first letter late that evening.

When in years to come I join the paunchy crowd at reunion I shall not blush for lack of distinction. No matter how brightly others may have shone in undergraduate days, none will have had a larger room than I did the first four weeks of this quarter. It was large and airy, all right, but not so large that you needed a field phone to communicate with the man in the next bunk. I couldn't stretch in bed without scraping a knuckle on a neighboring bunk. And brother, there were lots of roommates' bunks around. I lived in number 253, and I wasn't the last man to sign in.

There were compensations, though. What are roommates for, if not to provide you with a bit of variety in wardrobe? The two best dressed men on campus lived in the Tin Can—and they went for three weeks without wearing a single article of their own clothing.

This is probably news to bunkmate 254, but his red knit tie showed up mighty fine in the proofs of my Yackety Yack pictures. Even the government profited on the deal. I still haven't stuck Gen. Bradley for the price of a bottle of ink, and my loose-leaf notebook is filled with other peoples' paper.

When the registration line backed around Woollen Gym three times and down the Raleigh road as far as the Library, we in the Tin Can knew we had the last laugh on those who rose at 5:30 a. m. to make the head of the line.

I slept until 8:47 the morning I registered. The only reason I got out of bed that early was because the registration line snaked past bunk 253, and a chattering foursome of bridge-playing coeds woke me when the dealer shuffled the cards on my bed and pinched my leg because I had inadvertently kicked the score sheet aside. At that point I just swung out of my upper



Tin Can Tenant: "Please, fellas, MUST you practice at night?"

Modern Living

By Jerry Hurwitz

berth and there I stood, in the first quarter of the line.

The standees politely ignored us as I and other members of the "Carolina Low Cost Housing Project" calmly dressed and moved with the line. I managed to pick up a good fit in grey flannel slacks that morning, but I broke about even on the deal because since then I haven't seen the brown sports jacket I bought last April on my way from Fort Dix to home.

The first rainfall that caught me in the Can caught me unawares—as it did a host of my buddies. About 15 months ago, I did some lazyman's fishing from a beer- and sandwich-stocked rowboat in the Alps. I was dreaming about that when the noise of the crash of two floating bunks brought me back to reality.

Yep! Caught in a cloudburst in bed! Someone must have carefully gone over that roof with the latest post-war model can opener. That night I cursed the Fates that gave me an exposed upper bunk.

The Army once told me to spend two winters in a land where the snow settles hip-deep and the mercury hibernates around the minus 30 area of the thermometer. In those days I would try to keep warm by thinking of Chapel Hill in the early Fall and Spring. I didn't know when I was well off.

We had a three-night siege in the Tin Can that would have made an Arctic freeze blink with envy. This happened late in September, before the men who run the University Service Plant became aware of the hot air blowers

(Continued on page 25)

Vet Village



EXCEPT for the mud, the distance from the campus, and the concrete floors, everything is fine out here.

Such is the consensus of opinion among the 100-odd families that make up the population of Chapel Hill's newest community within a community—the tree-enclosed area known as “Vetville” or, as the inhabitants would have it, “Mudville.”

Nestled in a grove of trees that hides it from sight of the Pittsboro road less than a mile south of Chapel Hill, “Vetville” consists of 16 H-type houses resembling long army barracks built for army veterans and their wives. The barracks are divided into eight individual apartments. Also under construction in the village are 80 pre-fabricated United Kingdom houses originally intended for England under lend-lease and 12 two-story former army barracks.

The little community is still in the process of growth, but plans for improving the diminutive village are many. Better roads, pretty front yards, mail service, telephones, and all the comforts of home are among the hopes for the future. But let's look at the scene as it unfolds before us today.

Entering the village via the dirt road that residents now swear turns to mud if someone merely mentions the word rain, we immediately get the impression that an army camp is in the making. The low, rambling, gray buildings and the muddy paths have us expecting a top sergeant to jump out any minute and we check our buttons from force of habit.

But once the privacy that makes the place so appealing

to married students has been invaded, we soon find a warm, congenial atmosphere among friendly, smiling faces—the likes of which no army camp ever harbored.

A cheerful looking apartment with pretty blue and pink curtains half hiding the bustling activities of the woman within attracts our attention. That cheerful atmosphere looks too good to pass up, so, descending the makeshift wooden steps that safeguard us from the soft earth, we knock on the door. It is opened by Mrs. Katherine Cline, a trim, attractive brunette.

She and her husband, David, of the University music department, moved into the recently completed apartments in early September from Alexander dormitory. She readily agrees that the apartments are nicer than Alexander.

“A kitchen, private bath, and a nice sink are all things we never had in Alexander,” she says, smoothing her apron. Then, going to the less attractive side of the picture, she tells of the bad features of the village.

“Look at that,” she moans, pointing to the top of a bookcase which is covered with black soot. “I’ve already dusted that three times today, but the darn coal stove keeps blowing soot all over the room.” She shakes her head and smiles sadly.

We then look down at the thick rug covering the cement floor. Being both cold and dirty, the cement is another objectionable feature. As we continue to chat, a young man on a bicycle pedals up to the front door and dismounts. Mr. Cline is home.

Text: Bill Woestendiek
Photography: Bob Reams

After a friendly greeting, he heartily agrees with all of his wife's remarks about their new home. "Gee, this is a wonderful place to study," he enthuses, and I like the privacy, too." But we don't want to bother this happy young couple any longer and we head for the door. Before leaving, however, we make the startling discovery that Mrs. Cline's pretty curtains are merely paper drapes she had placed on the windows. Just another example of how these families away from home are making the best of everything and doing a wonderful job.

All the furniture in the buildings belongs to the inhabitants except for the stove and the icebox in each home. The young couples have performed miracles in decorating and transforming their small homes into appealing little apartments.

Walking deeper into the village as the shadows of dusk lengthen and lights go on in scattered unison, we notice the apartments are in three different shades. Some have green walls, some blue, and others ivory.

Several autos are parked about the village, but the main mode of transportation among the villagers is the bicycle. Bicycles are numerous and the vets pedal their way to and from classes daily. A few jeeps can also be seen in the vicinity—to lend authenticity to that army touch.

The area is very quiet in the evening. Most of the wives who don't have children work in Chapel Hill, and most of the children are taken care of in the nurseries in town during the day. The husbands are away at school most of the day, so when the family is reunited in the evenings, supper and study seem to be the order of the night.

As we walk alongside the barack-houses, we see one studious-looking individual taking off his shoes, in order to make a mudless entrance and escape the wrath of the cute little girl waiting for him across the threshold. Further down the line two husbands are busy drying dishes and a third is sweating over an ironing board as he presses a pair of pants. All of which makes us wonder what strange power is exerted over their student husbands by the women in this quiet little section of Carolina.

The occupants of the last house on the road, Walter Harrelson and his wife, Idella, are in the midst of varnishing a couple of chairs. We decide to interrupt their work for a few minutes, and they put down the paint brushes and start talking. It is apparent that they, too, are quite satisfied with the apartment, except for "that awful coal stove." Rubbing the soot out of our hair, we agree with them.

But we hurry to say that awful coal stove has one good feature. It keeps the apartment cheerfully warm.

A picture of a pretty three-year-old girl in a pink dress proves to be Marianne Harrelson, the young lady of the house. We are curious as to where she does most of her playing.

"She covers the whole place," her mother answers, "and gets in all the mud."

Fearful lest we wake up the young lady by our noisy questioning, we thank the Harrelson's for letting us take up their time and tiptoe out hastily. It is dark outside now, and as we walk back up the road and out of the village, we can't help but notice the amazing quietness. A cold, lonesome feeling prevails when you look at the village as an outsider, but those living within are happy and they glory in their privacy. Many inconveniences go with living in "Vetville," but the lights flickering through the trees as seen from the Pittsboro road are lights bright with the hopes and happiness of a contented little community of married veterans—living and learning.



Symbol of Home: Mrs. Cline at the kitchen range.



The smallness of his home makes in handy as Dave Cline studies and shaves at the coal house.



ANNE LEFT THE bus at the corner and hurried down the narrow side street. The street was old, its uneven brick worn by the passing of many vehicles and feet. The houses were old also, dingy relics of a forgotten aristocracy of the city's youth, their outsides grimy and smoke-stained. But against this dinginess the November sunset hung like a gypsy's kerchief, looped and swirled and radiant. In the middle of the block Anne turned in at a creakling gate and went up a ragged brick walk, past an ancient and despondent lilac bush, to the side door of a house a little more gabled and scrolled than the rest, but once inside the small downstairs apartment one could forget the dull exterior. Gay chintz and Anne's clever hands had made this—home.

Enid Wilson was coming out of the bedroom with her hat and coat on. She stopped when she saw Anne, a smile broadening the corners of her generous mouth. She looked at the bundle under Anne's arm.

"You got the steaks," she said.

Anne dropped the package on a chair and took off her hat and coat. "Yes," she said, and she went to hang her coat in the closet beside the fireplace. "I think they're good, too. You're home early, Enid."

"My patient died this morning," Enid said. She began putting on her gloves. "But I'm going to get myself out of your way," she added good-naturedly, moving toward the door. She turned with her hand on the doorknob and looked at Anne anxiously. "Are you going to tell him, Anne?"

Anne ran her fingers through her thick brown hair and looked at her image in the mirror over the fireplace. The white blouse was still fresh, and she wouldn't have to dress. That would give her more time. She turned and faced Enid, her chin raised a little, stubbornly.

"Yes, Enid, I'm going to tell him. It's the only thing I can do."

Enid shrugged her shoulders and opened the door. "All right. I wouldn't want to advise you. And I wish you luck." She went out and closed the door.

Anne picked up the package from the chair and went into the little kitchen. She worked expertly and fast. Cooking was no chore for Anne, pounding a typewriter all day was that. She hummed the tune of a popular song while she peeled the potatoes. Through the window she could see the sunset colors darken and change, from gold and cerise to hues of violet and purple, to deep indigo, and the powerful lights of the city rising to push back the gathering darkness. At a quarter of seven

A BLUE VASE

Marriage may be a serious affair, but no less serious are the last anxious days before marriage. A crucial pre-nuptial evening is the dramatic theme of "Blue Vase" by MARTHA LINNEY.

everything was done. The steaks were sizzling on the rack in the oven, and the shoestring potatoes were brown and crisp the way John liked them. She turned off the oven, took off her apron and hung it behind the door, and went into the living room. She saw the blue vase and stopped in the doorway. She had forgotten to stop at the florist's on the way home!

The blue vase had reminded Anne of pink rosebuds the first time she had seen it in the window of the antique shop. She had passed by every day and looked at it for a week before she had gone in and bought it. Now it sat on the small table under the gilt-edged mirror by the door as if it had always been there, incredibly delicate and fragile, its blue luster seeming to radiate from within.

Everything else was as she had planned it. The small table was in front of the fireplace, set with Anne's china and silver and crystal on the lacy crocheted tablecloth. In the fireplace the rich pine splints under the two hickory logs awaited the touch of a match. Anne sighed and sat down in the deep chair and crossed her fingers. Everything must be all right. It must! It must!

From the first Enid had been opposed to Anne telling John about Phil. "Oh, don't be a fool," she had begged. "Please don't be a fool. It is all right for you to be sweet and generous and honest, but don't be a fool!" Anne almost wished she hadn't confided in Enid. She had only done so because Enid was older and wiser and a nurse. For a time she thought Enid might be right, and she salved her conscience with the thought that the past had nothing to do with the present, just as Phil had nothing to do with the way she felt about Jim. Then two nights ago John had told her about Cecily. He was sitting in the very chair she was sitting in now, his long legs crossed comfortably, his pipe lit, and she was on the hassock at his feet.

"I am telling you this for two reasons," he said. "First of all, most of my friends know it anyway and sooner or later somebody is going to let something drop that will set you wondering. I think it's best if you get it straight

and from me. Then, too, I want more than anything else to be honest and square with you, Anne. No marriage—at least not the kind I want ours to be—can be solid and lasting unless it is built on the faith and honesty of two people. So I've got to tell you." He bit down on his pipe stem and stared into the fire for a moment. Then he went on. "I guess I've been the usual bachelor. Not too bad, and no saint either. There have been times—Then Cecily came along. She was different. We just had to have each other, and that's all there was to it. It lasted two years, and then—"

Anne waited while he refilled his pipe.

"And then," he went on, "one day we both knew it was all over. Cecily went away. That was all. No scenes, no tearful goodbyes. I just went home from the office one day, and she was gone. That was the way Cecily did things."

Anne lifted her face.

"Did you love her, John? Even for a little while?"

"Well—yes, in a way. I suppose men always have some sort of feeling at the time." John laid his pipe down and looked at her. He set his jaw and his eyes darkened. "I swear to you, Anne, that this has nothing to do with you. Even then I was thinking about a girl like you, looking for her in crowds. Somebody I would want to marry. You must believe me, Anne."

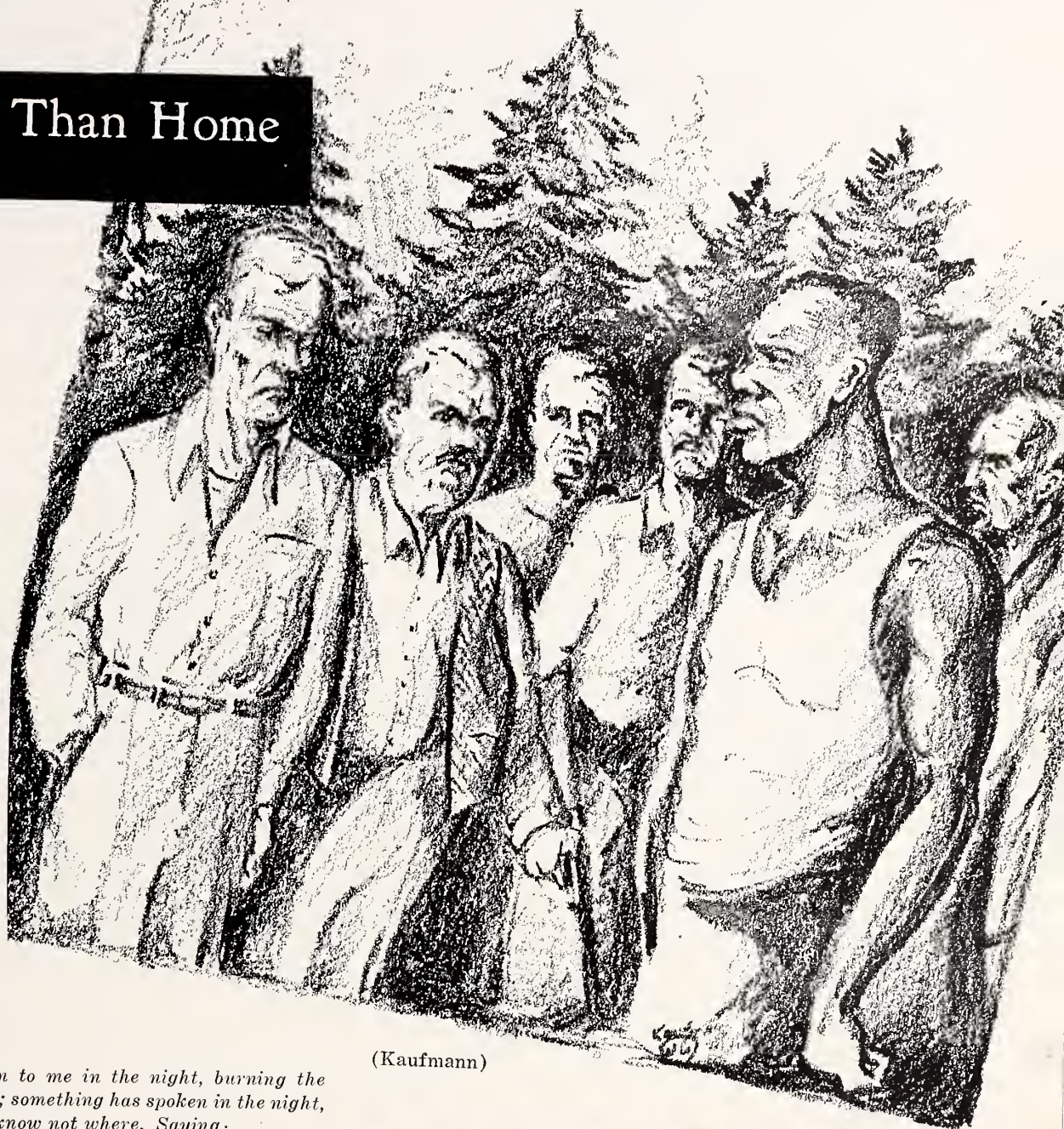
Anne believed him and she forgave him the way women always forgive men for such things. But she lay awake a long time that night. Next morning when she got up she knew what she was going to do, and she was going to do it in spite of everything Enid had said. She was going to tell John about Phil. John had said that a good marriage must be built upon the faith and honesty of two people, and if she kept silent she would be cheating. John would just have to understand and forgive, as she had done.

There were some things she couldn't tell him, of course. Surely she could be forgiven for not telling them. She couldn't tell him about the cheap little

(Continued on page 28)

More Kind Than Home

By Stuart Harris



(Kaufmann)

"Something has spoken to me in the night, burning the tapers of the waning year; something has spoken in the night, and told me I shall die, I know not where. Saying:

"To lose the earth you know, for greater knowing; to lose the life you have, for greater life; to leave the friends, you loved, for greater loving; to find a land more kind than home, more large than earth—"

You Can't Go Home Again, Thomas Wolfe.

THE bead of sweat started somewhere up in his armpit and glided down until it reached his waist where it was absorbed into the blue denim shirt which he wore.

"Thought you were pretty God damn smart didn't you?"

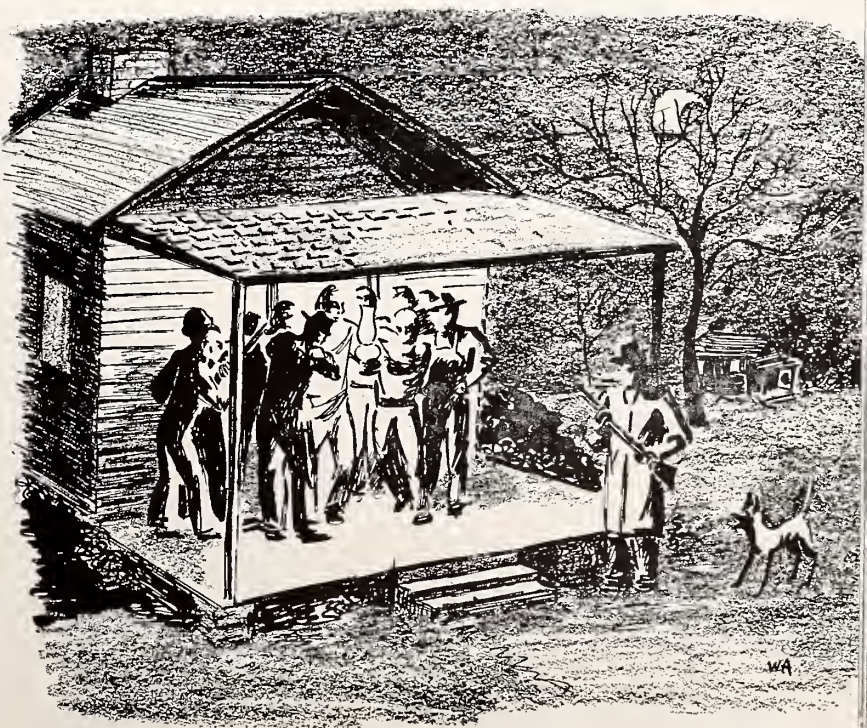
The words were spoken to him harshly and there was a tone of contempt in them. It was the fat man who had spoken, the one who had driven the car which had brought him to this lonely field.

Josh Martin looked around at the circle of figures. He stood alone in the middle, a Negro surrounded by the white men. There were eight of them but he was only one.

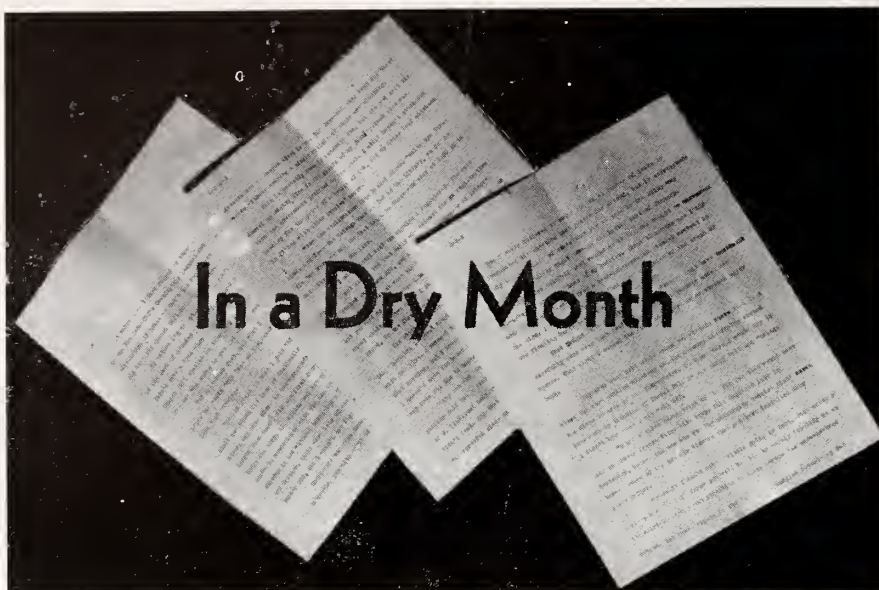
The fat man was speaking again. "You'll learn that you gotta be seen and not heard around here. You gotta learn your place."

The colored man's fingers felt perfectly numb and, although July, he shivered as if standing in snow. The dry burnt grass felt prickly under his bare feet and his toes curled over the little pebbles.

(Continued on page 26)



(Andrews)



By Richard E. Stern

MORTON'S paper was the forty-seventh freshman theme that he had read in three hours so it hit him disproportionately hard. When he had finished it he leaned back in his chair exhausted. After a while he read it again.

The next morning he asked Morton to see him after class. He waited for the end of the period as one waits at the door of a classmate one hasn't seen in years.

Stanhope was not used to this sort of thing. The problems he coped with in class were textual or occasionally disciplinary. He regarded instructors who nurtured "talent" with faint pity. But Morton's theme was something else. It cried for attention as a wound cries for attention.

Morton was short, husky, quietly dark, unshaven, looked twenty five of six. When Stanhope was twenty five he had written a novel. A year later he had burned it, page by page. That was eight years ago. He hadn't written anything since.

Now he was going through all this for four hundred words on freshman theme paper. But Morton's paper was troublesome, not economically or politically or sexually as his own book had been, but it was a low, filthy, rancid puke in the face of sanity and decency. It was rude and offensive and dangerous, essentially dangerous.

"Mr. Morton, I should like to speak to you about the paper you handed in Friday." Morton's quiet seemed to thicken and suddenly Stanhope felt ridiculous, ridiculous and puny like a speck of mud might feel on a white satin gown. "I'm afraid that I can only say that it is of the worst taste, vulgar demonstra-

tion of what I am afraid is a non-university intelligence." Stanhope was controlling only the tone of his voice. Again he felt the absurdity of his words. He should have been gentler, should have smiled deprecatingly, but something in the room censored diplomacy. I have asked you up here to caution you against any more of these, shall I say tantrums."

Morton's cheek muscles clumped. The veins in his hand began a terrible dance. He was taking it far too hard, Stanhope thought. He looked sick. He was biting on his lips, hard. His teeth were yellow and jagged. Stanhope looked away and hurried on. "I could have simply given you an F, Mr. Morton, but I felt that a failure might not stem your inclinations as immediately as a personal request." He waited for Morton to say something. When he didn't, Stanhope said Good day. As he left, he saw that Morton had sat down at a front desk.

On the way home Stanhope wondered if he could have written Morton's theme. He supposed that he couldn't have, but perhaps that was because he hadn't been in the war or in anything equivalent to the war. At any rate, he felt that he always would have had the courage to suppress things like that, even if he had had the power (was it really power?) to create them.

Stanhope prided himself on the fact that the people who knew him now would never have guessed what he was like at 19, when he was at school. He'd been rather a firebrand then, though mostly of the literary variety. He wrote avant-garde poems in the style of Dylan Thomas and championed the then fiery radicalism of Veblen and the technocrats. Once he had created quite a sensation by running for student president

on the platform of cohabitational dorms, a policy which he defended with much intellectual fervour, even braving a threat of expulsion, an unresolved threat since he had gotten less than fifty of his comrades' votes.

He was thankful that he had done those things but he wasn't quite sure that he could do them again if given the chance at a new youth. They were arabesques on what he felt was the calm doricism of his life, at least good, wildoat anecdotes for stifling evenings with his colleagues.

Stanhope turned into the red dirt road which led to his house, about a half a mile from the town. Every time he left the people-mangled sandstone for the tree-banked road it was like a first glimpse of the sea. He'd taken this walk nearly every day for the past four years until it had become the most surely pleasant thing in his life. It was the thread of his routine, home to school and back again. Most of his life was spilled along it.

He was nearly home. Five o'clock. The college bells were chiming when suddenly the enormous sadness of a dying afternoon sank through the reddening leaves and anchored its softness in his chest.

Ellen kissed him at the door. He looked rather scientifically at her legs when she went in to tell Anna to start dinner. Ellen was still pretty, he thought, but the times when her presence could excite him had faded into the photograph albums. He knew her too well, from the breath of blonde fuzz on her stomach to her intense and slightly factitious preoccupation with the Swannee Review poets. Well, if nothing else, these things were the pillows of his existence.

He went into the living room and turned on a dinner concert, changed to slippers and began his evening digestion of the world through the slightly unpalatable medium of the Cleveland Times.

O'Neill's show was getting pretty fair review. Quietly, Morton filled his

(Continued on page 31)

December is a time for presents and CM editors could think of no nicer gift to UNC's howling population than this picture of GLORIA GAUTIER. A senior from Miami, Florida. Gloria has already started a modelling career.

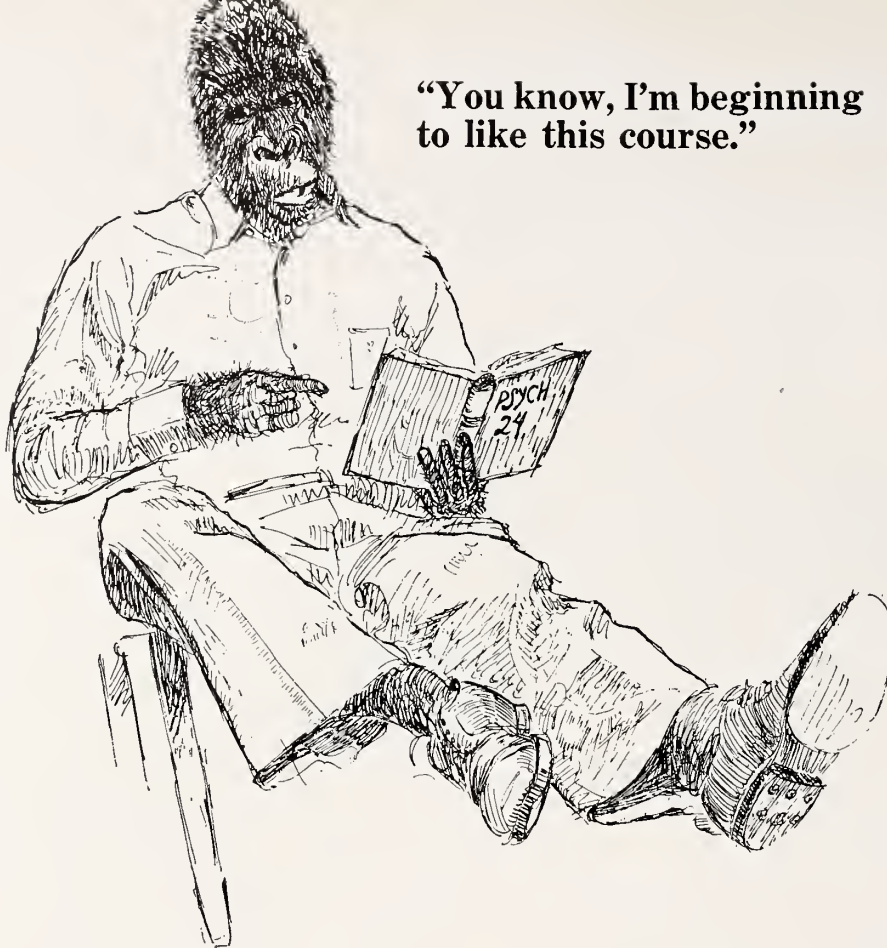
Sorry, we're keeping the phone number ourselves.



(Photograph by Reams)

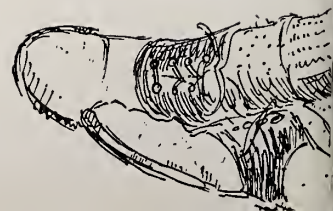
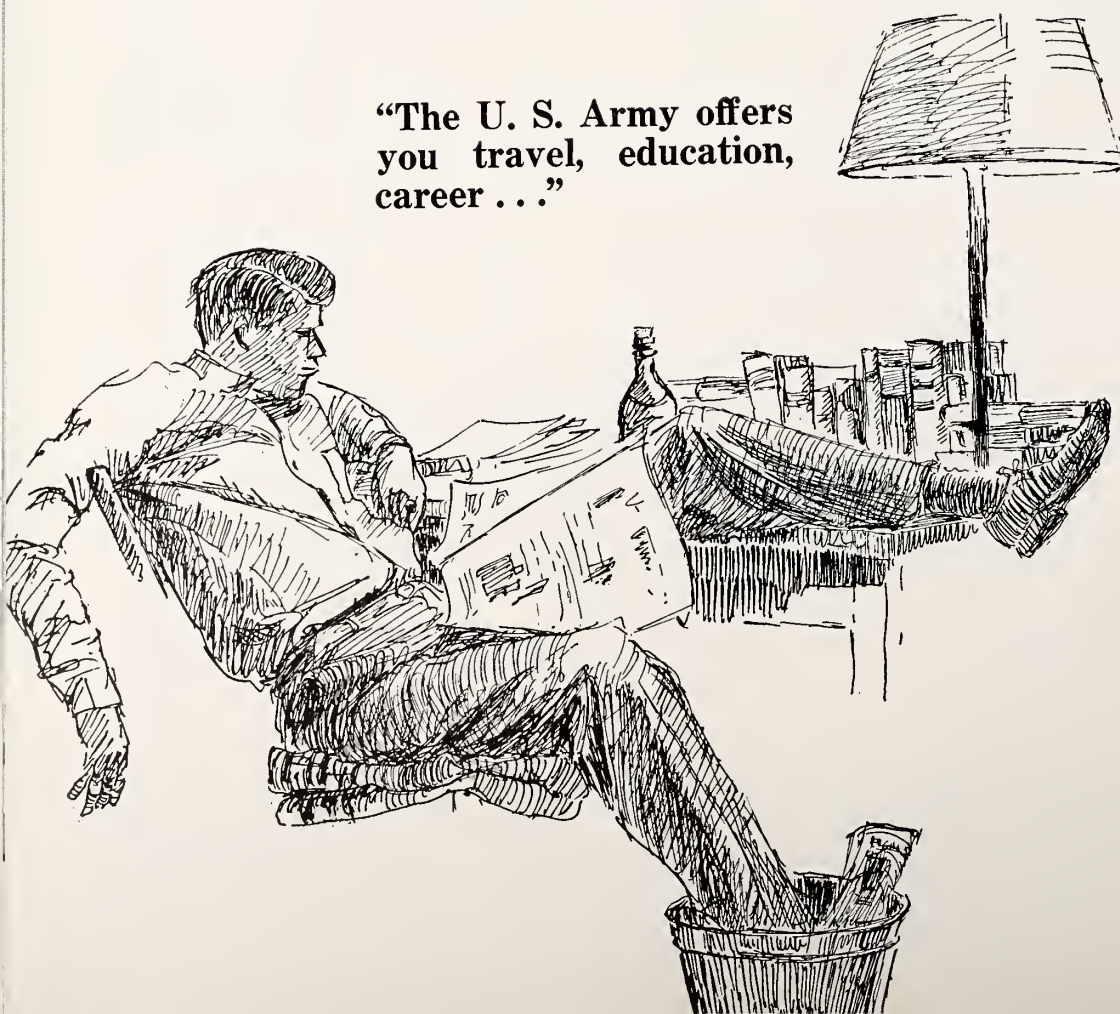


**"You know, I'm beginning
to like this course."**



**19 Across. T
endearment.**

**"The U. S. Army offers
you travel, education,
career..."**



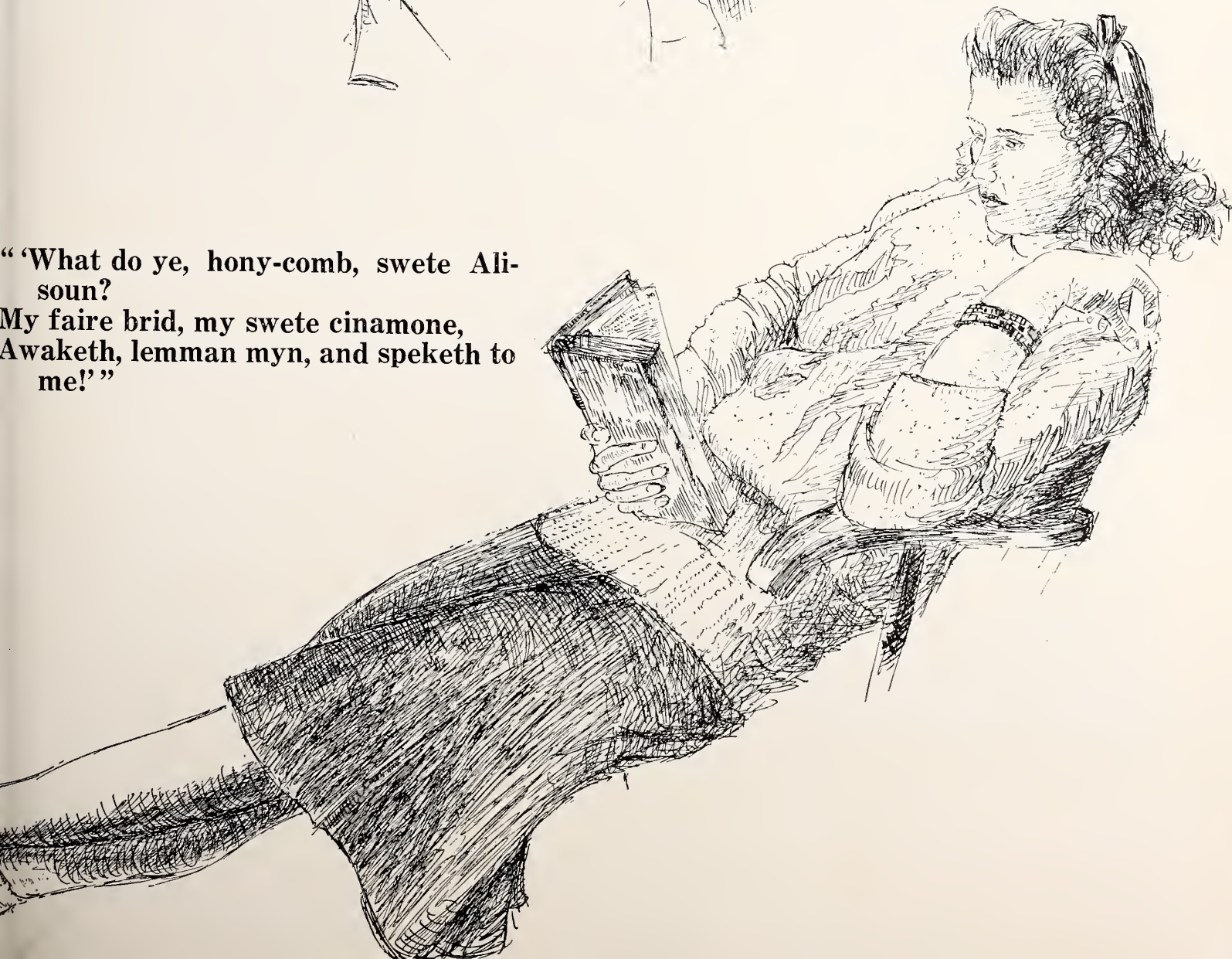
andom Harvest

Artist JOHN DAVIS sketchbooks the campus

tan term of

Term paper. .
grade A

“What do ye, hony-comb, swete Ali-
soun?
My faire brid, my swete cinamone,
Awaketh, lemman myn, and speketh to
me!”



CAROLINA PARADE

Picket Lines?

On learning that machine-made Governor Gregg Cherry was all for retaining Carolina's surplus, many UNC professors are convinced that their salary demands will be pared down in the capital next month. Long existing on depression wages, some of Carolina's teachers are talking of protest strike if the pay hikes are not voted.

Should the professors walk out, the vast majority of students would probably join in the picket line.

Already pinched by stable wages and zooming cost of living, the profs may yet turn and bite the hand that so meagerly feeds them.

Political Paradox

Paradox of Carolina campus politics, thin, intense Jimmy Wallace remains a potent element at Student Carolina despite repeated electoral defeats. Legend has grown up around this man, five times defeated candidate for the post of Daily Tar Heel Editor.

The legend goes back to Fall, 1940 when Wallace entered Carolina and his first extra-curriculars. Soon he was among the top DTH reporters in a staff box that boasted Sylvan Meyer, Bucky Harward, Ernie Frankel.

By 1941, "Listen Students" on the DTH edit page made Wallace a minor force in campus life. Whether deliberately or not, he used that same year to strengthen his force, "joined" with a vengeance. Most important for the future was the Carolina Political Union, staff of the Carolina Magazine.

1942 brought the full effect of war to Chapel Hill, drained its manpower. Wallace soon found himself an "old-timer." To a young group of Tar Heel writers, he qualified as one of the "deans" of the staff. "Listen, Students" appeared more frequently, carried more weight. The Interdormitory Council, Graham Memorial Board of Directors were other outlets for versatile Wallace's talent.

Wallace's first popular-vote defeat came in the fall of 1943. The University Party nominated Kat Hill for DTH editor. To oppose the first female nominee for the post, Wallace engineered a third party. The result was a crushing defeat.

Four more times he tried, four more times the result was the same. Closest Wallace came was his last loss, to Bob



WALLACE

"potent despite defeat"

Morrison by a handful of votes. Possible explanation of Wallace's continued respected position is that despite defeat he often was the better man for the job.

In the first half of 1946, as student activities attempted to fight their way back to pre-war standards. Jimmy Wallace served as Law School, holdover member of the Student Legislature. When a new Constitution was proposed, Wallace was put on the committee. Much of the terminology of the campus law as finally approved smacks of Wallace's prim, clean prose.

The height of responsibility and prestige for Carolina's "political paradox" was reached in the summer when he represented UNC in Prague at the International Student Congress.

Returned from abroad, he has retired from the active political field. But to a man of Wallace's campus habits, inactivity is anathema. Whether he likes it or not—and chances are he does—he is still a behind-the-scenes figure of much importance.

Only when he finally leaves Carolina will Wallace have put the final period to his legend, a legend of effectiveness through logic and rightness rather than popular support.

One pretty, pert young coed turned to another in English class, said in anguished tones, "I don't know a thing about it."

Answered her companion, "Neither do I. I'm just so unprepared."

"We're going to flunk that Mariage!"

Operation Successful

Hard and practicable is the fact of foundation of a buyers' cooperative at UNC. Strained by high prices and moderate GI-Bill checks, veteran students started exploratory work on the Coop last summer. In November their exploration reached the promised land. At a special, little-publicized meeting, orders for \$895 worth of groceries were taken.

Since that initial victory, the Coop has been fighting hard to forge ahead. A second meeting, with choice restricted to six items, saw an additional \$270 in orders. Despite militant Merchants' Association opposition, the Coop has been able to buy land for a store site, expects to start work on the building by the middle of winter quarter.

Be reactivating the charter of 1937's Cooperative, the new group cut through red tape that might have bogged them down for weeks. By capable, quick handling of all orders they have built a firm foundation for future expansion.

That expansion will not be long in coming is proved by plans to sell stock in the Cooperative. When school reconvenes, the shares will go on sale at one dollar per. If money raised hits thousands, it will mean success on two counts: ready cash for implementing coop program, concrete display of widespread backing.

With many staple grocery items already on the list of availables to coop purchasers, its leaders are in the field and farms to make marketing arrangements with rural organizations. Such things as honey, chickens will be on the next buying list. Delivery service will probably be provided by then.

Its ranks swelled to 113 members, the Cooperative seems a good bet to stick and prosper where others have tried and failed. Heartening result is freely-given cooperation between members. Cars are loaned, hours willingly devoted to obtaining merchandise, breaking it down. Some who have feared or smeared the Coop attempted to stigmatize it with the Red Banner. Survey of membership shows that its 113 members resemble nothing so much as Mr. Average Buyer. They are the veterans-with-wives, low-salaried instructors, some professors. Solid, respectable citizens tired of paying Franklin Street prices.

CAROLINA PARADE

«All Honorable Men»

Lost in the shuffle of wartime exigencies, campus Honor System is making a slow, determined comeback. All students have signed the pledge, far fewer are living up to it.

Most recent evidence of student dishonor is the plight of understaffed, inadequate-at-best library. With no other identification than a man's word, books may be taken from the shelves. Recently, notice was sent to English classes: many of that department's courses are handicapped by lack of supplementary library texts. Books have disappeared with phony names and addresses signed to the checkout slip.

In the slow shakedown back to civilian life, some students have disregarded personal integrity. Unless they rechart their course, Identification Cards will be only the first step toward a regimented campus.

Other Side: Many professors, both old and new, have given the Honor System little chance to regain respect. Close proctoring of exams, other such practices show where these men stand. Affected students feel this an imposition, the entire honor code, a farce.

A Summing Up

As the first true post-war quarter slips off into Christmas, Carolina ladies and gentlemen can evaluate the new University to which they have returned.

Most obvious and important change is sheer size. Pre-war Carolina could be ranked with the "small schools." While the services were draining off civilian students, the Army and Navy sent hordes of men to Chapel Hill. This meant greatly expanded facilities which require high enrollments in peace-time. Result: over 6,500 students are attending UNC, jumping it into "big school" class.

Once they had decided to take in an unprecedented enrollment, South Building leaders and flunkies found that all facilities would not be ready by September's first day of classes. Widespread grumbling was the result. But before the quarter was over, every man was out of such uninhabitable places as the Tin Can, more and more family dwellings were going up. When its record in housing is compared to many other schools, the administration at

UNC rates high, probably a grade of 80.

Although the University has lost many a good professor through its inability to compete with other schools on wages, many crack men remain at Chapel Hill, held by impressive, nostalgic charm of the place. A number of top departments that once brought national recognition to UNC have slipped appreciably, but Carolina still ranks among leading State educational institutions, grades 70.

Greatest loss of the University of North Carolina is the dynamic liberalism personified by Dr. Frank Porter Graham. Although returned from arduous Washington chores, ill health has kept him from playing his old, vigorous role here. Left more and more to their own devices, others in South Building have apishly followed the nation in turning to the right. Their greatest triumph to date is the resignation of Roland B. Parker, long "the student's man" in Administrative councils. Its liberalism waning, UNC can grade only low 60.

But where Chapel Hill and Carolina grade lowest is in the town itself. Fairly-decent service of the majority of the merchants is overshadowed by the lack of service, heights of audacity in a few. Led by long-revealed excesses in Sutton's, a small number of merchants have forgotten that "consideration" is part of their bargain. On

this, college and town must rate in the lower-bracket 35's.

Taking the average on these four important, overall sign-posts for the future, the University of North Carolina comes off with a 61%. Answer is that while much has been done, much accomplished; there has been much lost. In quarters to come, students, faculty and merchants must work to reverse the trend.

Winter Wonder-land

With all attention turned to football and its big weekends, big boys among campus groups have suffered. Such organizations as International Relations Club, Carolina Political Union and Sound & Fury were content to putter about in low gear for the first quarter.

If plans resemble reality, all that will be changed. Large, ambitious Jerry Davidoff's CPU has tentatively scheduled Senator Wayne Morse and GOP National Chairman Carroll Reece for appearances early in the next quarter. Razor-tongued Betty Anne Green's IRC is also hatching several speak-fests. Sound & Fury hopes to re-establish itself on campus with a musical review.

Should achievement hit 75% of expectation, it will be a full quarter for the 6,500 students, even though there will be no Justice on Saturdays.



FRANKLIN STREET

"town must rate in the lower-bracket 35's"

Peace

(Continued from page 5)

economic and social relations has always led to war between them. On the other hand, whenever such conflicting independent groups became bound together under a common system of law—that is, under common government—peace was established among them. That is exactly the history of events in the early years of this country. Under the Articles of Confederation, the thirteen colonies were greatly disunited, and disputes over boundary lines and tariff walls threatened armed violence; but once true government was established under the Constitution internal peace was secured.

At present, it is not the states that fight, for the states are united under the common government of the nation. Now, it is the nation itself that fights. The same nations whose creation was a great achievement in peacemaking are now, in their relations with each other, dangerously disunited and conflicting units that threaten us with atomic war.

There is thus one level of government as yet uncompleted. There is one great step left to be taken before the orderly and non-warring organization of the human family is possible. The nations fight. The nations must be organized, under a universal system of law designed to regulate peacefully those activities which have an international bearing. To put it another way: War is a disease. There are predisposing factors, which make war possible—greed, fear, distrust, ignorance. There are precipitating factors, which lead to war—disputes over trade and raw materials, waterways and boundaries. But there is a germ, or cause, of war—international anarchy in the relations of nation with nation . . . The medicine is law. The treatment is government. The recovery is peace.

As we have seen, peace is a state of voluntary and required order. Both co-operation and law are necessary—neither by itself is sufficient to keep peace. The fatal weakness of the Articles of Confederation was the absence of enforceable law; the Confederation tried to depend on co-operation alone. And this is also the weakness of the present United Nations Organization, which, like the Confederation, is only a league of sovereign governments, with no real power to establish and enforce peace.

If it is true, then, that the only means to world order is world law through world government, what are the principles on which world govern-



ment must be founded? Among the most important are these:

1. It should be *federal* in form; that is, the world government must have jurisdiction in activities of an international nature such as international trade and communication, while the member nations retain self-government in matters of national concern.

2. World laws must be enforceable on *individual world citizens*. The world government must not be required to declare war on whole nations—that would defeat its purpose; rather, it must have power to go inside a country to bring to justice individual troublemakers.

3. The world government must have full control of all dangerous weapons of war. Atomic energy must be internationally controlled according to the principles of the Baruch Report, which proposes an International Atomic Development Authority with control of all fissionable raw materials, full rights of inspection of atomic projects, and power to prosecute violations of atomic laws.

4. The world government must eventually have power to take action to improve economic, social, and political conditions—anywhere in the world—the existence of which are a threat to world peace.

The question immediately arises, "Granting that federal world government founded on the basic principles given above is a necessity for world peace, is it a political possibility?" The one greatest obstacle is our moral and emotional unpreparedness for peace. We are faced with such dangerous errors as racial pride; the illusion of most Americans that our culture is superior to all others; the world-wide fallacy that one's own nation is right and others are wrong; and general confusion as to the real meaning of the four

words: capitalism, communism, democracy, and fascism. In an atomic age ignorance is a crime punishable by death, in the sense that by our ignorance and confusion we are speeding along the road to atomic war.

How shall we change our course? It is a problem of education, of moral concern, and of action.

1. We must mobilize our best educational resources to spread information about the revolutionizing possibilities of peaceful industrial use of atomic energy, as well as about the destructive power of the atomic bomb. We must make clear the basic principles of world order, and the institutions required to realize those principles.

2. We shall look to the churches for pointed preaching on the family of man as a world unity which transcends man-made barriers of race and nation. We shall expect the churches to see clearly the vital relationship between the redemption of the moral and religious life of man and the redemption of the social and political institutions through which men and nations deal with each other.

3. We must seek to translate increasing the public sentiment in favor of federal world government into action on the part of our political leaders. The pressure of public opinion must be felt in Washington—and at the polls.

Ultimately, our efforts will have meaning only when we undertake the process of federation itself. The United States must take the lead by calling for drastic revision of the United Nations under the amendments provisions of the Charter, or by issuing a call for a Constitutional Convention of the World. To adopt all measures short of federation is to adopt all measures short of peace.

It will be most difficult to federate

(Continued on page 30)

Clean Slate

(Continued from page 8)

Why? There was Hazel. Johnny was all mixed up inside about her. She was his sister, and he still felt a certain closeness to her, but he had to admit frankly to himself that he was ashamed of her. She looked as cheap as did their old house on Bank Street and her speech was not much cleaner than the old man's. Any minute now, he would most likely learn that her conduct was in keeping with her appearance.

Johnny drew in tighter to the dark niche on the shabby front porch of the Blue Swan Hotel. From there he had a clear view of the yellow lighted cafe across the street where Hazel was carousing with the red-faced vacationist. He hated to be a sneak, but he just had to know. She had picked him up. That much he was sure of, and in a manner not unlike the way the sporting girls in Naples and Florence had secured their customers.

The near-tropical moon played a quiet pattern of palm leaf shadows on the ancient planking of the hotel porch. Johnny waited in silence. But his mind would not keep still. If she did turn out as he feared, would she be any worse than he? He had certainly set the horrible example, which may well have started her on the wrong road . . . that and mom dying while he was overseas, leaving her all alone with the old man and his liquor. Mom. She was great. She was real class. She was different from the rest of them. She was an Edders only by marriage. Johnny's heart crawled up in a hard knot around his Adam's apple as he thought of her. He had disappointed her so. And then she had died before he ever got the chance to come back and straighten things out.

That damned party! That damn brawl the gang had thrown for him the night before he left for the army. That crazy, drunken, careless, stupid excuse of a good time had put wrinkles on his mother's forehead, and she had taken those wrinkles to the grave with her. He had tried to talk to her in prayer . . . to tell her not to be ashamed of him, that he would straighten it all out, that he would marry little Lois and work hard. But since he was back in St. Augustine it didn't evolve that simply. He hadn't been around to see Lois. He didn't know how to do it. He had rehearsed it a thousand times, but he could never hit upon the words that would run it off smoothly. After all, the baby had died. He wasn't obligated to marry her. And it had certainly been as much Lois's fault as it was his. That was still a great puzzle to him. How could such a sweet, innocent kid as she had been permit a drunk who didn't even know what he was doing . . . Johnny actually couldn't remember how it happened. They were all out at the cabin and he was getting drunk fast. He remembered suddenly discovering that Lois was no longer the kid in pigtails who used to beg to go out on the bay with him fishing. He remembered kissing her, but then there were some more drinks and he didn't remember.

It seemed to Johnny that he had always been attractive to the opposite sex. He didn't feel the least egotistic about considering himself in this light. If anything, he felt that his sex appeal was a detriment. True, he had capitalized on his facility plenty of times. But that particular night certainly could not be considered one of those times. Perhaps the kid imagined she was in love with him. Even so, it seemed out of character for Lois to have satisfied her affection in that way.

Lois must have known the kind of fellow he was. She

For All Your Needs...

Style and Quality are synonymous with our complete selections of party, classroom and date dresses.



Use Our Convenient Lay-Away Plan.



Durham, N. C.

must have known about his dealings with Inez . . . Inez, the glamorous widow of New York's cafe society. She must be at least ten years his elder. Yet she too found him desirable. The more he thought about it the more he figured she was at the root of all this mess. She had been a great compliment to his kiddish ego . . . and such a profitable one too. From the first time she had hired his boat it was evident that it was not sailing she was interested in. She probably had another Johnny Edders in Miami, and no telling how many in New York. But he had been flattered that one so world-wise should single him out, and compensate so graciously. Now, she was after him again. First the embarrassed meeting on the street and then the note she had sent him. He had to admit that the note had filled him with old desire. However, he no longer felt smart about it. Maybe he was a little ashamed. Maybe he was to her just what Hazel was to the red-faced vacationist in the cafe across the street. The thought was revolting.

The front door of the cafe opened. Johnny watched the two figures emerge from the yellow light and cross the street toward the hotel. The red-faced man half-staggered, half-leaned on the hippy figure of his sister. They were heading straight for the darkened stairway entrance to the hotel. Johnny's heart beat so loud he could hear it in his throat. This was truth jumping right back at him.

The couple entered the doorless foyer and ascended the grimy stairway. Johnny was scared . . . scared and sick. He had to do something about it.

By the time he reached the foyer they had cleared the stairs and were opening a door up in the hall on the left. When Johnny got there the door was locked. He heard Hazel giggling on the other side of the door, and the vacationist gurgled something incomprehensible.

(Continued on following page)

WOOTEN-MOULTON



PHOTOGRAPHERS

Chapel Hill
North Carolina

Wishing You A Merry Christmas

DANCE INVITATIONS

Cards and Envelopes to
match in 3 sizes

PROGRAMS

Souvenir Programs
Numerous sizes and styles
One and two color

Orange Printshop

Telephone 3781

Chapel Hill

(Continued from preceding page)

Johnny pounded on the door with his fist until the man inside shouted: "Who is it?"

Johnny kept his mouth shut and continued to pound on the door. Finally he heard the lock click and the door opened just inches. A watery blue eye peered out at him from red creases. Johnny threw all his hundred and seventy pounds against the door. It gave and the vacationist stumbled back into the middle of the room.

"Johnny!" Hazel's face was full of astonishment. She was sitting on the edge of the sagging bed, her legs tucked under her revealing bare, pink knees.

"So this is your racket!" the vacationist bellowed. "Well I'm wise to this sort of thing. You won't get a damn cent out of me. Why you little . . ."

He never got to finish. Johnny's good right fist caught him squarely on the mouth. The now very red-faced man went to the floor, then got up and scrambled for the door. Johnny was after him. The vacationist made it to the head of the stairs where Johnny's fist connected again, this time on the back of his head. He went down, sprawled on the top four or five steps, finally got back on his feet and fairly flew the remaining distance down to the sidewalk.

Johnny let him go.

When he got back in the room Hazel was a fit of rage.

"You damned meddling fool!" she spit at him. "You damned little stinking angel. What the hell you mean by messing up my date?"

Johnny had no words to cope with the situation.

She raged on: "The fine and noble Johnny Edders. You sure got your guts. I hate you, mister! I hate your guts. You think you are so damned good. Ever since you got back you been acting like a filthy little saint. Well you ain't foolin' me. You ain't never been nothin' but a pimp and you know damn well I'm wise to you."

Johnnys face was a mass of agony.

Hazel saw it and laughed at him . . . throaty, vicious, evil laughter. "Surprised, Johnny? I got a real surprise for ya. Yeah, you asked for it and I'm gonna give it to you straight. You was the first one with me. Yeah, that night at the party, the same as with Lois. You sure got around that night to be as drunk as you was. Now, how d'ya like that?"

Johnny didn't say a word. He turned abruptly and walked out. He was sick, sick all the way down to the tips of his toes. He was sure that he was the lowest living thing that God had ever put on this earth. He had sent his mother to her grave in shame. He had ruined innocent Lois' life. He had sold himself to an abnormal woman, and now this last of all, he had violated his own sister. Oh God, why couldn't he have been born ugly and repulsive, or better still, why couldn't he just not have been born at all.

* * * *

Johnny figured it was quite natural that he found himself out on the deep end of the civic fishing pier. He also figured it would be quite natural for him to slip inconspicuously into the cold dark water below, and thus put an end to the plague his very existence had amounted to. He almost felt it was a duty he owed society . . . but damn it all he was scared. He was afraid to die that way. And he simply couldn't tolerate fear. He had to do something about it. Maybe if he were responsible for just one decent act he would be able to slip in the water unafraid. All of a sudden he knew just what that act should be.

* * * *

Inez maintained a luxurious apartment in the Palm Hall Hotel. It, like many others on the northern wing of the grandiose, old-Spanish construction, had its own

private entrance. For the first time in over three years Johnny stood under the colorful arch-way and pressed the button that was set into the massive, wrought-iron and oaken door.

The colored maid opened it immediately.

"Why mistuh Johnny! My, it sho is good to see you. Come right in, mistuh Johnny." Johnny found that he was glad to see Betty. She was a good little colored girl.

Forcing gayety he said, "Betty, you haven't changed a bit. You're even prettier than you used to be. Still giving those colored boys down on Jackson Street a lot of trouble?"

"You allas did say the nicest things, mistuh Johnny. Jest a minute whilst I go tell the madame you is here."

Johnny sank in the fabulous divan as the maid disappeared.

Three minutes later Inez came into the room. He stood as she entered. She ran up to him. "Johnny." You dear little boy." She held him at arm's length. "Now aren't you ashamed of yourself for having waited so long to come." She flattened against him. "You just give me a great big kiss and tell me how sorry you are."

He retreated.

"Not now," he said soberly. "Inez, I want you to get dressed and come out with me. I've something to tell you and I don't want to say it here."

"But why?" She was puzzled. Then she melted to him again. "But come now, Johnny. After all, it's been years. Let me fix you a drink and whatever it is you have to say can be said right here where it's so nice and comfy."

"No," he persisted. "I don't want to say it here. Are you ashamed to be seen out with me?"

"Why Johnny!" She looked hurt. Then she shrugged as if to say that he was her little boy and she simply had no alternative but to cater to his wishes. "I'll be about five minutes."

Johnny watched her disappear. She was perhaps a bit heavier than before, but still glamorous and desirable in that demure, Latin way.

She drove them into town in her coupe, all the time asking him what it was like to be a fighting soldier and how did he like the European girls, and a lot of other silly questions that he did not feel like answering. He showed her where to park, then took her to an eating place that was somewhat below her level. They entered and found an empty booth.

Johnny nodded at Judge Beatty who was sitting at the bar next to their booth drinking tap beer. Judge Beatty gave him a strange, imploring look that Johnny could not understand. It had happened several times before since he had been back in St. Augustine. Judge Beatty was not really a judge at all. He had been practicing law in that area for the past twenty years and for at least ten of those years he had been living under that title. He was well liked by everyone and folks just got to calling him that. He used to go on fishing trips with Johnny which had born a rather warm friendship between them.

Johnny sat opposite Inez and ordered beer.

"Now, Mr. Johnny, how about telling me what this is all about," she said, smiling.

"Inez, I have almost two thousand dollars in the bank, money I was able to save while I was overseas. Tomorrow morning I intend to write you a check for that amount. I want you to accept it and consider the whole affair finished."

"What on earth are you talking about?" she came back.

"I'm cleaning house, Inez. I figure that's just about how much extra you have given me above the regular rental fee of my boat. The use of the boat is all you ever owed me for.

(Continued on following page)

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



GODWIN JEWELRY COMPANY

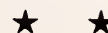
Beneath Sutton's Drug Store

Sales and Repairs on
Watches and Jewelry

FOISTER'S CAMERA STORE



EVERYTHING
PHOTOGRAPHIC



A VERY MERRY XMAS

(Continued from preceding page)

The rest was for fun, and I'm definitely through with that kind of fun."

"You mean . . ." she began.

"I mean we're finished with an even score and I want you to leave here now and never try to see me again. I brought you here to tell you because I know you're a pretty damn good persuader in private."

But Johnny . . ."

"Beat it now before I lose my temper."

She didn't say a word. She left.

Immediately, Judge Beatty abandoned the bar and occupied the empty seat. His face was one big grin, like in the old days.

"Boy," he said, "I was eavesdropping. I heard that and I'm proud of you. That's what I've been waiting on you to do ever since you got back."

"Thanks, Judge," Johnny said . . . and meant it. All of a sudden he felt a whole lot cleaner. "It's something I should have done a long time ago."

"Not necessarily," said the Judge. "You were just a kid before you left here. Kids aren't expected to act like men. But you're a man now, son, and I believe a good one."

The Judge could not have meant that. "Either you are lying, Judge, or you are not very familiar with my record."

Judge Beatty smiled graciously. "I expect I know more about your record than you do yourself. I've got something for you, young fellow. Something I was sworn not to give to you until you settled up with that New York nymphomaniac." He reached in his breast pocket and pulled out an envelope.

"It's a letter, Johnny. A letter to you from one of the finest persons I have ever known . . . your mother."

Johnny stared at him in disbelief. The Judge handed it to him. Johnny opened it and read:



*He don't even agree with the book -
and he wrote it.*

My Dearest Son,

You are being permitted to read this because you have earned that permission. Mr. Beatty will have already explained that condition to you, and since we both feel that it is not a very nice subject I will say no more about it.

First, let me say that you have been the greatest pride of my life. You have proven yourself in the war to be the kind of boy I always knew you were deep down inside. I think it far outshines the discredit you made for yourself before you left here. But I know you will have to face that discredit when you get back. I know it will not be pleasant and I want to try and help you.

The story that Eddie Gish wrote you about what happened after you left here is not true. I'm afraid he was not the friend you thought him to be. Yet I do not wish to slander him. As you know he gave his life in the service of his country, as even you may yet do. May God be his judge.

You are not the father of Lois' baby, Johnny. She never had one. And if she ever does I think I would be proud that you were its father. Your own sister. Hazel had the baby and Eddie was its father. If you must drink so, then you should learn to do it like a gentleman, so that you can always account for your actions. Hazel and Lois went up to a hospital in Jacksonville long before it was born and when they left I thought it was Lois who was pregnant. We thought we could keep the whole thing quiet, but you know how people in small towns love to gossip. The story got out the way you heard it because that is the way Lois maneuvered it. You see, Hazel had led her to believe that you were the father of her baby. I only recently learned the full story.

Lois is very much in love with you, son. She did all of this to protect you. I'm sure she is the finest girl you have ever known, and she has never looked at anyone but you. If you can not love her, then please be nice to her. She has tried to do so very much for you.

I'm sorry I can not be here when you return. You must understand that my going is part of God's scheme and that scheme is much too big for either of us to comprehend. Please know that I go willingly and with much pride for a wonderful son.

Mr. Beatty is executor of my will and you will find that I have been able to double the savings you have been sending home. I suggest you take it and get a new start in some other part of the country.

There is little left to say except to say that I am sure we will be together again some day.

Your Loving Mother.

Johnny waited a long, long time before he said: "You've read this, Judge?"

"Yes. Your mother specified that I should. When are you leaving, son?"

"Tomorrow, I guess. I have a friend up East. Was in the Army with me. Said he had a spot in his business for me."

"I'll have your money ready, Johnny. Drop around to my office first . . . and, uh, Johnny. You going alone?"

"Alone . . . Judge! She said if I could not love her . . . how could I ever love anyone else."

* * * *

LOIS answered Johnny's knock. She didn't say anything. She just stood there on the other side of the screen looking up at him sort of misty eyed.

"Lois . . . darling . . . I know . . . I mean . . ."

The mist in her eyes changed into big tears that ran down the sides of that sweet innocent face.

Johnny very deliberately opened the screen door and took her in his arms.

All she said was: "Johnny."

Tin Can

(Continued from page 9)

that had been installed many years before.

Many a coed on her way to a Phys Ed class in Woollen has probably been startled by the unexpected appearance of a male student clad only in a towel (or bathrobe, if he were the overly modest type) and clutching a toilet kit in one hand while the other hand was vigorously trying to keep his garment from flapping in the breeze. He wasn't on his way to join a nudist colony—he was just caught in the midst of his mad dash from bedroom to washroom.

The inconvenience of sleeping in one building and washing in another wasn't enough to down a good man—as long as that towel remained in place.

Six washbasins in two locker rooms were allotted to us for the daily rituals. Since some men are as fussy as women, and that wave in the hair must be just right, long lines were the natural result. It soon became customary for many to wash, shave, and brush their teeth all in one major operation in the shower. It saved many man-hours of waiting—and never before have I been so indecently clean.

One of the high spots in life away from home is the daily trek to wherever the mail is dispensed. You in the dorms just trot down to the first floor and peek through the little glass window in the door of your mailbox, and there it is. Maybe. But when your address is Care of General Delivery—then you can run through the act any number of times during the day. With a little time to spare you can drop by the Post Office and enjoy a 10 or 12 minute wait



DAMN YOU!

in line before plaguing the mail clerk for the seventh or eighth time that day. When sober, the average ex-GI doesn't generally look back on his service time as a period in life he would enjoy undergoing a second time. But there was something of the atmosphere in the Tin Can that was a little more than vaguely reminiscent of the congenial barrack life.

There was a spirit of familiar and welcome kinship. It might have been a kinship born of suffering, but it all added up to a pleasant association with men of similar age and outlook. The comforts of home were missing, but the spirit of the once-familiar communal life made up for many of the discomforts and inconveniences.

The lack of study essentials has not caused the efficiency of my study to drop one point below my prewar average. I'm still fighting to make a high D average.

Not only can a good man study while uncomfortably perched on a trunk, but he can also listen to four radios and kibitz a bridge game all at the same time. But to take the pressure off those men who might fall victim to temptation, University officials sensibly opened the lecture rooms on the second floor of Woollen to those who crave quiet, a desk, and a small amount of privacy.

And for those students who wanted to run with the mob—well, "Save me a seat in the Library, Joe; I have to hit the books tonight."

A Suggestion

Whether Its Gifts or Personal Needs

PRITCHARD-BRIGHT COMPANY

CLOTHES AND ACCESSORIES FOR MEN WHO CARE

"A Step Ahead — Tomorrow's Styles—Today"

Washington Duke Hotel



from Max at the
UNIVERSITY CAFE
 Next to Post Office



**SMITH-PREVOST
 CLEANERS**

wishes you
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Kind Home

(Continued from page 13)

His neck had no power to turn and look at the men behind him. He knew they were there though. He had seen them when they had dragged him from his home and he could hear them now breathing loudly just beyond his back. He could only keep his eyes straight ahead on the fat man in the white polo shirt.

"Come on talk! You're out here now. Squirm a little, nigger."

The field stretched away on either side of the group, straight and with only the giant oak to break the monotony of grass and dirt. Occasionally a cloud would blow across the waning moon and the landscape would blackout only to return again to the gray light which became it.

A murmur went around the circle of men. They all kept their eyes on the black man in the center of the ring, seeing him rub his hands along the sides of the grimy pants legs and shifting his gaze on the arc of the circle in front.

"You all oughtn't to've done this. You made a big mistake. You shouldn't have brought me all the way out here. Please lemme go."

There was silence.

"What'cha gonna do with me? You ain't gonna hurt me? Oh, please. I'll do anything you say. I'll leave town. I'll go far away from here. Lemme go, lemme go!"

There was no answer. Only from far off a dog was howling at the moon and the crickets droned for a while, then stopped suddenly.

"You've come here, nigger," said the fat man, "because we've got no use for your kind back there in our town. We're gonna show you that we're the only ones that matter around here."

For a moment Josh Martin could see clearly the town in which he'd grown up, gone to school, worked, went to church sometimes. He knew well that long main street with the oak trees arching over it. There were big houses and small houses there, too. But at the end of the street was where he lived. It wasn't so many blocks away from the other homes—only a million miles and a thousand years.

The circle began to shift a little and Josh Martin was afraid, beads of perspiration stood out above his upper lip and on his long sloping brow. He'd heard stories like this, how the white men could get stirred up over nothing and sort of go mad as if they had a devil in their brains. Reading in the papers about lynchings and hearing tales from other towns he'd understood but somehow didn't believe. Of course, this couldn't happen to him.

But here he was now. He knew when the thing had happened this morning that it would eventually come to this. All day long he'd been in his home, lying on his bed, waiting. He couldn't think during that long afternoon. He couldn't remember during part of the night. He just lay there and waited.

Someone snapped a flashlight on and was shining it in his eyes. He blinked and turned his head a little to the side to escape the searing beam of light. Josh couldn't see who was holding the torch but the person was speaking to him. The voice was deep and would pause now and then to swallow.

"How old are you, Martin?"

For a minute Josh had to search his head for the answer.

"Twenty-eight."

"And how long you lived in Bradley?"

"Why, all my life."

"You been in Bradley twenty-eight years, Martin, and you know we been good to you. You helped us in our stores and you worked in our houses. We trusted you, Martin. Yeh, thats the trouble with the whole God damn lot of you. Give you a inch and you take a mile. We been too good to you."

Through the cloud in his brain he grabbed the thought darting around. Sure, they been good to me, as good as they knew how. They give me five dollars a week and they lemme walk their streets. They lemme keep my shack clean and they lemme breathe now and then. How much better could they be?

"Yeh, too good to you sons-of-bitches," the speaker continued. "And what do you do to pay us back. You rape our women and steal our food and lie around all day long. There's no place on God's earth for any of you."

You're right, mister, thought Josh. There sure ain't no place for us. You took it all away. You wont let us live and you won't let us die in peace. Just like you're sure gonna kill me tonight you might as well take us all and do it at one shooting. What's the good of dying slow like?

Someone else was speaking now behind his back. He didn't dare turn around because he knew his knees couldn't stand it. If he could only sit down this last night, this last hour, let him die not afraid.

"What are you all made of?" the fat man asked. "You ain't got no soul. You ain't got no brain. I sometimes wonder if you even got any blood. It's probably black blood, too, as black as you are."

A wail came up from Josh Martin's throat.

"Please don't kill me!"

There were one or two who laughed at this, and then Jim Wilkes said, "Kill you? Lord, Josh, you got us all wrong. You might've done bad but we ain't going to kill you. We just brought you out here to talk a few things over. Sort of get you straightened out. So you won't go wrong again."

Something seemed to flow out of Josh, like he was evaporating. When they had banged at his door that night he had known who they were and what they wanted. They had pushed the door open, dragged him barefoot from the room and shoved him into one of the two cars pulled up at the side of the street.

For an hour they had driven and then pulled off the main highway, going down a dirt road to this open field with the lone big oak. One man pulling, another pushing they had gotten him from the car, out on the ground. He had tried to resist them at first, his fists clenched and his neck stiffened but finally he realized that you can't fight men who had everything on their side.

And as he had stood in the circle he knew that this surely must be the end. But now they had said that they just wanted to talk to him. Jesus Christ! They were still speaking and he could sort of understand what they were saying but not completely. His brain had stopped on that "we're not going to kill you."

Free! No killing tonight. That meant that he could go back home, could get up tomorrow morning and wash his face and get dressed. He'd have to watch his step, be sorta quiet for a couple of days, but after all, he was gonna live.

"You mean," Josh said, "that you're gonna send me home?"

(Continued on following page)



THEN COME TO

FOWLER'S FOOD STORE

PHONE 9831

PHONE 6611



College Shu-Fixery

Harry'sistheplacetogowhenyouw
antamealorasandwichorabeerorif
youjustwanttogatherwithyourfri
endforagoodget-togetherinfactyo
udon'thavetomakeadatatomeetyo
urfriendsjustcomeandyou'llfindth
emsittingaroundwaitingforyou.

A Blue Vase

(Continued from page 12)

hotel room with the cracked, dirty wall-paper peeling in strips, the faucet in the bathroom that had leaked all night, and Phil's face when he had looked at her the next morning, his eyes knowing, almost cruel. Those things she had set herself to forget, and Phil too. Sometimes she almost succeeded, and when she had heard a year later that Phil had been killed in Italy, she felt little emotion, if any at all.

Anne told herself that it was "just one of those things." In moments of rationalization she blamed it on the war. It was 1942; men were going away to die; she was twenty-four and nothing had ever happened to her. So she had thrown herself frantically into the stream. She had no way of knowing that to simple, almost plain women like herself there sometimes comes a love that is great, a love that goes beyond flesh and mind, that is somehow a combination of both in exactly the right proportions. She knew that when she met John. To Anne their romance was incredible, and she often wondered what he saw in a timid person like herself. But most incredible of all, they both liked the same things. They were of one mind about a house in the coun-

try, and nothing would do but a hilltop and a view of the mountains. They would have dogs and sheep—and children, of course. Yes, it was a miracle. Even Anne's closest friends wondered how she had been able to get him, for John was a man with a future. Everybody said that some day he would be the best criminal lawyer in the state.

The chimes of the little French clock on the mantel struck seven and Anne got up to light the fire. She was lighting the candles when she heard John's step on the walk. Quickly she crossed the room and turned off the electric light. In her haste the sleeve of her blouse must have brushed the blue vase off the table. She heard the tinkle of fragile glass as it shattered at her feet. There wasn't time for regrets now. She stopped and picked up the fragments in her hands and carried them to the wastebasket. Then she went to the door. John was standing on the narrow stoop with the dimly lighted street behind him. Cold night air came into the room with him. The rough tweed of his coat scratched her nose, and then she lifted her face for his kiss. It mattered to neither of them that the door was open and the cold air blowing into the room, or that their embrace could be seen from the street. Then they moved apart and John closed the door. While he took off his coat and

Kind Home

(Continued from preceding page)

He took a tentative step forward and winced a little as he stepped on a sharp rock. Nothing happened. He began to walk, slowly at first, and then a little faster, confidence pushing every step. As he reached the white men they stepped apart and let him through the circle.

The group was breaking up behind him. He knew they weren't going to take him back in their cars but he didn't care. He'd walk from here to kingdom come and be glad of it.

The oak tree, silhouetted in the moonlight, was in front of him now. Better step on it, he thought, if I'm gonna get home by daylight.

Suddenly there was someone shouting at him and it sounded something like, "Run, run. Be a running target and make it a little hard for us."

His mouth started open and his eyes turned white with terror. Good God, what's happening, now what've I done, what is this?"

Somewhere behind there was a noise, not loud, not soft, like a sharp snap of a whip. And then it hit him and it was followed by another snap and then a bang and then a roar and then the heavens clapped together.

Near the oak tree Josh Martin lay face down, his arms crumpled under him, the old root of the tree digging into his chest. From the wounds in his head and in his back there was a slow trickle shining in the moonlight. For Josh Martin was bleeding into the dirt, and it was red blood, too.

went to warm his hands before the blazing fire, Anne brought in the steaks.

It was good to sit with the firelight and candlelight playing upon them and John praising her cooking. He chuckled when he saw the glass of wine made from her mother's grapes. It reminded him of the little white farmhouse up in the country.

"I'll never forget that first day you took me to see your folks," he said "I think that was the day I fell in love with you, Anne."

Could that have been barely two months ago? It had been a day she would never forget. Everything had seemed so right. Her two aging parents had liked John on sight, and he had liked them. He had walked with her father down to the barn to see the fresh Guernsey cow and the new silo while Anne helped her mother in the kitchen. After dinner they walked down the hill to the old mill dam where Anne had spent many happy hours as a child. She had wanted him to see it, to share the memories of her girlhood. "The old mill fell down years ago," she told him, "but it is still my favorite spot." They stood together in the tangle of honeysuckle vines on the stone dam and watched swift water foam on the rocks below. They looked down the narrow little valley at winding rows of corn

(Continued on opposite page)

in the shock, at the hillsides where sumac and maples were showing color, and they were silent for a long time. John had looked at her then the way he was looking at her now.

"I think I've found our hilltop," John said. "There's a pine knoll out beyond Milford Heights. I drove out this afternoon. It has just about everything, a view, and a spring down in the ravine. Could you go out with me to see it tomorrow after five?"

For a moment Anne didn't say anything. She just stared at him. John laughed. "I like the way your eyes shine. You look like a little girl who has just seen a Christmas tree."

They did the dishes together in the little kitchen, the way they always did. Anne washed and John wiped. Then they went back to sit before the fire. John took the big chair and filled his pipe. Anne pulled up the hassock and sat at his feet. For a time there was silence between them. The fire was warm on Anne's shoulders and the light played upon her brown hair. Then she looked at John. His right elbow rested comfortably on the arm of the chair, and his right hand cupped the bowl of his pipe. She reached out and took his left hand in both of hers. He pressed her fingers and smiled down at her.

"John, there is something I want to talk to you about."

"Yes, Anne."

"It's—I don't know how to tell you exactly. I've been thinking about the talk we had the other night—when you told me about Cecily—when you said you thought there should be only faith and honesty between us. That's the way I want it too, and so I think there is something I ought to tell you, John."

He shifted his elbow and took the pipe out of his mouth.

"All right, dear," he said playfully and the corners of his eyes crinkled. "Go ahead, but be careful. Don't disillusion me too much. What did you do, hold back a nickel from the collection plate when you were six?"

"Please, John, I want you to be serious."

"All right, I'll try," he promised. He straightened his face, but his eyes still twinkled in the firelight. Anne shut her eyes when she began to talk. "If his face changes, I don't want to see it," she thought. She told him quickly, without detail or emotion. After all he had been that way about Cecily. When she finished her heart was thumping and the pulse in her throat beat so hard it was painful. There was no sound in the room save the crackling of the flames and the ticking of the little French clock. Then she opened her eyes. John still held the pipe cup-

ped in his hand, and he was staring into the fire. One of the logs snapped, in two there was a shower of bright sparks, and he flinched. She could not see his eyes.

"John," she said.

He looked down at her. His face was serious. She gripped his hand tighter in hers.

"John!"

He laid the pipe down on the table beside the chair and patted the top of her head gently. "Yes, Anne."

"John, say something. Does this make any difference?"

He smiled at her. Then he picked up his pipe again and looked at it. It had gone out. He took his other hand from her fingers then and felt for a match in his pocket. His action was slow, deliberate. The light flickered on his features. The candles were burning lower, the tallow running down their sides and gumming on the holders. One of them sputtered weakly. John flicked out the match and threw it into the fire. He drew on the pipe for a few moments. Then he took it out of his mouth and looked at the bowl, thoughtfully.

"Anne," he said, and his voice was incredibly gentle, "of course this makes no difference to me. I'm sorry you have been hurt, that's all." He reached down

(Continued on following page)



Yes, you did say running water, but—!

Edge on Fashion

ROBBINS

of Durham

The Smartest Women's Shop in Town.

SERVING THE
COED

Featuring

Nationally Advertised

College Clothes

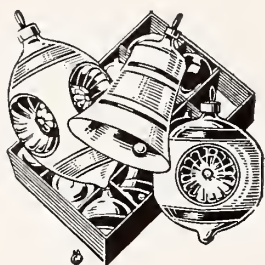
For:

Campus

Classroom

Dates

Dances



YOUR UNITED-REXALL
DRUG STORE

THE CAROLINA PHARMACY

wishes you a very
Merry Christmas

University
Service
Station

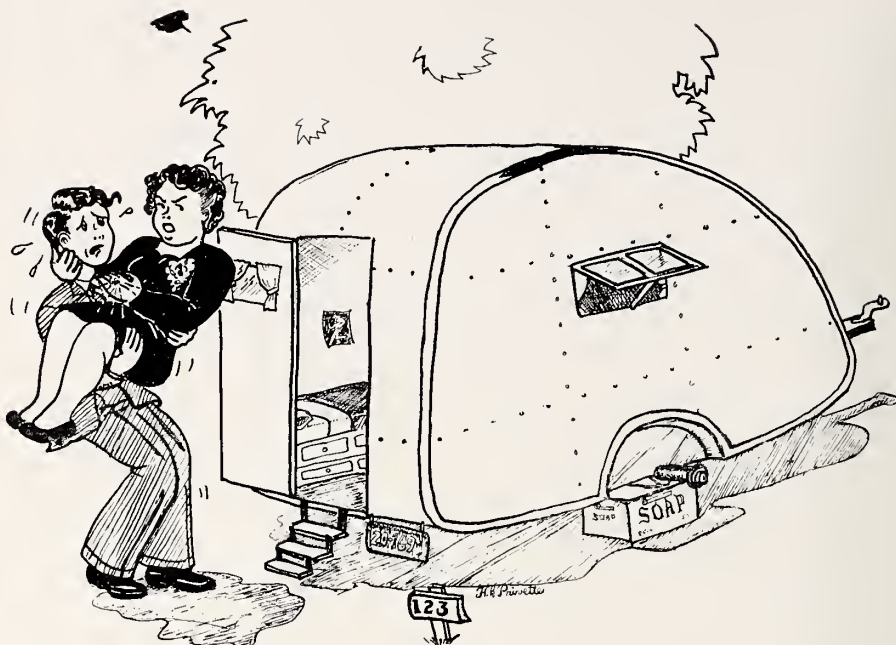
Odis
Pendergraft
Prop.



WHERE BOYS AND GIRLS MEET AND LOOK BETTER



CAROLINA BARBER AND BEAUTY SHOP



Oh, hell with tradition!

(Continued from preceding page)

and cupped her chin in his left hand. "And I can see that you have been hurt. What a cad he must have been."

"Oh, no, John, don't say that. I— if we can only forget it. I want so very much to forget it."

"We will forget it. We'll never mention it again. Cecily and Phil are just two people we never knew, beginning now. Is that a bargain?"

"Yes, John."

She took his hand again and laid her cheek against it. He felt the wet tears on the back of his hand. He bit down hard on the pipe stem and stared into the fire.

The little French clock began to strike ten. John leaned forward and knocked his pipe against the andiron. Then he put it into his pocket and stood up. Anne stood up, too.

"You are tired, Anne. You've had a hard day at the office and with the dinner, too. I'd better go and let you get

some sleep. Thanks for the dinner. I enjoyed it."

She held his hat while he put on his coat. Then she walked with him to the door.

"I'll pick you up at the office at five tomorrow," he said.

Anne had forgotten the pine knoll and the spring.

"I'll be ready, John."

He stooped and kissed her. She stood in the door with the cold air biting her face and watched his tall figure disappear in the shadows. Then she shut the door and turned back into the room. The toe of her shoe touched something on the rug. She looked down. There beside her foot was a tiny fragment of blue glass. She stooped and picked it up. Then she got down on her knees and began groping carefully with her fingers in the rough nap of the rug.

Peace

(Continued from page 20)

successfully—yes. We must surmount the terrific obstacles of national pride, the language barrier, old fears and old hates, ignorance, selfishness, and indifference. I can, in fact, imagine but one thing in the political world more difficult than the task of setting up a workable world government to keep the peace—and that is, to attempt to keep the peace without world government.

* * *

Mother (putting Junior to bed): "Shhh—the sandman is coming."

Junior: "Fifty cents and I won't tell Daddy."

Magazine

(Continued from page 1)

then they cannot support a second magazine on campus.

However, if there are workers on this campus game enough to overcome all the obstacles enumerated here in establishing a humor magazine, we will be glad to support them in every way possible. But the Carolina Magazine will fight the humor magazine, if the present combination is destined to go back to its pulp paper "also ran" status. A magazine of literary value alone cannot survive on this campus.

In summary we answer the humor magazine supporters: It's a fine thing, IF you can do it.

THE EDITOR

Dry Month

(Continued from page 14)

mind. Stanhope tried hard to categorize and decided that he was some uncreated character of O'Neill's. There was something desperately evil in him, something that split open his sensibilities and gorged his brain. That was it, and Stanhope felt relieved—a cubby hole is also a hiding place.

Ellen called him into dinner. It began to rain outside. As he went in Stanhope felt the eternal security of hearing rain deflected by a strong roof.

The next morning, Stanhope stopped a second at the door of the class just as he had two months ago at the beginning of the term, and as he had done at the beginning of every term since he began teaching. He remembered the morbid little prayer that there might be something new and vital beyond the door. Morton was beyond that door then, burning quietly in his seat.

He walked in. The faces had begun to detach themselves from the vile disharmonious blur of eyes and shirts that he had walked into two months ago. Now the familiar, dull faces looked calm and sane and safe. He didn't look to see if Morton was there, but when he called the roll there was no answer. A sadistic urge sprang up in Stanhope. He felt like grinding his heel in Morton's ugly snivelling face.

He gave a particularly dull lecture and dismissed the class early as compensation. When the room was empty, he took a piece of chalk and drew it across the blackboard and wondered how long he could deposit himself against the years. He felt a hair turn gray on his head. He wondered why he

hadn't gone into business, why he hadn't continued to write. He picked up a copy of Eliot and read Gerontion and Prufrock, but they too were in another time.

On the way home he wondered if he hadn't been wrong about Morton. The boy was sick and beaten and probably mad, but his words moved like cold winds. They unleafed the mind and made it shiver, bare and helpless in the lonely dark. Was truth worth that?

Was there any truth in loneliness and despair? Wasn't pain the only absolute thing?

It started to rain and Stanhope was thankful. He ran the rest of the way home and jumped breathlessly up the steps.

He couldn't concentrate on the paper after dinner, for as he stared at the words he was distracted by the uncomfortable noise of rain seeping into the house.



Post Office Box 187

Chapel Hill, N. C.

THE VILLAGE PRINTSHOP

Next Door to the Porthole

TELEPHONE F-3436

DANCE INVITATIONS — SOCIAL STATIONERY

We have an agency for Engraved Stationery.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

from

UNIVERSITY CLEANERS

Across from Post Office

4921

PHONE

9901





GIVE HIM SOMETHING PERSONAL



GIVE HIM SOMETHING SMART



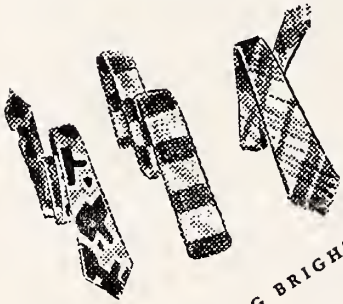
GIVE HIM SOMETHING COMFORTABLE



GIVE HIM SOME



GIVE HIM SOMETHING SPORTY



GIVE HIM SOMETHING BRIGHT



GIVE HIM SOMETHING WARM AND WOOLLY



Buy Your
Christmas Presents
at

Varsity

THIS YEAR





LAST DAYS OF THE PONY EXPRESS From St. Joseph, Mo. to Sacramento, Cal., across 2,000 miles of unknown territory with but one permanent settlement, the Pony Express rushed the U. S. Mail in 25 mile relays. Saddle bags were passed from pony to pony in all weather, against Indians and bandits. Mail written by the founders of the Kaywoodie organization was carried by these riders. In 1860 the Overland Telegraph Company began building the telegraph and as the lines advanced, the Pony Express operated only between the ends of the wire, and in 1862 became a picturesque memory. (Reproduction of illustration in colors and booklet illustrating Pipes, will be sent on receipt of 10¢ to cover mailing costs.)

KAYWOODIE grew up with America

For 95 years it has been our business to make the best pipes that enterprise, skill and research could produce. The first of the Kaywoodie family of pipes, in 1851, were known by the brand mark "C.P.F." and some may still be in existence. But Kaywoodie Pipes of 1946 are vastly better in balance, "feel," comfort of mouthpiece and smoking properties. We have added to manufacturing equipment and technique since the war. Each Kaywoodie is a pleasure to own. At dealer's \$3.50 to \$25. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London.

*Sweeter as the
years go by*



At left—the new "Ninety-Fiver," Apple shape \$20.

At right—the new "Centennial" Dublin shape \$25

Trade Mark



**KAYWOODIE
BRIAR**

"Kaywoodie Briar" means briar that has been imported, selected to meet our exacting requirements, and seasoned exclusively for Kaywoodie Pipes.



*Top off your
gift bundles with these
cheery cartons of
Christmas Chesterfields
... They Satisfy.*

Always
Buy
C**CHESTERFIELD**

RIGHT COMBINATION - WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS - Properly Aged

JANUARY

BANNERMAN

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

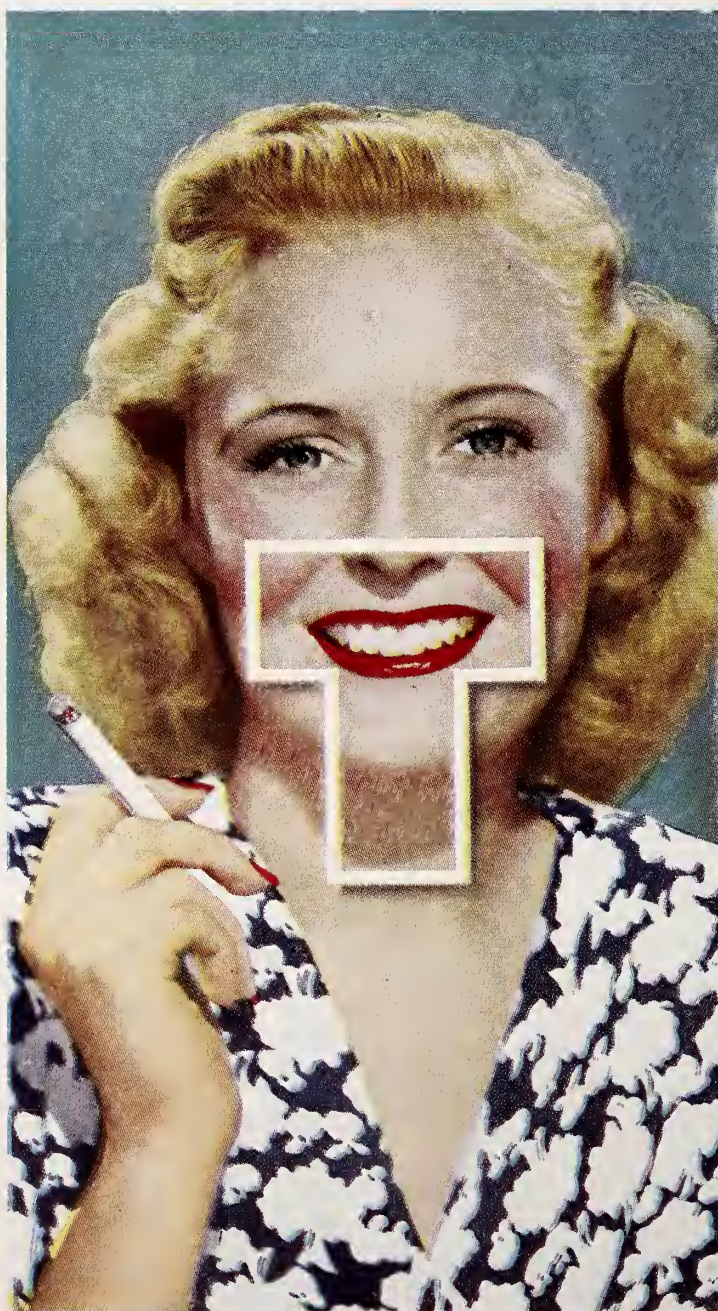
● Like the rest of us, doctors smoke for pleasure. Their taste recognizes and appreciates full flavor and cool mildness just as yours does.

And when 113,597 doctors were asked to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camels than any other brand.

Three nationally known independent research organizations conducted the survey. They queried doctors in every branch of medicine.



R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem,
North Carolina



*Your "T-Zone"
will tell you*

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

● Taste and Throat...your "T-Zone"
...that's your proving ground for
any cigarette.

See how your own critical taste
responds to the rich, full flavor of
Camel's choice tobaccos.
Tobaccos of uncompromis-
ing quality . . . tobaccos
blended in the fine, tra-
ditional Camel way.

See how *your* throat
reacts to the cool mild-
ness of Camels.

See if Camels don't
suit *your* "T-Zone"
to a "T."



FOOD!

\$1 MINIMUM PER PERSON
STEAKS, CHICKEN, SEAFOOD

DANCING!

COUPLES ONLY

OPEN 4 P. M. TO 1 A. M. EXCEPT MONDAYS

MUSIC!

GREENSBORO HIGHWAY

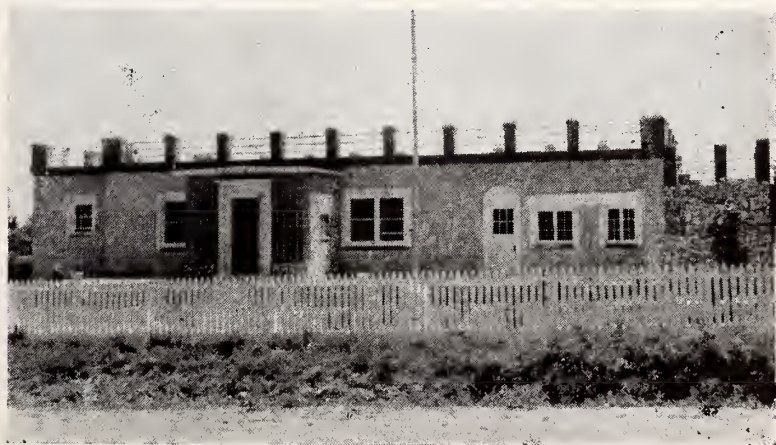
DIAL F-2091

T
E
R
R
A
C
E

V
I
E
W

S
U
P
P
E
R

C
L
U
B



If it's Valentine's
Day,
And you're not mak-
ing hay;
She'll cherish them
for hours,
If you say it with
flowers.



CHAPEL HILL FLOWER SHOP

DIAL

Day: 4851 Night: 6746

TRY OUR

Special Pound Cake
a la Mode with
Chocolate Sauce

CAROLINA COFFEE SHOP

We Serve the Best
in
Regular Dinners

Pictorially Speaking

TO THIS year's necrology* let us add another name. The corpse in question is the Astor theatre, a small but highly ambitious filmhouse in Durham. Somehow, someone took the rather absurd notion that foreign films might be a good idea in a town adjacent to two of the best Universities in the South. The absurdity of the idea was clearly seen in the half filled houses, the poorly attended shows. The old Astor theatre gasped and died. This week Fred MacMurray.

But this is a case where the mourners are the more to be pitied. After all, what do we come to college for? If Chapel Hill doesn't offer any more than the home town in Western North Carolina why bother to come over all those mountains? If conversation in Chapel Hill is nothing more than girls, boys and beer why leave the corner drug-store back home?

We espouse no political doctrines, we grind no axes beyond the very obvious one that the students are cheating themselves out of the best in college by deliberately keeping their eyes closed. We've seen Gene Autry before and we'll undoubtedly see him again, but Beatrice Lilly in "On Approval," Noel Coward's "Brief Encounter," "Pete Le-Moke," "Open City," and "The Lady Vanishes" have come and gone.

There's something wrong with an educational system that lets "education" connote a small, rather distasteful group in one or two places in town. Culture is not spelled "A-R-T-I-N-E-S-S."

In a reasonable number of years most of us will graduate. It would be nice if we're broader, then more rounded, aware that there's a world—our world. If all we're aware of after school is our home towns, places where we can take our diplomas, aren't we right back where we were before we came to the university?

Coming back to the matter of foreign films, the fight is not quite over. Gaunt E. Carrington Smith informs us that eight foreign films are booked for his theatre for the next quarter. These will run "if they make money."

Probably they won't make money. Probably they'll be replaced by the usual B or C pictures and we students, trapped in this "oasis" will run out into the desert again to see them.

But maybe we're in for a surprise.

(Continued on page 29)

* Necrology—A list of the dead.

BULL'S HEAD BOOKSHOP



University Library
Ground Floor

Browse, Borrow, or Buy

Books of Current Interest
Fiction and Non-Fiction

• FOWLER'S FOOD STORE •

FOWLER'S
FOWLER'S
FOWLER'S

FOR THE FINEST
FRESH FOODS,
PHONE FOWLER'S
9831 6611

FOWLER'S
FOWLER'S
FOWLER'S

• FOWLER'S FOOD STORE •

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Periodical of Campus Life
Published Since 1844

January, 1947

EDITOR: Fred Jacobson

MANAGING EDITOR: Jud Kinberg

BUSINESS MANAGER: Ben Perlmutter

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: John Sink

LITERARY EDITOR: Dick Seaver

FICTION

| | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------|----|
| EVERYTHING IS JUST LOVELY | Sigsbee Miller | 8 |
| GOLDEN THROAT | Bill Parker | 9 |
| THE VERY YOUNG LADY OF SHALOTT | Violet Fidel | 14 |
| A KIND OF CIRCUS | Don Justice | 19 |

FEATURES

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|----|
| PICTORIALLY SPEAKING | Violet Fidel | 2 |
| IN WHICH WE SERVE | Tom Eller | 5 |
| CAMPUS ARISTOCRACY | | 11 |
| THE FIRST MAN WHO SAW AMERICA | H. L. Ballew | 12 |
| LA LANGUE INTERNATIONALE | Bob Levin | 18 |

HUMOR

| | | |
|------------------------|------------------------------|----|
| CLOAK AND DAGGER | Dick Seaver and John O'Neill | 13 |
| CAMPUS CAMELOT | Clyde Stallings | 16 |

POETRY

| | | |
|-------------------|------------------|----|
| SONNET | Paul Ramsey | 12 |
| RIVER POEMS | Vincent Williams | 12 |
| POEMS | Vin Cassidy | 20 |

ART

| | | |
|--------------|-----------------|----|
| PIN-UP | Bill Ballew | 15 |
| COVER | LeRoy Bannerman | |

ART

Editor: WINKY ANDREWS

STAFF: John Davis, Allen Kaufman, Ben McKinnon, H. K. Privette, John Sink, James Somers, Clyde Stallings

LITERARY

Rosemary Cleveland, Violet Fidel, John S. O'Neill, William C. Parker, Paul Ramsey, Richard E. Stern, Margaret Whitney

PHOTOGRAPHY

Editor: ROBERT REAMS

STAFF: Bill Ballew, Stan Croner, Gerald Conrad

BUSINESS

ADVERTISING LAYOUT: Melco

STAFF: Hubert Aenchbacher, Barbara Biggers, Frieda Deans, Jean Eisenkoff, Charles Foley, Anne Hamlin, Marjorie Hollander, Florence Newman, June Sauer, Geraldine Williamson, Margaret Jean Taylor, Joe Foster, David Sharp

Copyright pending January, 1947, by Carolina Magazine

Published monthly during the school year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina. Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. Address all communications to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial. Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscription price of \$2.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.



This month's cover is designed not only to illustrate the abundance of activities on campus, but also the consistent conflicts in their meetings which baffle such big operators as Dan, the Dog, and the little Freshman expertly drawn by LeRoy Bannerman.

SOON THE World Student Service Fund will initiate a campaign to solicit funds in behalf of education abroad. We implore you to give. In this atomic world nothing could accomplish more to promote common understanding than education.

The future of the world lies in the hands of the students of today. Give money toward their education rather than having them acquire the same stupid beliefs that prevailed through generations and, particularly, to correct the mistaken impression that the occupying American soldiers left in their wake. In many foreign minds the American soldier has replaced Hitler's boisterous superman. Knowing such a situation to be a misconception those mistaken must be taught to appreciate the real American.

In such a program Carolina, too, could do its part. In view of the fact that our Glee Club is excellent and that it can earn money by giving public concerts, a nucleus of the group could use the profits to tour Europe, for Europeans must be shown that Americans treasure culture more than they do their money and weapons and other people's women.

This plan is not original. It has already been practiced with great success.
(Continued on page 32)



H O N O R

You sit next to them in class, but do you know them as campus leaders? Are they BMOC's in words or action?

In Which We Serve

by Tom Eller

HERE are several features incorporated in our Student Self-Government at Carolina which distinguish it for better or for worse from the majority of those in the rest of the Nation. Perhaps the most singularly unique characteristic is to be found in our attitude. As students we feel that the only real way to educate ourselves is under a system of freedom which is as nearly complete as is possible. For almost three quarters of a century there has been no hazing except among individual societies and fraternities on this campus. Men come and go as they wish; nobody says when to study or when to go to bed. The responsibilities are our own, and have been for more than a century. The Faculty and Administration share these convictions.

All of these attitudes and beliefs have been succinctly put into two laws, the Honor Code and the Campus Code. They date from the early 19th Century. The new student coming to Carolina expects to find a cumbersome definition of exacting regulations and a complex monitoring system. He is surprised to find that two words will clarify both codes for him—honesty and gentlemanliness. No one has to be told how to be honest; no one can be told how to be honest. It is something which comes from the mind of a member of the Christian Society and tells him clearly what to do. The Campus Code is equally as simply—"be a gentleman (or a lady) to the honest dictates of your conscience." These two codes, if practiced, will see any student through our University without his studying any other by-laws or binding procedures.

Yet, we are prone to misuse them. Many say that honesty will not allow them to cheat in class but that it does not apply to the fellow who sits beside them. They accept very little responsibility for the second part of the Honor pledge which states that the student will report any infraction of the Code which comes to his attention. This pledge does not try to make a "tattle-tale" of the student, but it does mean that honesty is not a one-sided thing.

With expanding classrooms in a period of haste and inattention, the Honor Code and the Campus Code face their greatest challenge. People are dismissed regularly by our Councils because they have interpreted the abstraction "freedom" as meaning that they could do anything they wished.

It is our duty to keep the word pure and to realize that its definition implies a specific duty to the rest of our campus society. As long as we apply the Honor and Campus Codes to the broadening of our character, we shall be able to grant its inefficiencies to our critics and still proudly defend it. But, if it becomes a mere tool behind which to hide, we will have a mockery of freedom rather than real freedom.

Let's look at what is probably the most distinctive piece of machinery in our system—the Student Constitution. Built upon tradition and practical experience, this document is now directly responsible for the other features. It doesn't seem unfair to assume that not ten per cent of the present Student Body have read the Constitution (a majority vote of twenty-five per cent of the duly enrolled students was necessary to ratify it.) Rather brief in comparison to many student constitutions, it consists of only eight Articles. Douglass Hunt, who, as Speaker of the Student Legislature, commissioned a group of student leaders and laymen to draw up the Constitution, must be designated as its father. (James Wallace and Al Lowenstein are the only two persons left in attendance who were actually on the original committee.) These people, working together, molded the document and saw it through months of bitter struggle in a constitutional convention. In early May of 1946, it was sent to the Student Body and was officially ratified on the thirteenth and fourteenth of that month.

The language is simple. It provides

On the political front perhaps no man's work is better respected than Tom Eller's. His sincerity of purpose and his tireless efforts characterized by unusual modesty qualify him well to analyze Student Government as critically as he does on these pages. Eller is not only Chairman of the Rules Committee and Speaker Pro-Tempore in the Student Legislature, but he has also taken part in the Carolina State Student Legislature as well as the Chicago Conference for College Students. His experience and interest in Student Government have proved him to be one of the outstanding student leaders on the campus today.

for, and outlines, a legislative, executive and judicial branch. It sets down the purposes and structures of the major activities on the campus, and ends by securing the Honor System and the Campus Code.

But the adversaries of the document have persistently charged that it is not simple! In the very first session of the Student Legislature under it, a bill to extend Co-Ed hours was passed. Later review proved the bill to be unconstitutional, but a lethargic Student Council dozed within its chamber and allowed the Administration to draw exception to the Bill. Seizing upon the lack of "protocol" and the "complexity" of the document, the Administration (meaning Dean House) declared the whole Constitution out of operation and void—a right which they clearly did not possess. (It was within the right of the Administration to suspend any provisions which fell within their realm of influence, but certain rights of Student Government have long since been established and secured.)

Charlie Warren, visibly disconcerted, made a rather frenzied speech to the Legislature in which he conceded (quite unnecessarily) every point made by Dean House and in which he recognized the obvious fact that most of the people sitting there were actually doing so illegally since the Administration had declared the Constitution out of operation.

However, after a hasty reconsideration between the Administration and Student Leaders, it was agreed that the Constitution be put "back into operation" with the exceptions of the provisions applying to Co-Ed affairs and the fee structure. Lowenstein, who paradoxically had been one of the sponsors of the trouble-making Co-Ed bill in the Legislature, was extremely aggressive in endeavoring to get the document declared legal.

Committees were appointed by President Dewey Dorsett to assist in working out the difficulties with Dean Fred

Weaver, who inherited the duties from Dean Mackie. It seems that all difficulties have now been erased except one—the fee structure. Apparently it is to remain a deep, dark mystery as to who shall administer the fee system—the Administration or the Students. Six months ago it was promised that the Trustees would be given the opportunity to decide this issue once and for all. No official statement has been made by either Dean Weaver or President Dorsett. (The Constitution sets April as the deadline for fee adjustments for the coming year and such procrastination is seriously jeopardizing a good opportunity to lower fees for students.)

All factors considered, it seems true that the Constitution is now indirectly responsible for a greater amount of inefficiency in Student Government than any other feature. The fault is not to be found entirely within the document itself. Rather, it is to be found in the people who have the responsibility of making it work. Dean Weaver issued a report on the Constitution which advocated changes that Students themselves settled in conventional wrangling and finally in the vote. It appears that much of the ground gained by our predecessors under Dean Mackie is being lost by present leadership because it is yielding to Dean Weaver even after he intimates that he is not in favor of the Constitution. The Constitution has been criticized because it creates a jurisdictionally ambiguous court system. This need not be a valid criticism if the Student Council (of which Ray Jeffries is President) were to comply with its Constitutional mandate by setting up rules of procedure for itself and the Subordinate Councils. During the two weeks in which the Student Constitution was inoperative, a case which had received a great deal of unfavorable publicity bounced around between the Student Council and the Men's Council without either one seeming to know whose business it was. It would have been fairly simple for the Student Council to define jurisdictional boundaries in this case. As it happened, Student Government lost a great deal of prestige because of the highly confusing "reversals" and "re-trials." It is also the duty of the Student Council to render interpretative decisions upon the constitutionality of legislative enactments. If any such decisions have been made, they have not been publicized. Such is the case all through the Student Activities. The leaders do not understand the Constitution because they have not read it. The obvious result is that confusion arises and "complexity" is charged.

Let's look at the Student Legislature! Although it now receives its authority from the Constitution, it actually antedates the document by about eight years, having been established in 1938. Formerly, every dormitory elected a representative to the Legislature, but a new system was begun with the adoption of the Constitution in May of 1946. Proportional representative districts were set up; elec-

Pictured here are only some of the more influential campus leaders.

Photos by Wootten-Moulton



Alex Davis
Politics: UP Style

tions were scheduled at two separate times in the year, May and December. The term of office was set at one calendar year. Within this academic year the system of representation has come into the need of revision. This has been brought about following the establishment of Quonset huts, Trailers, and Temporary Housing units as residences for students. The Legislature, despite the conscientious efforts of Charles Warren, has accomplished amazingly little since last May. The most note-worthy thing it seems to have done has been the codification of its own by-laws. It now operates under a particularly efficient system as compared with the regulations Warren found when he entered office.

Instead of the old system of meeting every other week, Charlie has the body meet for three consecutive times in the first half of the quarter, followed by a recess of two weeks. Three more consecutive meetings in the last half conclude the quarterly schedule. This sessional system is attractive in theory and helpful in the respect that members have a recess for mid-term examinations. Unfortunately, it has failed to alleviate the standing problem of attendance. Recent legislation sponsored by Winston Broadfoot, Chairman of the Rules Committee, was aimed at this problem. Broadfoot also sponsored a bill which abolished proxies—a simple remedy to a difficult technicality.

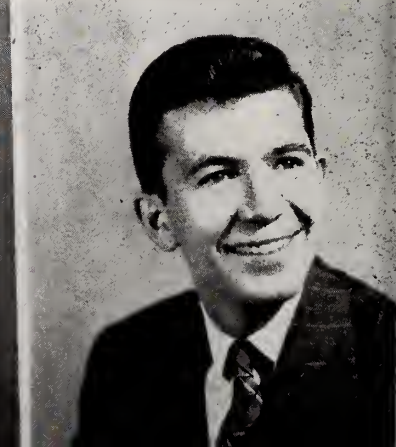
The election returns in December leave the two Political Parties, the University Party and the Student Party, in a virtual balance. There have been relatively few "party-line" breaks in the Legislature. This is entirely in contrast to the partiality shown at the polls. The Dormitories elected everyone of the Student Party Candidates for the Legislature except one in December; the Town District elected all of the University Party Candidates except one. Obviously, this is detrimental to the health of Student Government. Alex Davis, Chairman of the University Party is himself in the Legislature, and so far, has shown little disposition to pursue strict party lines. There is no indication that he

Ray Jeffries
Student Council's Leader

Jimmy Wallace
"Old Man" of campus skullduggery

Chuck Heath
Politics: SP Style

Bill Woestendiek
Keeper of the Brickbats





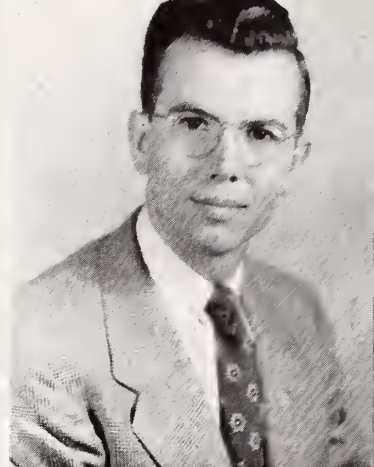
Fran Golden
Law to the Women



Charlie Warren
Legislature Boss



Sybil Goerch
Coed Senate Diplomat



Pete Pully
Men's Council Chief Justice

will begin now unless his unfavorable reaction to the bill to disburse polling places be regarded as an indication. The Chairman of the Student Party, Chuck Heath, has done more Party work than Davis and has moved the Student Party into a strong contending position. Heath has been an extremely active lobbyist at Gerrard Hall and at times has had difficulty concealing his concern over measures. Winston Broadfoot has probably introduced more bills than any other representative and could write his ticket to any of the offices or committees in the Legislature. Joe Byrd has been an extremely efficient clerk—a rare thing to be able to say about that position. James Wallace is the parliamentary wizard and seems to take a boyish delight in opposing Charlie Warren—which delight is heartily returned!

There are many distinguishing features to our Council System besides those which have already been mentioned in discussing the Constitution. We probably have more councils here than has any other University in the United States. All of them have disciplinary authority of varying types and degrees. Here are some of them: (how many have you ever heard of?) The Student Council, the Men's Council, the Women's Council, the Men's Interdormitory Council, the Women's House Councils, the Men's Dormitory Councils, The Interfraternity Council, the Pan-Hellenic Council, and the House Privilege Board. All of these named may directly suspend a student from either University lodging or from the classroom itself.

If you live in a Dormitory, either the Men's Dormitory Council or the Women's House Council should be very familiar to you. Yet, there is strong possibility that the men, at least, have never heard of the Men's Dormitory Council. This is easily understandable since as recently as last quarter one dormitory elected its legislator at a House meeting. This method had been discontinued more than nine months at the time of the pseudo-election.

The fact is that each quarter every separate Men's dormitory meets to elect floor counselors and a President. These form the Council for that Dormitory and have the right to try persons for property damage and misconduct. Records do not show a single conviction from these Presidents and Counselors—this in the face of repeated property damage and complaints regarding conduct.

The Inter-fraternity Council has been reasonably energetic, but its Chairman, Whit Osgood, is also Chairman of the House Privileges Board. The two boards have conflicting ambitions which do not make it practical to have a single chairman for both. (In addition, Osgood is on the Student Council). The Men's Council under the able and sincere leadership of Pete Pully, defeated University Party candidate for President, appears to be the sole redeeming factor in an otherwise lackadaisical Men's Court system. It has repeatedly acted for the benefit of the Student Body while

at the same time bolstering the Honor System and the Campus Code through orientational writings and the reporting of cases.

Fran Golden, as President of Women's Government, and Sybil Goerch, as Speaker of the Co-Ed Senate, take their jobs very seriously. Both demonstrated their maturity by disfavoring two o'clock permission for women except for special occasions as prescribed. They have demonstrated a higher degree of diplomacy with Dean Carmichael, new Dean of Women, than the men have done with Dean Weaver.

Moving out into the Boards and Committees, let's see if
(Continued on page 20)



Dewey Dorsett
Leader of the Gang

GOOD MORNING, Miss—uh—” Gladys Rebecca Smithers, dean of women at Gates-Landers College (pre-war enrollment 1000, a pearl of learning set squarely into the squalor of the uneducated masses of the Missouri Ozarks), hurriedly consulted a neat white card on her desk, then smiled up at the girl who stood before her.

“Miss James, of course.”

She indicated a chair and the girl sat down. Everything about Lois James clashed with the modernity and the expensiveness of the spacious office, done smartly in pale wood and soft green leather. She was perhaps eighteen and looked twenty-five. Her figure, if indeed she had a figure, was lost somewhere within the bundlesome brown coat she had not removed. The sleeves were too long and ended too far below the wrists, half concealing the reddened, chapped hands. Her face, half hidden in the shadow of a broad-brimmed felt hat that bore a remarkable resemblance to the silver-buckled derbies of Pilgrim paternity fame, was of a leathery texture, much the color of her hands. Black mud-spattered galoshes gave sturdy, if unlovely protection to the unstocking legs.

Miss Smithers took in all these things in a moment of swift, experienced appraisal and made a mental note to be especially nice to the poor mite, all the while dismissing a hysterical and perfectly unnatural impulse to call in the girls from the outer office to share the spectacle with her.

Just feast your eyes, you civilized young things, upon what the Call of Education has brought into our midst. It walks, it talks, it probably even eats. A country hick? Nay, a thousand times

Everything Is Just Lovely

by Sigsbee Miller

I’m getting old. I can’t take it any more.

She smiled again at the girl and said kindly, “You’re interested in enrolling with us.”

“Yes, ma’am.” The girl’s face betrayed no emotion save a dispassionate interest in a black ant that was exploring the uncompromising firmness of an appallingly muscled leg.

“And your plans?”

“I wrote.”

How lovely, thought Miss Smithers. You wrote, and of course I have nothing to do but put to memory every damn precious word of your brilliant correspondence. You wrote and everything’s settled. I go on from here. You *don’t* talk, do you? Come, come, now. Even the alligator woman at the circus talks and I heard a squawk out of the two-headed baby once.

Miss Smithers smiled again, with a kind of impersonal interest, and probed the girl gently.

“Of course, I remember your letter. But just what arrangements had you made about—er—coming to Gates-Landers?”

“They said I could work.”

Oh, they did, did they? Maybe you could. We haven’t had a decent hog-caller in years and I suppose there’s always room for one more in the butcher corps. We might even teach you tricks and you could perform for our Sunday visitors. Dogs learn tricks.

She smiled again. “Of course. Many of our girls work to meet part of their expenses. But usually—” her smile broadened and she spoke as one might speak to a confidante—“but usually they have made some sort of arrangements for at least half of their expenses.” She leaned forward with an expectant smile.

“I got three hundred dollars.”

Amazing. Positively amazing. Imagine a girl your age with three hundred dollars. Why, that’s more than some tenant farmers in Georgia make in a year. A bumper crop of eggs this year, no doubt, and maybe Ma decided to forego the annual pregnancy in the interests of the family budget and your cultural betterment.

“That would seem to be quite adequate,” she said, still smiling. “Did you have an specific work in mind?”

At this, the girl began to thaw out a little. “I can cook and sew and do almost any kind of housework.”

Miss Smithers made a notation on the card. “We’ll put you down for housework then, possibly waiting on tables. Now then, you brought your high school record?”

The girl dug in the cracked handbag that reposed in decadent patent leather glory in the folds of her coat and brought forth a sheaf of typed papers. She half rose to hand them to Miss Smithers and settled back in her chair, her former apathy transformed into what was almost pride.

“I did real good, they said. A’s on almost everything. Salutatorian.” She leaned forward confidentially. “Everybody said I’d have been valedictorian if Leona Gray’s father hadn’t been on the school board.”

Then damn Leona Gray and her father and her father’s father and the whole damn Gray family.

Miss Smithers found the papers in order and turned again to the girl.

“You plan to enter in September?”

“I won the scholarship medal and I took second place in the 4-H Club dress show in the tenth.”

“That’s very interesting—” Miss Smithers was beginning to lose, by painful inches, the patience for which she was famed at Gates-Landers, and which the faculty wives always cited as proof positive that the school just couldn’t afford to lose a dean of women who had such a way with girls. “Very interesting, but I really haven’t much time and we must get this settled as quickly as possible.” She spoke firmly but kindly.

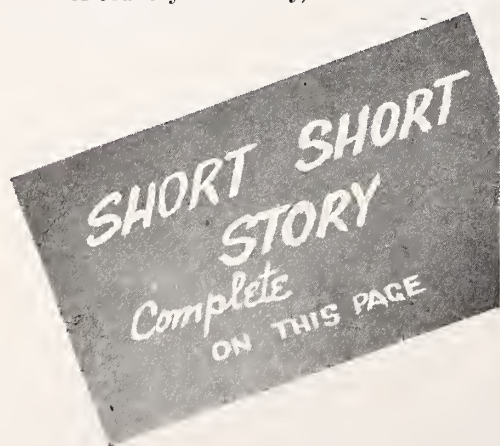
The interview was over but the girl was beginning to warm to the situation and showed no inclination to leave. She launched into an exhaustive account of her family’s history, from the time Grandma James had piloted the family buggy from New England into the wilds of the mid-west up to the impending addition of an eighth member of the James’ clan.

So I was wrong, thought Miss Smithers wearily, about the baby. The habit must be harder to break than I thought.


The girl finally took her departure, promising to return in September.

Now where in Hell, thought Miss Smithers as she smiled in dismissal, did that three hundred dollars come from?

I’m getting old.



nay! A potential Carrie Nation, a Florence Nightingale in mufti, a Mary Baker Eddy in rags, a reincarnated Lillian Russell. She has heeded the call of learning, which will not be denied. The is of the trodden class, the holders of our destiny. . .Hear ye, Hear ye. . .



GOLDEN THROAT

by Bill Parker

THAT'S ABOUT the angriest I've ever been. I was only about sixteen years old then, but I was old enough to know how to hate Durban. I didn't hate the folks in Durban the way some of my Alba friends hated them. They hated them just to be hating something and have someone to be nasty to, but I learned to hate them the hard way.

Durban was just a few miles from Alba, but that few miles made all the difference in the world. As a matter of fact, Durban could hardly be called a town, because every time anyone did anything good to build the town up or tried to have any organization and order, the effort fell through. Someone in the town had to muscle in and make bad use of the power given them to organize. Power bred hate, hate bred more hate, and as long as I can remember the town was just one big mud hole producing more mud holes.

Well, getting back to the day my blood was boiling, I sat in our car watching the mob of people with expressions of hate on their faces and guns and clubs in their hands making the hearse turn around and not leave the body it contained at the grave prepared for it in the cemetery. The body was Mr. Hawkins, Amos Hawkins.

My Dad used to say there never was a better man in Durban than Amos Hawkins. My Dad was a lawyer, and I guess he was the only lawyer who would ever take cases

(Continued on page 24)

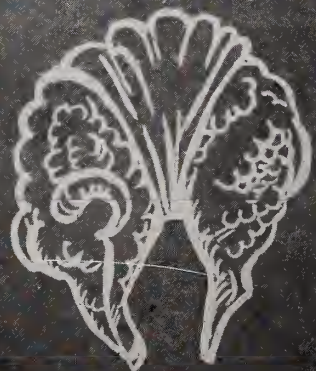
John E. Sink

January
1947

Dear Bill,

Why the Fleece? The Golden Fleece has long been the most respected honorary group here. The service that this group does the campus is not as tangible as the work of the Grail and other organizations, but the very fact it meets secretly frequently and its members discuss campus problems seems to indicate a value that cannot be overlooked. The Fleece was founded by Dr. Henry Horace Williams, Carolina's famous philosopher-scholar, during the early years of the century. In the words of Dr. Williams as taken from an editorial in the Daily Tar Heel of May 8, 1938, "On the campus at the time (of its foundation) there were eight different cliques of students and there was no University spirit. There were two or three fraternity cliques, and some dormitories which had rallied into separate groups. There were a group of scholars, a group of gay and giddy men, and a group of athletes. We figured out the plan....and decided to select one outstanding man from each clique for membership. These eight men were brought around the table so that little groups on the campus would perish, so that a University spirit would be created. It was quite a shock when the greatest scholar and the finest athlete sat side by side at (continued on page 22)

Campus



aristocracy

September
1946

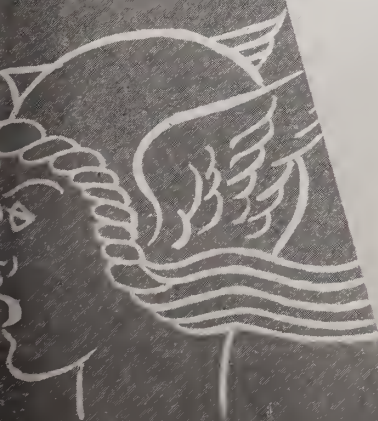
Dear Ann,

I do hope you've had a delightful summer. I know you are busy now with thoughts and plans of returning to Chapel Hill. Please enjoy this year to its fullest because you really do miss it when you realize you won't be going back anymore. It has just occurred to me this month since I've been here in Petersburg that there really is something in Chapel Hill that you can't find anywhere else. I'm doing "Y" work here, but even though I like it a great deal, there just isn't the invigorating atmosphere here that one finds at Carolina.

You asked me about information concerning Valkyries to be used in your talk during Orientation week. I think it is fine that you will have an opportunity to put it before the new girls because, since it is a purely local organization, the girls are not as familiar with it as they would be with Mortar Board.

I really know very little about the history of Valkyries. It was founded, or rather changed, from Alpha Kappa Gamma to its present status as Valkyries in 1940. I think it was made Valkyries because the Golden Fleece was also a purely local organization and Valkyries was supposed to correspond to it in some way.

As you know, Valkyries has as its basis for membership the (continued on page 22)



The First Man Who Saw America

"Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests."

Emerson spoke those words to the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, in 1837, to usher in the golden age of literature in the United States. Our poets had been writing about skylarks, not native to this country. They had been rhyming of flowers that never bloomed on our slopes. It was two hundred years after Jamestown, and Plymouth Rock. Yet, our artists, looking at our forests, saw only English parks. America needed a man to blaze a literary trail. Ralph Waldo Emerson did just that. The spark of his genius caught on. In 1848 Walt Whitman published *Leaves of Grass*; Mark Twain published *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* in 1865. The United States, already through Hawthorne, and the Concord group, had the nucleus of a great literature, and as Emerson had forecast in the same address, America was beginning to use native material, to claim her heritage as her own.

Emerson can still be a great source of inspiration to anyone interested in self-expression. To any person with an ambition to write he still offers advice of a most practical nature. Should we imitate the masters?

"Meek young men grow up in libraries," Emerson says in *The American Scholar*, "believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books . . . Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression . . . when the whole cry of voices is on the other side."

Do you feel discouraged? To those Emerson says: "Doubt not . . . but persist. Say, 'It is in me, and shall out' . . . stand and strive, until, at last, rage draw out of thee that dreampower which every night shows thee is thine own."

Do we lack something to write about? "Banks and tariffs, the newspaper and caucus, Methodism and Unitarianism are flat and dull to dull people, but rest on the same foundations of wonder as the town of Troy and the temple of Delphi and are as swiftly passing away. Our logrolling, our fisheries, our Negroes and Indians, our boats, the northern trade, the southern planting, the

(Continued on page 31)

Sonnett

By PAUL RAMSEY, JR.

The foreign hours then and in the wake
Of whitest flame and bluest spume of sea
By night we kept the watch and could not shake
The twin dark hands of fear and memory.

And moon that other lands had too seen curve
As high, as big, but rich with lovers' deeds
Was now a match to touch along a nerve
Of tensing fear and light torpedo needs.

But here return and fierce impace of home
Sets worlds awhirl and then will bring them down
And focus them: in fish bowl all of form
And all of battle's being in a frown.

And now, like a clock hand, winds the year
With distance doomed to nowhere; all is here.

River Poems

By VINCENT WILLIAMS

I

Oh man,
Living beside the river,
Listen and watch.

This moving muddy river
Cutting through our land,
Is alive . . .

Watch this river
Though you've dammed it,
Enslaved it
And made it turn your turbines.

Watch it,
It is alive.

In that lazy summer current,
Sleeping,
Lies the power
To sweep away your works!

Oh man,
Oh little man,
Raise walls
Around your cities
Lest they be swept away.

The river,
Watch it,
It is alive.

Oh man,
(Sometimes called great)
Listen to the river
It is alive,
And you can tame it
Quicker,
Yes much quicker
Than yourself.
Oh man beside the river.

II

River,
It is summer,
Flow slowly,
Quietly.

The day is hot,
Be cool,
River,
To the naked boys.

It is summer,
Be generous
To the fishermen,
To the willows,
Weeping,
Upon your banks.

Be gentle,
River,
To the boats,
Large
And small.

River,
It is summer,
Hurry not.
Be silent and meek,
Lest they see,
These naked boys,
These dozing fishermen,
These people watching from
the boats,
Lest they see and remember,
And fear
Your power soul
And flee,
As they do in Spring!



With this article, the Magazine sets forth for both readers and authors its policy, the ground roots from which it hopes more and better Carolina literature will grow.

Cloak and Dagger

The real lowdown on campus politics exposed by
DICK SEAVER and JOHN O'NEALL

MORTIMER S. TITWILLOW VII banged the gavel three times resoundingly against the top of his triangular-shaped head.

Far across the campus, a freshman, vainly floundering in the mud on his way to a three o'clock class, though the South Building bell had tolled his knell (O Hell! O Hell!) and gasped despairingly, "Goodness gracious sakes alive! This nasty old tradition," and sank out of sight.

Back in Mortimer's room, Titwillow Number VII was perched atop the radiator. He smiled benignly at the group standing before him, both his teeth shining brightly under the glare of the spotlight directed upon him.

Neatly dressed in top hat and tails, he blew the hair out of his eyes and adjusted his bow tie with political dignity, then slowly raised his right hand over the heads of the assembled campus politicos and said gravely, "Hey, how you?"

"Hell, Titwillow," they chanted, raising their right arms spontaneously.

"That's heil," Mortimer reminded them sharply. His 3' 11" frame quivered with emotion.

"Fellow genii," he continued, "I humbly apologize for the lack of accustomed furniture in my humble quarters."

"Humble," they chorused in hypnotic tones.

"But we must sacrifice everything to the cause of the party."

"Everything," the brains echoed.

Mortimer leered knowingly at Betty Ann Blue, the famous female politician, then continued: "We are gathered here today to decide the fate of the campus for the coming year. That is to say, we have met here this afternoon to choose the candidates we wish to represent the *Sons and Daughters of the Campus Revolutionary Party*, of which you all are blood members. *Red blood!*" he finished emphatically.

The brains giggled foolishly. "I get it!" one of them said.

Mortimer raved on. "To carry our standards we must choose a man well-qualified in character, experienced in the ways of the world and of the campus; intelligent, industrious, safe, reliable, courteous (Your driver: Roger Thesaurus), loyal, admired, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. But we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot

hallow . . ." He gestured frantically.

Betty Ann Blue punched Mortimer in the ribs. "Psst," she whispered, "someone's already used that."

Mortimer blushed becomingly, and continued, nonplussed. Plusses were only for organizations not in the red.



"Now I don't want to influence this gathering by any unfair pressure, nor do I desire to wield my acknowledged authority in this (hee! hee!) democratic organization," he said, drawing from his coat pocket the I.O.U.'s he had won in the previous night's poker game and waving them above the assembly, "but after lengthy, prolonged, protracted and extended consideration, I can think of only one man foolish—I mean qualified enough to accept this nomination."

"Who, Titty, tell us who," they cried, clapping their hands gleefully.

"Order!" Mortimer shouted, banging the gavel once again against his head, which by now showed obvious signs of becoming square.

The assemblage dropped to their knees and kissed the cold stone floor reverently, cowed by their leader's command.

"As I was saying, I know of only one man worthy to represent this party for

the highest campus office . . ."

The Party burst out in song.

"We know who, we know who;

You're that one; him is you—all.

Titwillow! Titwillow! Titwillow!"

Overcome by the spontaneity of the acclamation, Mortimer swooned and toppled from the radiator.

Walt Stupor, famous campus athlete used for publicity purposes by the party, who had been doing push-ups over in the corner, came over, picked Titty up tenderly by the left ear lobe, and deposited him atop the radiator once again, flexing a bicep coyly at Betty Ann Blue as he did.

Mortimer modestly twisted his red bandanna handkerchief with nervous fingers.

"Benigne, benigne, meae amicitiae. Omnia Gallia est divisa tres partes, but I couldn't really accept it, really I couldn't. No, the man I have in mind is none other than Rummy Jealous, fourteen times defeated for the position of the Daily Mud Hole, and this University's distinguished representative to the Annual Mule Grower's Conference at Warsaw, Tennessee. I give you—Rummy Jealous!" he shouted, falling once again from the radiator as he directed the spotlight on the door at the far end of the room.

The aforementioned BMOC stalked into the room with a copy of "Who's Who in Siberian Colleges and Universities" under his arm, and preceded by an armed guard of sixteen.

"Hail to thee, Blithe Spirit," the members cried. "To the rostrum with thee. Get thee to the rostrum!"

They carried him on their shoulders to the radiator.

"Speech! Speech!" they cried.

"Duh . . . well I . . . duh . . ." he began.

"Hip, hip, hooray!" they shouted, "You're our man!"

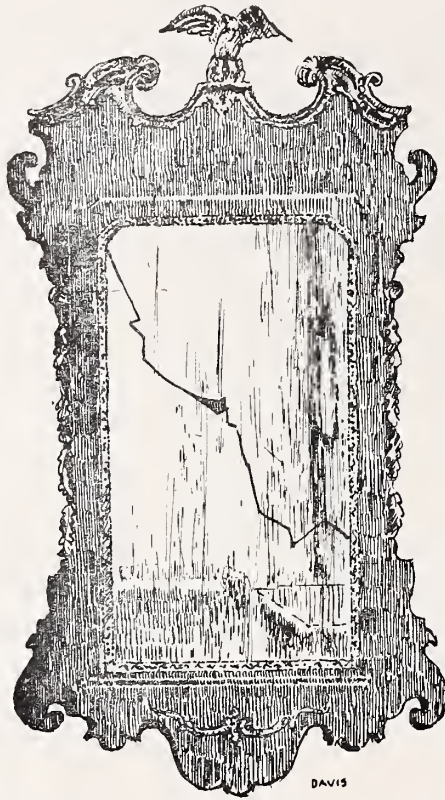
"Yeah, hip," Mortimer leered at B. A. once again.

"Duh . . . well, I would like to tank youse-all fer da . . . fer da fine spirit showed me on dis here occashun. As me old gray-haired mudder used ta say: duh . . .!"

Titwillow shoved him from the rostrum. "See," he told the gathering, "he's all I said he was and more!"

Suddenly a loud wailing and gnashing of teeth was heard from the back of the room. All eyes turned toward

(Continued on page 32)



The Very Young Lady of Shalott

by Violet Fidel

"And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott."

—Tennyson

IT WAS hot waiting in the vestibule of the school, all bundled up in her white fur coat and the red hat and matching mittens Louise had given her for last Christmas. It was hot and it was stuffy and difficult to wave at Monique and Peter and Michael, the boy, and the other Michael, the girl, as they went by because Lana had the picture package under her arm and the book of King Arthur stories too.

She wished Louise would come, so they could leave the shiny silver school lobby. Now that almost everyone was gone, Lana felt uncomfortable standing there, shifting from foot to foot. She had never stayed so late before, because every other day, she went home herself, quick, rabbit-like in her white coat, slid out past the children and their mothers, ran the block to the bus. Talking made her miss it, and the next one that came by was crowded and she never got a seat. Anyhow, Lana didn't like the children at this school so much. She was glad not to talk to them, glad she had to run.

Now Cecily Lewis went by with her mother and said "Hello, how are you?" in a low, sweet voice. She and her mother had the same silver colored hair. Cecily sang. All the children at school sang or danced or acted on the radio or the stage. Louise said they were a lovely lot of children but Lana did not think

so. They were too high in the nose and had hard, sad eyes. Daddy had had sad eyes but it had been different with him.

She watched Cecily and her mother go out through the block plate-glass door, and a shiver went through her wispy body. In the other school, the one on Sixty-seventh Street, they used to say that a little girl who had gone into the basement for you know what had never come out again. They used to say a little girl should never go to the basement alone, or stay in the halls because there were big men, hairy men, and if they caught little girls with their big hairy hands it was bad, bad . . . She turned around sharply as the wind rattled the door and clutched tight to the picture and the book under her arm. But that had been the other school, the one on Sixty-seventh Street, where the children were named Mary and Patsy and Robert and played noisy games with you.

It was different from this school. There were no large men lurking here. Of that she was sure. Almost sure. She tightened her red mittened hand around the picture and wished Louise would hurry up and come.

In the other school they had asked her was she named Lana for Lana Turner, the blonde movie actress and she had not known. When she had asked her mother, Louise had answered, "No, indeed, she was named for her Spanish grandmother who died young for the love of a nobleman." But Daddy had laughed and said, "Tell her the truth. Whom did you name her for, Louise?" She never understood. Daddy always laughed when Mother . . . Louise . . . did not. But now Daddy was dead.

What was dead like? Sometimes she wondered what it would be if she were dead. She would close her eyes and try very hard to make herself see only black. Was that dead? Sometimes she saw purple and yellow and flashy. Could that be dead? When she told Louise what she did, Louise had been more pleased than she thought she would be, and laughed and said, "Oh what an actress that child will make!" But she

knew Daddy would never have said that.

Daddy laughed whenever she recited poems, or danced or sang for people and Louise did not. She only smiled so that all her Sunday dress button teeth showed. But Daddy would not have laughed when she talked about death hairy-man, flashy yellow death. Daddy Dead-daddy in the picture.

It was dark in the hall, even the soda water neon lights across the street looked dull and pinky instead of red. Outside it was cold, sharp cold, she knew, but she would wait for Louise there.

She could not see people's faces as they passed by, only hear their foot steps, click-clack, men's and women's. Across the street the little photo shop where she had gone to get Daddy's picture made was just closing. The man in there was very nice, he had a gold tooth and a voice that laughed just like Daddy's. When she told him that, he smiled and wanted to know was that Daddy in the picture, the soldier, and she said "Yes. He is dead, dead in the war and this is for my mother. A surprise for her."

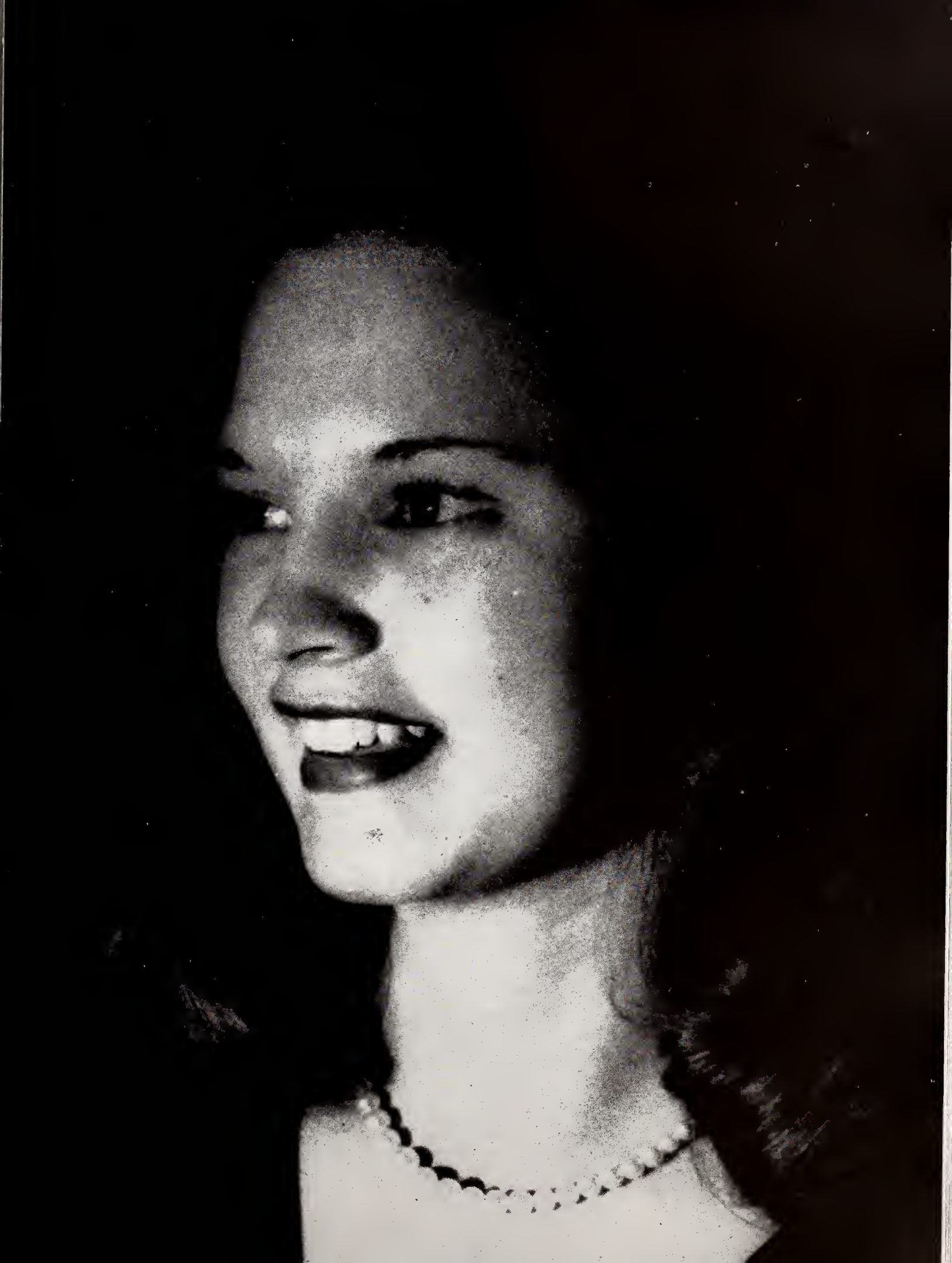
The man had called his wife and told her about that like it was a story and they had both looked at Lana and shook their heads slowly. People always did because she went about things alone and she was only nine. When she rode on the bus they looked at her, too, but she didn't mind doing things that way. Only sometimes she did.

War. What was war like? Louise said it was very sad and her voice became far off and misty when she talked about it and finally stopped before she had said anything. But if the war was sad why did people fight? How could it be all sad when Louise would never have

(Continued on page 21)

Violet Fidel, winner of last year's Koch Memorial Award for Playwriting, turns her talents to the short story field with the same freshness and delicate perception of character which has characterized all her literary efforts.

It would not be called mockery
To praise the beauty of Dockery;
Photographed here by Bill Ballew
Who modestly said: "This must do."
Are you kidding, Bill!



CAMPUS CARME

SAUL PAYEMOFF,
CHAIRMAN OF THE
P.H.O.O. (POLITICAL
ARRANGUE ORATORS OR-
GANIZATION) HAS JUST
INVITED MOLOTOV TO
SPEAK TO THE CAMPUS.
HOPE HE WILL COME,
BUT WILL SETTLE
FOR ELLIOTT
ROOSEVELT.

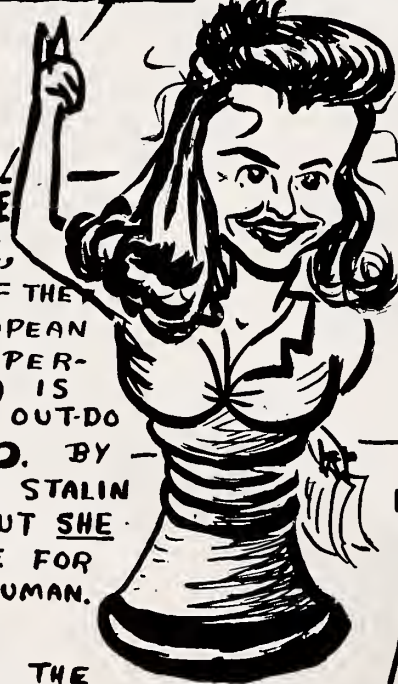


CHELSEY QUORUM

SPEAKER OF
THE STUDENT
CONGRESS; PRES. OF
TIRADE DEBATE GROUP,
THE EPSOM PSALTA FRAT,
THE S.P.C.A., THE SNAFU,
AND THE YMCA, - GRIPS HIS
GAVEL IN CONSTERNATION
AS J. BILBO MALLICE FILIBUSTERS
AGAINST A BILL
PROVIDING SCRATCH
PADS FOR THE
CONGRESS MEN.



**LETTY LEE
GANGRENE**,
CHAIRMAN OF THE
E.R.P. (EUROPEAN
RELATIONS PER-
PETRATORS) IS
TRYING TO OUT-DO
THE P.H.O.O. BY
INVITING JOE STALIN
TO SPEAK, - BUT SHE
WILL SETTLE FOR
MARGARET TRUMAN.



**HARLEY K.
HORSEY II**,
HIGH ZYGODACTYL
OF THE BROTHERHOOD
OF THE BLUE COCKATOOS,
IS ABOUT TO DON HIS MYSTIC
ROBE IN PREPARATION FOR
"THUMPING" SIX NEW OUT-
STANDING MEN INTO THIS HIGHEST
HONOR SOCIETY. ALL MEETINGS,
ELECTIONS, ACTIVITIES, PROGRESS,
AND FUNCTIONS OF
THE GROUP ARE
COMPLETELY UN-
KNOWN.... EVEN
TO SOME OF THE
COCKATOOS.

ERGE ZLITMORE,
HIGH PFOMEN-WATA OF THE
ORDER OF THE SACRED STEIN, "A
CAMPUS SERVICE ORGANIZATION MADE UP
OF JUNIORS AND SENIORS CHOSEN FOR
CHARACTER AND ACHIEVEMENT" (PLUS
PERHAPS A WEE SMATTERING OF
POLITICS AND FRATERNITY AFFILIATION).
ERGE IS PLANNING TO SPONSOR A
DANCE WITH NAMEBAND "RED
SMEDLEY AND HIS READY MEDLEYS"
NEXT MONTH FOR ONLY \$10.00
PER COUPLE.



WILD WALLY FIEDELSTIECKS

CRUSADING
DAILY PUSSYFOOT - CAN'T DECIDE TO-
DAY WHETHER TO FLAIL CON-
DITIONS OF THE LOCAL HASH
HOUSES OR GARBAGE DUMPS.
WILL END UP WITH COMBINATION
CONDEMNATION OF BOTH.



101

CHESSBOARD KINGS A B.M.O.C. CURRICULAR AND QUEENS OF EXTRA-CURRICULAR

WANDA LUSTY, PRES. OF TOWN GIRLS' ASSN., AND **CODINE NIOBE**, GRAND HARPIE OF THE VIRGIN VULTURES - (HONOR SOCIETY - AND CO-ED COUNTERPART OF THE COCKATOOS) - ARE HATCHING A PLAN TO CAMPAIGN FOR TATTING NEEDLES TO KEEP THE VETS' WIVES BUSY.



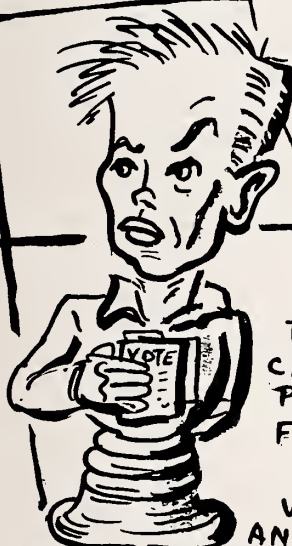
HAMFATT, HOTCHKISS, & FLOOKHEIMER

SELF-APPOINTED CRITICAL EXPERTS - CONTRIBUTE LITTLE TO CAMPUS LIFE OTHER THAN FLOWERY FAULT-FINDING. PAN EVERYTHING WITH CANNED JOURNALISTIC JARGON - ESPECIALLY EACH OTHER.



BUCKY BALLOTT, CHAIRMAN OF THE HOIPOLLOI CAMPUS POLITICAL PARTY; IS ANGLING FOR A PARTY RALLY IN THE STADIUM WITH STEAK FRY AND MANY SPEECHES.

PARTY'S COFFERS ARE COBWEBBY, HOWEVER, SO WILL PROBABLY CHANGE TO A B.Y.O.L. PARTY AT LOMAND'S LAKE..... TWO HOURS OF THAT, AND THE CROWD WILL VOTE FOR ANYTHING.




WALT WORMWOOD, PRES. OF THE TERFRAT. COUNCIL, DEAD SET AGAINST PUSHING THIS SEMESTER - MAINLY BECAUSE HE DOESN'T WANT TO BOTHER WITH IT AGAIN - BESIDES HIS OWN RAT. (TAPPA NU KEG) SO FULL NOW THAT THEIR 85 FRESHMEN PLEDGES WILL ALL BE GRADUATE



"HAMBONE" MARROW, PRES. OF LETTERMEN'S CLIQUE, A GROUP WHICH ACCOMPLISHES LITTLE OFF GRIDIRON, COURTS, OR FIELD. HAMBONE DISPLAYS MUSCLES AND MONOGRAMED SWEATERS, - AND COLLECTS CLIPPINGS. BOASTS OF A CLOSED CLUBHOUSE WHICH DISPLAYS TARNISHED TROPHYS - AND COLLECTS DUST.

STUDENTS BEFORE ATTAINING ENOUGH SENIORITY TO LIVE IN THE HOUSE

BY



One of the top UNC publications men in recent years, BOB LEVIN returns to Chapel Hill briefly with his dramatic story of music under pressure.

La Langue Internationale

IF THREE legged piano stools could talk, there's a blue and white aluminum job that would tell the seat of a new double breasted blue flannel suit to gain some weight and quit slipping off the edges. And no wonder—

When the first "left, right" chased the last goosestepper out of France, that part of Guilles Guilbert that was always slipping plus all the rest of his five feet eight, had all it could do to stay above a hundred pounds. It took the piano stool to swing the deal.

After two years, Guilbert is still hungry, still lean, but still the great pianist that he was before he voluntarily

(Continued on page 29)

A Kind of Circus

The Carolina Writers' Club selects this poignant story by
DON JUSTICE

IT HAD just turned morning. Katie, stretched out at full length in the back seat, was trying hard either to go all the way back to sleep or to come all the way awake. When her Mother said something about being hungry, she opened her eyes and came awake, feeling the car seat beneath her slowing to a stop. They had been at it all night, driving the long way home from the summer vacation at Granddaddy's farm, and they were very tired.

Her Daddy had stopped the car at the edge of a small town, in front of a restaurant. Katie climbed over the seat and went out the door after her Mother. The air was cold with the sun not up yet, and still with the smell of the early-morning fog. Katie stood stock-still. You could see a long way on a morning like that. You could see the whole town, the one whole block of buildings that made up the town, and not a soul was up and about. Up and down the highway not a car was coming. Her Mother turned to call back at her, and she came running to catch up.

Parked close up against the door of the restaurant was somebody else's car. They had to go around it to get in the door. Inside, the place was almost empty. The tables had white tablecloths with specks where the flies had been, and over each table a roll of flypaper with the dead flies stuck there. Katie never ate in restaurants much and was scared from the beginning. Her Mother helped as much as she could, reading the hard names on the menu out loud and slowly for her. Daddy was pointing with his finger at something over in the corner, and Mother looked up from the menu.

"What? What?" said Katie. All she could see was a tall man bending far over the table toward his little daughter. The man's head was rocking back and forth like her own Granddaddy's with the palsy. In the whole place they were the only other customers.

While she was still staring at them, the waitress came. She asked Katie what she wanted and Katie said, right out loud, "Pancakes and ham."

"My little girl means hotcakes," Mother said, "and could you please give her a little ham on the side to go with it?"

"And I want some milk and I want some black coffee too," Katie said.

"She doesn't want that coffee," Daddy said.

After a while the woman brought them what they said. There was only

one piece of ham with fat on it for Katie, and no coffee.

"You know what *they* are?" Daddy said to the waitress.

Before he could get his finger up to point again, she said, "Sure, them two's only freaks with Barnum and Bailey's. They're real nice people."

"Who's Barnum's and Bailey's?" Katie said, "and what makes them so nice?"

"Hush," said Mother. After the waitress was gone her Mother told her, "They're a circus."

"I thought Ringum Brothers was a circus."

"Ringling Brothers," Daddy said.

"They both are," Mother said, "there's more than just one kind of circus." She reached over for Katie's plate and started buttering her pancakes for her. She tipped the pitcher of syrup up and let it run over the pancakes. When it had seeped in and turned them a soggy brown, she started cutting them up into tiny mouthfuls.

When it was done Daddy said, "She ought to be big enough by now to do that by herself."

"All right dear," said Mother. "Here." She handed the plate back to Katie.

Katie said, "I've never been to a circus, ever or ever."

"We know you haven't, dear."

"Can I go when we get back home?"

"If you're a good little girl."

"Can I see *them* when I go to the circus?"

"Yes, dear, you can see them when you go to the circus," Mother said. "Don't stare like that. That isn't a bit nice."

Katie kept staring. "Which one's Barney?" she said.

"Barnum," Daddy said.

"Neither one of *them* is Barnum. Barnum and Bailey own them," Mother said, going slowly. "They work for Barnum and Bailey. Barnum and Bailey pay them a salary just like your Daddy brings home every Friday from his boss-man at the office."

"Can Daddy get a job there too? Daddy, why don't you get a job at Barnum's and Bailey's?"

"Eat your breakfast," said Daddy.

Katie started going at the pancakes. The mouthful her Mother had cut up for her were so tiny she could push two or three and sometimes even four in her mouth at once. When there were four that made it hard to chew, but she was going good until her Mother touched her arm.

"Look, dear," she said, "they're moving."

They were trying to get up to go, and Katie began to see how funny they were. The man had such a hard time getting up. At last, when he was all the way up, he reached something out of his pocket. Katie saw, all the way across

(Continued on page 23)



Don Justice, well known to the campus as a poet and prose writer, records another success in this month's fiction choice by the Carolina Writers' Club. Its subtlety and finesse mark it as one of the best stories the Magazine has yet produced.

Poems by Vin Cassidy

Crosses

The flowers are fair and a soft wind blows. It is peaceful
but the silent rows of crosses look out to the sea.
Although summer rains have washed away the life-blood
stains of yesterday, the loss is recorded that we
may have the pillage of war and the cost of every village
in young lives lost embossed on our memory.

Property

Our home is humble but our hearts are here
beneath these rafters. We hold dear
the ground it stands upon. We had to clear
the trees away before we built it.
This is our land, our plot of earth
to sink our roots in, and its worth
to us is great since there's no dearth
of hope or dreams upon it.
Dreams are seeds. These seeds will grow
into realities. Sometimes they're slow
beginning but that's so
with many things. We'll nurture them.

2x2

I used to think that mathematics
was a subject for fanatics
very far removed from love;
yet as I lie each night in bed
with numbers popping thru my head,
you're the one I'm dreaming of—

2 x 2—my love for you multiplies that
that way, dear.

2 x 4—is eight times more that it has
grown today, dear.

4 x 8—I'm in a state of bubbling
adoration.

8 x —Gee, it soon will be beyond all
computation.

I still cannot abide subtraction.
One gets little satisfaction
dividing or adding, but I
am planning or suggesting when
we are together once again,
my darling, let's multiply.

In Which We Serve

(Continued from page 7)

we find anything else which distinguishes the Carolina system. We are able to find multifarious features, but most of them go to the negative side of the ledger.

In this respect our Entertainment program is unique, and has been for some time! After two years of practically no entertainment, someone, without consulting the Legislature (or anyone else, apparently), decided to place the slowly improving entertainment program on an entirely voluntary basis. This means that the entertainment fee, which was being paid by the Veterans Administration for ex-servicemen, was dropped from the financial backlog for attracting really high calibre entertainment. Their sole reason for making such a move is publicized as being the lack of seating capacity in Memorial Hall. They say all subscribers could not be seated in Memorial Hall on either one or two day stands. By this reasoning, it seems that we must put subscriptions to the Daily Tar Heel on a voluntary basis because the current 6000 copy daily issue will not accommodate over 7000 people. Obviously, someone is paying for the Tar Heel when he cannot hope to get it. A similar situation exists in memberships to the Athletic Association. It is doubtful that as many people as own Athletic books could crowd into Woollen Gymnasium for a basketball game. It would be absurd to make either of these programs voluntary; yet, the Entertainment Committee continues to defend its action on the basis that there isn't room. It looks like financially immature reasoning when the Committee must now have some organization underwrite them for their entertainers, and when the Veteran must pay out of a diminishing pocketbook a higher price than formerly was paid by the Veterans Administration. They must now get the same amount of money from fewer people in order to meet contract obligations already made.

In the branch of Publications, we have one conspicuous difference from our neighbors. Our Editors-in-Chief are popularly elected. As you know, most schools have their editors appointed by the Administrations, or by Boards of Publications. At Carolina it is not intended that the Editor be the voice of the Administration; therefore, the Students

have gained and held their right to elect him. Bill Woestendiek has served his position with relatively little friction and has been politically unbiased from the time he took office—strong Party pressure notwithstanding. Bill's editorial page has not borne the beauty of style and the height of controversy that we knew under Robert Morrison, but it has been a sincere workman-like one.

There is a strong movement for the reinstitution of a Humor Magazine. It will soon be the Legislature's, or your, decision as to whether you want it as a separate publication or as an integral part of the Carolina Magazine—if you want it at all.

Students from other institutions think of another big thing when the Government at Carolina is mentioned—independence! By tradition we have learned to trust our own judgment; we believe in the right to our own decision. If that decision is wrong, we chalk it up as a valuable lesson to be applied in later life and begin anew. As regards the Administration, we respect their advice, resent their interference, and deplore student leaders who become their puppets. We believe that we may see the beneficial results of Student-Self Government now and in the future.

Yet, the very factors which distinguish us endanger us! To handle a Constitution, a student must understand it as a technician. In order to be effective in the Student Legislature, time, time, and more time must be added to a knowledge of the Constitution and an understanding of parliamentary procedure. The Councils demand broad intellect, integrity, and even religion. Dealing with the Administration is a lesson in diplomacy within itself. The publications need vigorous, skilled men who will express views whether they are popular or not.

In short, if we are to remain outstanding in Self-Government, we must believe more strongly—not merely in the efficiency of it—but in its power to develop men and women of suitable character and experience to become future leaders and followers worthy of the name. Our heritage in Self-Government at Carolina is high in honor; its future can only be what the Student Body at Carolina makes it!

Lady of Shalott

(Continued from page 14)

gotten the insurance money, without war, and they would never have moved downtown and she would never have gone to Professional School if Daddy were there because he would have laughed. And when he laughed it was like when anyone else yelled or stamped his foot. Now that she was at Professional School, Louise said she would be a big star like . . . like Lana Turner in the movies, and wasn't that going to be grand. But she wasn't quite sure. Patsy and Barbara and Mary were nicer than Monique and Michael and Michael.

"What's the use of wondering

If he's good or if he's bad . . ."

Know it to sing on the Program Friday. Was war good or bad? Was death yellow? Patsy and Barbara didn't sing, but they giggled, high and warm.

The picture and the book were getting heavy. It was a large picture in a mirror frame that cost her allowance and a lot of her Christmas money. She wished Louise would come because the street was empty now, and even the click-clack feet had gone home to rest.

Honking, like a circus clown, a yellow cab pulled to the curb, and Louise stepped out of it, her penny bright hair shining in the car light. There was a heavy-set man-figure sitting close to her in the cab. "Mr. Ebling," Louise said. Then she added, "We have a surprise for you . . . later."

Surprise? Surprise? Hunched up in the warm seat of the car in her white bunny coat she was too tired to say she had a surprise too.

"What in the world is the child carrying?" Louise asked, tinkly like little keys on a toy piano. But she still did not answer.

Man-figure Ebling had on a black coat. His hands were big and hairy and he held Louise's arm with one. Lana felt afraid for a minute and clutched her picture tighter with fingers that were only now beginning to feel warm under the mittens.

Where they went to dinner it was very drowsy and dark and smelt dusty like a cellar, only sweet too. Mr. Ebling said "It's not every little girl can come to Luigi's to eat her dinner." And then he laughed. She had imagined his laugh would be deep and haha like Daddy's or the man in the photo store, but it wasn't. It was more piano keys. A whole lot of them, up and down and around almost in a tune.

"What's the use of wondering . . ."

She must practice that by Friday because Michael and girl Michael always knew their songs.

A waiter smiled like he knew them and led them to a table. He said "Hello, Mr. Ebling," and showed his teeth. He had a big silver walrus mustache that was funny and she would have laughed but the sweet dusty smell made her afraid. Would Daddy have laughed? Would he?

When they sat down Mr. Ebling talked to Louise and she knew in a little while that he worked in radio. He used words over and over again that she didn't like. He was rich and Louise looked at him in a way that said I agree with you, yes I do. On and on he talked and once she thought she heard him say that he and Louise were going to get married. But she wasn't sure.

Then she knew that it was so because Louise laughed and said, "We were going to save that for later, but now you know . . . so . . ." And Louise smiled and he smiled and Lana felt she had to smile too so she did, pulling up the crease edges of her mouth so far that he said, "Such an adorable child. Just made for television."

Louise nodded her head and they all smiled again, only Lana wanted to cry more and more. After a while they had eaten their meal, with laughter bubbles floating all around them, high up in the air but she did not bother to stretch her fingers out to touch them.

All along she had kept thinking, very hard of the picture, dead Daddy's picture and finally she said, "I have a surprise, too," and she reached for the picture, there in the cellar-restaurant with the walrus waiter coming by to look and peeking back over his shoulder with his big, dark eyes.

She held the picture for a minute, while she talked. Her voice sounded heavy and strained to her, like when she'd been singing too much and her feet felt light and falling away like a crumbly soap eraser. She told Louise the picture was made from a snapshot and didn't she like that.

But when she finally took the paper off, the glass was all broken. Maybe Lana had held it too tight to her in the hall or maybe the clown-taxi had bumped it but the mirror was broken into tiny, sharp pieces and Daddy's face was splintered and reflected, cracked and crazy.

Louise looked pale for a minute and Mr. Ebling said, "Ahem and haw," and Lana felt blue and yellow and fuzzy and the sweet smell made her sick and so she cried.

She had not cried since they said

TOPS!

FOR CLEANING THAT'S

UNIVERSITY CLEANERS

Next to Post Office

Daddy was dead, because Louise did not like to see her cry, she used to cry too. But tonight Louise did not, she only sat, without speaking and looked way past Lana. Finally the walrus waiter came over and patted her blonde hair and said, "There, there, wouldn't she like some very special dessert and what was there to cry about?"

Then Louise said, "We'll get the picture fixed," in a far-away on a swing voice that Lana knew meant Never up Never down Never up again.

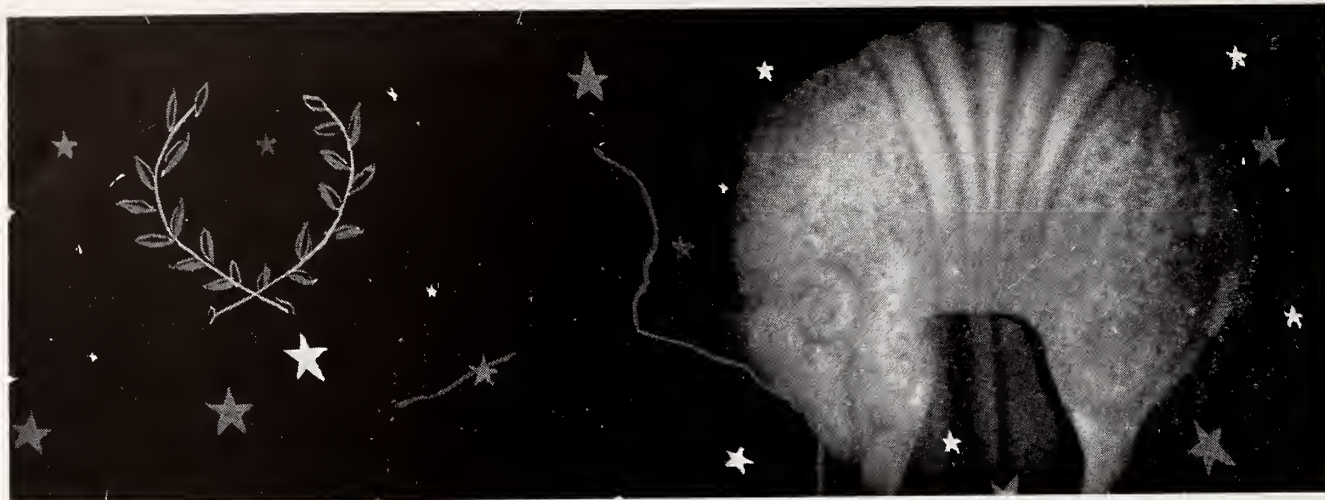
Mr. Ebling said high in a voice like thin, thin glasses, "We'll get you something else. How about a nice pink party dress? Not every little girl has that. Or a real fur coat. A real one. Now stop crying."

So she stopped crying. There was nothing to do but stop now.

She curled one blonde curl around her finger and wiped her blue eyes. Her oval small face was set and she watched for the waiter to come through the narrow dusty aisle between tables.

"It's not every little girl has such a dessert," cooed Mr. Ebling as the waiter set it before her, smiling.

Glaze cake. Chocolate glaze cake. And on the top of it was a little sugar princess doll, small oval in the face, with long blonde curls. And a spun pink sugar party dress.



Fleece

(Continued from page 10)

table." And so was conceived the Golden Fleece.

The ideal of the Fleece that has kept it alive is the belief of its members who represent a variety of interests can form themselves into a group dedicated to the understanding of different points of view on the campus, and thus allow our liberalism and freedom to live. For this reason the Fleece has lived and shall continue to live.

I trust that you have found Carolina a better place on your return than when you left it.

Sincerely yours,
Frank.

QUOTH THE BARD, "GET A CARD"

Valentine's Day
Friday, February 14

Remember your friends and
loved ones with a card from

Ledbetter-Pickard

Stationery, Gifts,
School Supplies

In Criticism

Due to the secret nature of the activities there is really no solid ground on which to battle the apparent inefficiencies of the honoraries at Carolina. Arguing that most of them have performed no tangible service will only prompt a stock reply: secret. Some say that they exist for no other reason than being honorary, unless the members, already among the busiest men on campus, find time to add their secret influence to campus affairs.

Initiation into the honoraries is a just reward for outstanding work—or is it? Regardless of their present membership the honoraries are definitely open to criticism on their self-perpetuating method of selection. Through the years the Fleece and other honoraries have consistently missed some of the most outstanding men and women on this campus. In their selection fraternity and political influence has frequently overruled character and performance. Perhaps honoraries will argue that this is part of the scheming influence. In that case they are not men chosen and respected for their merit but an exclusive political club. To remedy the existing situation the non-professional honoraries should adopt a new system whereby a committee of the faculty would hold as many votes as the organization itself in choosing the most deserving men.

He: "Let's go through the Arboretum."

Co-ed: "No, I'm afraid you'll . . ."

He: "No, honestly, I won't."

Co-ed: "Then, why go."

Valkyries

(Continued from page 11)

qualities of outstanding leadership, character, scholarship, and unselfish service. No one of these is supposed to be any more important than the others, but the girls chosen as Valkyries are supposed to be the most perfect combination of these four qualifications. Such girls should make good citizens at Carolina, and be the type of girl that leaves Carolina better than she found it. Of course, each girl must be passed by a unanimous vote before being selected as a Valkyrie.

The organization, although it does sponsor an annual sing, is not primarily a service organization. Since each of the girls in Valkyries is presumably rather busy, Valkyries is not another burden or organization to add to her schedule. We always said last year that if there was a choice between two meetings, one should take the other because Valkyries is essentially an honorary organization. I think this distinction between a service and honorary organization is very important to make in the eyes of outsiders. Quite often I was asked what Valkyries did, and I'd try to explain that we didn't try to set out to do anything in the way of a tangible project, and yet we did try to do something that I think meant a lot to each of the members. By our ritual, our conscientious selection of members, and our sincere efforts to be perfectly fair in doing that, and also by talking at different meetings about the contribution we as individual Valkyries could make to the campus, I think we shared a unity of purpose and a fellowship of kindred ideas about what mattered in life. I sincerely believe our association in Valkyries really meant an inspiration to each member. I know that Valkyries meant more to me than anything in college, and I believe that it did mean a great deal to all the members.

(Continued on page 32)

Circus

(Continued from page 19)

the room, that it was a fifty-cent piece. She listened for the clink it would make when he dropped it down onto the table. But instead he bent way way down and placed it on the table, carefully under a saucer, without a sound. Just then the little girl with him sort of toppled sideways out of her chair, and Katie, catching her breath, felt the jar it made when she struck the floor. The girl didn't have a thing from just under the waist, all the way down to where her feet should have been, but a little square wood box under the dress. Katie could not take her eyes away from it. Every time the box hit down on the floor it bounced up again, carrying the girl forward step by step. Bump, bump, bump, she went. The tall man followed after, his head bent so as not to scrape the ceiling. At the door he held it open for her, and then bent his whole back in two and went out head first.

Katie thought it was all over, but her Mother said, "Look, look through the window, dear," and she could not keep from looking.

Their car was long and very black. The tall one swung the door open.

"Look," said Mother, "I bet he's going to stoop down and pick her up," but right away the little one gave a great leap and there she was in the car, right up on the seat as big as life. The tall one swung the door to.

Katie closed her eyes. When she opened them again, the car was not there. She tried the pancakes again, but there were so many of the little pieces left that she could not get all of them down.

"She always wants more than her belly can hold," said Daddy.

The waitress came to take away the dishes. "That there," said she, "was the Human Leaping Frog and that other was the Tallest Man in the World. Man and wife too, they say."

"No," Mother said, "you don't mean it. But how in the world does she leap around like that, and so fast too?"

"They say she's got rubber all over the bottom of that box. Did you see that there little box she's got?" She looked at Katie.

"No," said Katie.

"That was a Cadillac car," Daddy said. "They must make more money than the president himself."

"Yeah, and they're real nice people too I'll tell the world, not snotty at all like some I know, and always leaving Elsie a nice big tip. Of course it's not my table by rights and I got no call to bellyache."

Katie's Daddy held his saucer up and gulped down the last of his coffee from it, and the waitress started taking away the dishes. On the way out her Daddy stopped to pay the man at the cash register. Behind the counter there was a sign up with printing on it and a picture of a pretty little red girl in white frills perched a-tiptoe on the back of a great blue elephant that was reared-up on its hind legs. Daddy pointed at the sign and started to laugh. The man behind the counter laughed with him, laughing right out loud. Katie's Mother looked down at her and made a smile with her teeth.

When Daddy had finished putting the change away in his pocket, he pushed the door open and held it for them. Outside the sun was up. It was going to be another hot day. Katie ran on ahead and opened the car door for herself. She climbed over the front seat into the back and lay down there. She shut her eyes just as tight as she could.



Sir, are you insinuating we're not married?

University
Service
Station

Odin
Pendergraft
Prop.



MAKE

**H
A
R
R
Y
'
S**

A HABIT!

MEALS —
— SANDWICHES —
— BEER

Golden Throat

(Continued from page 9)

for folks from Durban. He didn't always like to do it, but for Amos Hawkins my Dad would have stood up against the devil himself. He used to tell Mom that to him Amos Hawkins seemed to have more good reasons for doing anything he did than anyone in Durban he ever knew, no matter whether it was stealing, lying, drinking, or being his usual good self and doing none of these things.

Mr. Hawkins was teaching in the Durban school when I first heard of him. Dad said anyone was a fool for even attempting to teach in the Durban school, because those kids couldn't be taught anything any more than a nest of rattlesnakes could. The school was little, old, and about to fall in, and the pay was certainly little enough. There were the kids of a few people who worked in the mill on the river, and the rest were kids of farmers and folks in the hills who didn't seem to do much of anything except make trouble for the sheriff.

I don't remember just when it was that I started going over toward Durban. But there never seemed to be anyone in Alba that I wanted to play with or talk to very much, so every Saturday morning I used to strike out early walking in the woods path toward Durban. Jack and Jill, my male and female collie dogs, used to go with me. I wasn't hunting or fishing, I just liked to walk through the woods. Once in a while I'd make a dam on the creek with rocks, leaves, and moss; then a week later I'd come back to see how much had been torn down by the water.

One time while I was making a dam the two Brack boys came up to me. They were dirty, had ragged, long hair down in their faces, and they told me Alba boys weren't wanted around there. They pushed me toward the creek, and my left foot sank in the mud and slime up to the knee. I didn't go back for a couple of weeks. Just sitting there on the back door step throwing sticks for Jack and Jill to race to bring back to me began to get dull, so one day I started through the woods again. Mom didn't like for me to go, so I had to stop telling her and start making excuses instead, but I had to go.

The woods looked good to me that day. Shadows played on the path, the creek was full and rushing over the rocks. I ran a little down the path, and as I ran I remember chanting a poem to myself that we'd had to learn in school,

"O gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In Sunshine and in shadow
Had journeyed long
Singing a song
In search of Eldorado."

I ran past the place where I had met the Brack boys and finally stopped running at a place on the creek I had never seen before. There were rocks all covered with moss right on the edge of the water. I started to go to them when I noticed someone sitting on the other side of the ferns.

That was the first time I met Bell Hawkins. She must not have heard me coming up, because she was sitting there on a rock with her skirt high, cooling her feet in the water. She leaned over to look at the water, and her light hair fell over her shoulders on each side of her face, hiding it from view. I made some noise walking toward her so that I wouldn't scare her too much. She stayed, and we talked quite a long time.

We were still chatting when we saw the Brack boys coming down the path. I knew she liked and understood me a little right then by the way she quickly pulled my arm and asked me to hide with her behind the fern and bushes. They passed us and went out of sight. From then on Bell and I were friends.

She asked if I liked music. I said I did. She talked about it a lot at first, then she sang for me some time later. After that she seemed to always be singing every time we were together. Sometimes when we'd meet she'd seem afraid of something and would sing softly, but she always sang. I used to wonder how she ever had time to memorize all the songs, but she didn't seem to ever work at it or study it. She'd hear a song she liked and begin singing it. Her mother had once been a very good singing teacher and she had taught Bell to sing a lot of songs in German and French, also one in Italian. Some songs, that I thought the prettiest of all, she made up. When she was happiest she could sing loudly and go up over very high notes. I never knew whether Bell was her real name or a nick-name, but she often sang a note just like a bell, a ringing tone all coated with gold.

Once I stayed with her very late in the afternoon, and she had to go home running all the way. I ran with her, and when we came to her house we stopped outside. She told me that her Mother might scold her, but it would be just at her and I wasn't to think she was angry with me, because it was her Mother's duty to scold her.

We went inside. Her Mother came up and put her arms

Coeds . . .

YOU SIMPLY MUST COME AND SEE US

Raleigh, Wilson



Winston-Salem

Look over our wide selection of campus apparel for daytime and evening wear.

around Bell calmly. She didn't scold. She smiled and said things in French in Bell's ear, "Oh ma petite hirondelle, ma petite fille avec le gosier d'or."

Bell laughed and turned to me. "She always calls me that," she said. "She calls me her little bird, a swallow, and her little girl with the golden throat. It tickles my ear when she says it. She's funny, and ever so sweet— isn't she?"

Bell had brothers and sisters. I didn't have any. She had three brothers and a sister. It was a large family for so small a house, but they liked it, kept it so clean I always had a guilty conscience if I went in with the least bit of clay on my shoes or trousers. Of course, they never said anything about it, but it made you feel cautious and all clean and good to be in a house so spotless and with everyone so pleasant. It was a curious influence. I must have changed a lot. Mom never scolded me much for anything after that and I never seemed to mind doing things for her any more.

Every time I went to Bell's house it was like that—everything clean and good inside, and I always hated to leave. I stayed later than usual one afternoon. It was about sun-down as I hurried along the path through the woods back toward Alba. The woods late in the afternoon are so beautiful you feel like you're committing some crime if you race through them heedlessly. I slowed to a walk and listened to the sound of my own steps on the hard dirt path. There seemed to be no one in the woods except me, but I remember feeling as if someone were watching me.

Not ten minutes later I was over-taken by the Brack boys. They had had hair-cuts since the last time I saw them, and their steel blue eyes were more visible. Jim, the oldest one, was really rather good looking, but he looked cold and hard. He stood like an immovable rock, and his little brother (not really so little—in fact he was almost my size) was there to echo his words or even to lend him a couple of extra fists.

They didn't come near me this time though. Jim said calmly but firmly that I'd better start staying in Alba and particularly leave Bell alone. His warning about Bell puzzled me and made me feel uneasy, but there wasn't anything I could do or say. I just edged away at first and then went on walking at a steady pace. Even when my back was turned on them, I could still feel their cold eyes on me, hating me.

That encounter didn't stop me though, and I kept going back. I wondered a lot about what it must be like for Bell to go to school in Durban and see the Bracks and their



No, I think I'll take the low-heeled type!

WOOTTEN-MOULTON



PHOTOGRAPHERS

Chapel Hill
North Carolina

STEAKS
CHOPS
SEAFOOD
SAYS
MAX
UNIVERSITY
CAFE

NEXT TO POST OFFICE

May We Serve You in Any of the Following Ways:

Checking Accounts

Savings Accounts

Time Certificates of Deposit

Travelers Checks

Foreign Exchange

Letters of Credit

All Types of Loans

The **Bank of Chapel Hill**

MEMBER F.D.I.C.

DANCE INVITATIONS

Cards and Envelopes to
match in 3 sizes

PROGRAMS

Souvenir Programs
Numerous sizes and styles
One and two color

Orange Printshop

Telephone 3781

Chapel Hill

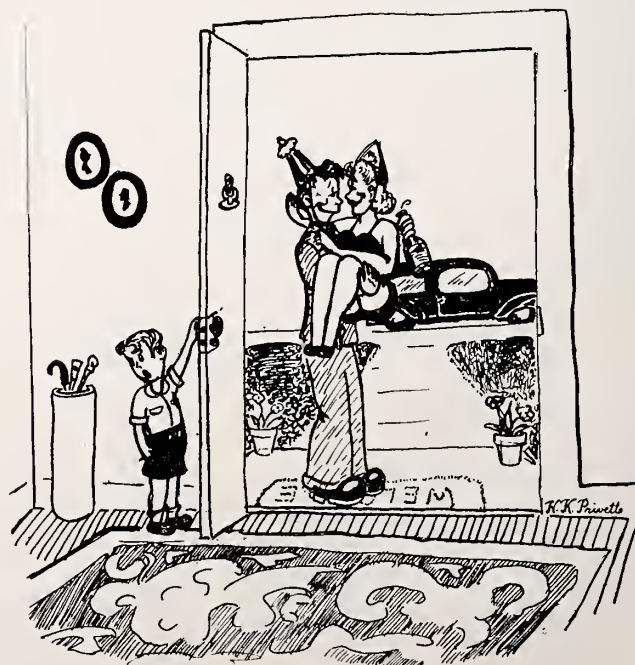
kind every day. She never spoke of it, and I couldn't ask her. She always sang, or talked about things not the least bit connected with anyone either of us knew at school or in the two towns. Bell and I were the best of friends possible and never preferred anyone else's company to the other's. She had more feeling about nature and things around us than anyone I had ever known. She was the first and only person I ever felt completely free with.

But somehow we never spoke of our closeness or showed any affection. That was all right for a while, I guess. Later on, when Bell was sixteen, she didn't talk as much. She began to wait for me to say things. The trouble was I didn't see this soon enough, and by the time I saw it she seemed a little hesitant or resentful. I remember holding her hand, and she'd look at me as if she'd been waiting for it so long; and was so glad we were closer to each other; then she'd think about it and grow silent, and pretty soon we wouldn't be close any more.

I guess two people just can't stay together and together every single afternoon. At least, I figured she must just want a little change when I went over there a couple of times and she wasn't at home. There was one afternoon that I went over when she wasn't there and an unusual thing happened when I was going back toward Alba. I came over the hill going into the edge of the woods and thought I saw her and two or three other people in the woods far down the hill. But when I got there I didn't see anyone.

Then the next day I went walking in the woods instead, thinking maybe Bell was tired of seeing me. I didn't walk along the creek that afternoon. I walked across the flat land between the two hills, and I came to a spot where the grass was short and green. Just as I started to sit down to rest I saw a book and a piece of cloth. The cloth turned out to be a belt to one of Bell's dresses and the book was a text for an English course and had Jim Brack's name in it. It made me feel all sick inside, the way your stomach churns and turns upside down when you do a somersault underwater.

I sat with the book in my hands looking through it. There were notes. Most of them were to and from Bell. He'd asked her to meet him, and she had always refused in her answers



Hey, Mom! It's Pop and I think he's "sick" again.

to him—except for one. I knew that had been the one yesterday afternoon.

I took the belt and the book home with me. I don't know why, but I just couldn't take them to Bell. I hid them in the hedge around our front lawn, because I couldn't take them past Mom into the house. It rained that night, and by Saturday when I went back to get them the belt and book were faded and dirty. I felt rotten about it, as if maybe I'd falsely accused a man. I took them out of the hedge and was going to put them back in the woods that morning.

But I met Bell on the path. She came right up to me and reached out for my hands. I gave her one of them and kept the articles in the other behind my back. She said she'd missed me very much and wanted to know why I hadn't been to see her. Then she stepped closer, put her arm around me and leaned her head against me. She discovered the faded book and belt behind me. All she said was, "So that's the reason." Then she began to cry, and there was no stopping her. We sat on a rock, me helpless as could be, she just crying and clenching my hand.

I started going to see her every day again, and little by little we became closer, more like we used to be. But we never talked about that book or the belt. She didn't sing as much after that, and when she did it was very soft and weak. Her voice would crack, but she'd keep on pushing the words out, forcing them out, straining and straining until she'd burst into tears. Then we'd lie in the grass, I flat on my back and with one arm stretched out to the side, and she curled beside me with her head on my arm until the tears died away.

We spent a lot of time together in the woods, but she wasn't as vibrant as she had been before. I tried to get her interested in doing things like building a tree house where we could keep the collections of rocks, pressed wild flowers, and other things we'd collected in times past. But most of all she liked to just sit quietly on the rocks by the creek and cool her feet.

And she liked being close to me. When I wouldn't sit close to her she'd come to sit by me and lean back against me. And every time she did she'd want to hold my hand, and she'd hold it tightly between her two, squeeze it as if she wanted it to mold right in with her own, as if she were grasping comfort for unspeakable troubles.

One day, coming home from school, I went in the house just in time to see Mr. Hawkins coming out of the den. Dad came to the door and called me in. He said he didn't believe I was guilty, but being a lawyer he had to question all the suspects. He said I had been with Bell more than anyone else, and wanted to know if I knew of any possible reason why Bell might be having a baby. A big, sick knot filled my stomach for a moment but I finally answered that I did not. He said he didn't believe I did, but he wanted mainly to know if I knew the Bracks. Dad was more serious than I have ever seen him before or since. The only answer I could muster was a miserable nod.

The next day, Mr. Hawkins was talking to Dad again, and I heard him say that he'd called in the Brack boys in his office at school and asked them about Bell. He'd had flat denials and bursts of profanity, and he had impulsively punished them for the bursts of profanity.

I didn't go back to school that afternoon. I hid in the hedge until my Dad and Mr. Hawkins came out and drove off in the car, then followed them on my bicycle. They drove into Durban. I lost them in the outskirts, but the minute I rode into town I asked a man sitting on a bench outside the feed store if he had seen them. I followed his directions, and I soon saw the car parked at the foot of a

Make an Evening of It at

BRADY'S

Western Steaks and Chops

Fried Chicken

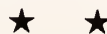
Cold Drinks

Sandwiches

Beer and Ale

On the Durham Road

FOISTER'S CAMERA STORE



EVERYTHING
PHOTOGRAPHIC

Fun at

The Little Shop

*more and more wonderful
suits and dresses*

muddy little path leading up a hill to a house, the Brack's house.

Just as I got there Dad was driving off. Someone was firing a shotgun from the house, and I saw Mr. Hawkins lying face down on the side of the hill. Dad saw me and pulled me into the car, leaving the bicycle sprawled in a mud puddle.

I never knew just what the Bracks had told around Durban that Mr. Hawkins had done to the Brack boys in punishing them for their profanity or how they had explained Bell's condition, but it was all too evident that the Durbanites had lapped up every single word of it.

After the embalming of Mr. Hawkins was finished and the funeral was held, the hearse was to take the body for burial in the Hawkins' plot at the Durban cemetery. I couldn't figure out why he had a grave lot there, unless maybe he figured the Durbanites would take to them more if he did. But that hearse never got in. They all stood there blocking the road and yelling, "There won't be no burial here; not Amos Hawkins, not when there's Brack folks been buried here for nigh fifty years." So the hearse turned around

and four hours later Mr. Hawkins was buried in a grave in Alba at my Dad's lot.

Mr. Brack's trial took longer than I thought it would. Every time I looked at Mrs. Hawkins she was in tears. It was a little hard to tell whether she was in tears for Mr. Hawkins or over Bell, for she had always taken such a pride in Bell. After every session of court Mrs. Hawkins would hold Bell close to her, squeezing her, and whispering in her ear.

And Bell. Her cheeks were becoming full, and every time I looked at her in her loose dress everything inside me turned sick. Just the thought that she was carrying a Brack. This couldn't be. Bell had always been my Bell, and I had certainly been hers. She was the only one that I had ever been open with. She had far more of me within her heart than whatever she might have of anyone else—ever.

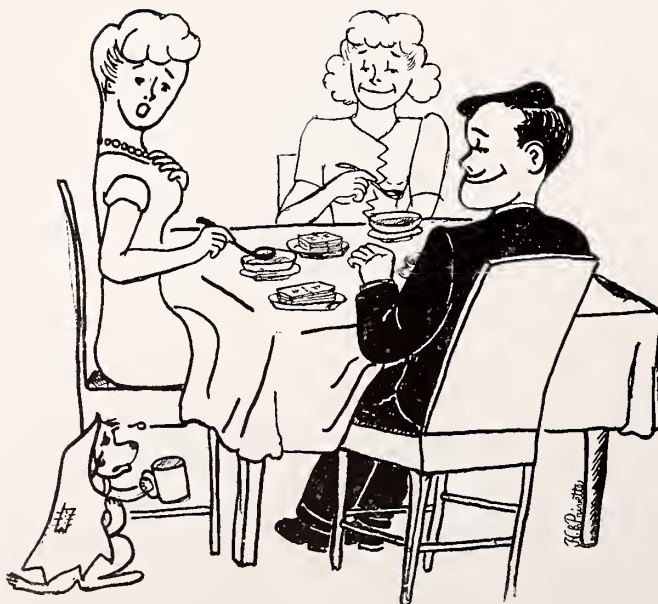
With the sending of Mr. Brack for life imprisonment Mrs. Brack and the boys left to live with relatives. Jim was never punished.

The woods were mighty lonely after that. There was still a good bit of time before the event with Bell was to take place, but she wasn't getting out very much. I spent endless days alone beside the creek during the waning days of summer vacation. Didn't feel much like building dams or collecting things either; I just stretched the days out one by one until school started again.

After school began it was harder than ever to study, and once again there was no spirit in my life. I would go to see Bell, spending a few minutes with her almost every day. She didn't like to see people much, and though she wanted to see me she would often not be feeling well, and I'd have to go back to stretch out another hour or two over the now cheerless rocks and moss.

One afternoon I stayed in the woods very late and thought Mom would miss me at home for supper. But when I came in she didn't scold, but called me into her bedroom and told me to sit down. She asked if I knew that Bell had gone to the hospital the night before, and I had replied no; then she told me with quiet sympathy that Bell hadn't had the strength.

I didn't know the things they were singing at the funeral, but not one of them could sing as well as Bell, not Bell they couldn't, not my little Bell 'avec le gosier d'or'—with the golden throat.



But don't you think he goes a bit to—er extremes?

In this, his first contribution to the Magazine, Bill Parker has captured both a great deal of local color and youthful emotion in his story of sixteen-year-old Bell, Bell with the Golden Throat.

Guilbert

(Continued from page 18)

began his four year musical shell game of "now you hear me, now you don't," with the Paris Gestapo.

Freed from the military service by the French debacle, Guilbert soon learned the ABC's as the Germans taught it: It would take black and white to keep his family out of the red. But playing for the manipulators of the Vichy puppet was more than any Resistant could stomach, and each guttural request to appear as guest soloist with touring German musical units was politely refused. Requests became commands, refusals became dangerous. Food costs more than ever.

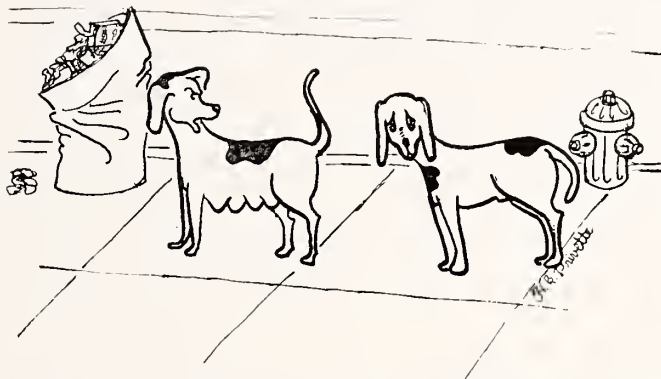
He solved the problem by learning "le jazz hot." From the concert stage and Bach, he went into the pit orchestra of the Follies Begere and Boogie. "Overnight," as the touring virtuoso so aptly put it, "I larned to speak again."

This verbal face slapping that Guilbert handed the Germans could only be avenged by forcing him to appear on their program for their soldiers. The manhunt was on. From the Follies he played running stands with just about every pit orchestra in Paris, before taking to the cabarets where he surprised owners by demanding that his piano be moved to the rear and the drums featured up front. Not modesty but safety.

The fact that he was concertized in Germany, and had appeared on the Berlin stage many times before the war, was too big a publicity build-up from which to escape. A cabaret owner turned in his name to hide her boy friend, and the Gestapo walked past the drums, and grabbed him in the middle of a two beat. He was given time for one more stubbornly refused request before being sent for a slave labor-physical examination.

But the Resistance was everywhere, plus the fact that all German doctors were urgently needed on the Russian front, did no little bit to help. To this day Guilbert does not know the name of his benefactor who slipped an X-ray of a hopelessly incurable tubercular in place of one of his own lungs. Once more he was free. Shortly after, Paris was liberated.

"This was one time," Guilbert reminisced, "that I was glad to jump out of the pan and into the fire." He is referring to the request that the French citizens made of him,



Why don't you keep your nose out of other people's business?

even before the ink was dry on the first Allied proclamation. "The Americans were our friends, our friends like the 'Rhapsody in Blue'; would you be so kind as to play this for them tomorrow night—without notes?"

Guilbert didn't even have time to move his furniture back into his home—he sat down that afternoon, opened the forty page score of the Rhapsody, and stayed in back of the some twenty thousand notes until concert time the next day.

This great artist comes to the Hill fresh from a loudly proclaimed tour of Central Europe, Canada and the Northeast. From here he leaves for Chicago, south to Arkansas, and west to California, where he highlights his American tour by guest soloing with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, under the direction of Charles Muench. Then it's across the border into Mexico, down in the South Americas, and back to Europe to pick the prize plum offered him by the Vienna Philharmonic.

This trip is not his first to the states—nor is it his first visit to Chapel Hill. He was here just long enough several



SPECIALIZED FOODS

Mrs. Thurston would like to see her Student and Faculty Friends from the University of North Carolina at the Marine Room.

Serving Hours 11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.
5:30 P.M. to 8:00 P.M.

For Reservation phone Durham F-9493

Meals from 65 cents to \$2.00

Fountain hours 7:45 to 5:30 P.M.

(Continued from preceding page)

weeks ago to taste a Book-Ex shake, and wish he could keep one on his piano. The prolonged starvation diet on top of his rigorous eight hour practice schedule has made him somewhat like the pelican whose beak holds more than his belly can. Guilbert as not yet reached the point where he is completely filled from a meal; his stomach has yet to reach its pre-war maturity. And yet, he is the same man who recently told a North Carolina housewife, in whose home he was staying, that he wouldn't eat if she served macaroni. When her shock wore off, and she heard that there was such a thing in France as a six out of seven day macaroni diet, she fed him fried chicken and biscuits out of allied warmth.

Although nearly 42, Guilbert looks and acts typically collegiate. He thinks everything is "terrific," bums cigarettes like anyone's roommate, loves the informal campus layout, has already been made Duke conscious, and has reached the apogee of a Carolina sophomore's ambition—to meet and conquer Dr. Woodhouse, "that white haired gentleman," in conversation. In fact, the political science professor calls him one of the most well-informed men he has ever met. Guilbert could easily tour the states as a lecturer on world affairs if it wasn't for the heavy booking commitments that have to be fulfilled with his hands and not his mouth.

Monsieur Guilbert studied in Paris with the Conservatoire's Professor Phillippe, had the good fortune to be accepted by the composer Vincent d'Indy as a student in composition, and for piano by the friend and celebrated interpreter of Debussy and Ravel, Ricardo Vines. He made a

prolonged stay in Austria. This varied formation and background accounts for his success in adapting himself to contradictory types of music; as a Paris critic expresses it, "because of the perfection with which he feels and interprets, Guilbert is to be classed among our greatest virtuosos." Arthur Homegger speaks of him as "a master both of musical style, and of the piano."

Although Guilles, (pronounced Jill) may be the typical, heel clicking, hand kissing, animated Frenchman in speech—his playing is devoid of all the usual mannerisms that are expected of virtuosos. With him there is not mop of waving hair, no setting-up exercises on the aluminum seat—only his music reflects emotion. Four years of emotional strain have tempered his spirit and filled his music with a poetic, smooth flowing quality that is both restful and informative.

But he can and does race when the notes demand it. Some of his best loved pieces—by Ravel, especially, call for race-horse speed and tone inflection only to be attained by proper fingering and the best of muscular control. He still remembers the long year spent after Liberation when even too many sixteenth notes tired his wrists and fingers.

When the curtain rises Monday night in Hill Hall, the audience will be treated to a performance by one of the finest musicians in the world today. A brilliant career was interrupted by the Germans, was given new breath by the Americans—and is now being fanned into an intense fire by music-loving peoples throughout the world.

A steamer trunk wallpapered in labels hardly proves the tale as well as 60 minutes of music that is, to use Guilbert's favorite expression—"terrific."

For

CLEANER CLOTHES

We Use
Synthetic Cleaning
Cleaner

Safer

Odorless

The only SYNTHETIC cleaning in Chaep Hill or Carrboro.

TWIN-VILLAGE
Laundry & Cleaners

Carrboro
Phone F-3541

Patronize Our Advertisers

*If Your Hair Is Not Becoming to You—
You Should Be Coming to Us.*

THE UNIVERSITY BARBER SHOP

145 E. Franklin St.

Carolina Sport Shop



Among Our Finest
Classical Selections:

Enrico Caruso

with

ALL-STAR CASTS

in

Metropolitan Revivals

Victor Album DM953

Valkyries

(Continued from page 22)

Above all else, I think Valkyries should be an incentive and encouragement for you who are leaders to live up to the ideals of leadership, character, and unselfish service that we believe is the essence of what Valkyries should be to a girl.

I do hope that you have a wonderful year ahead of you, Ann. Please let me know how you tap this fall. Above all, please see that there is no bitterness or pettiness shown when you take in new girls. I think it is extremely important for each girl to be absolutely frank, sincere, and trusting of every other girl, and above all be humble. I'm sure when you start discussing others in terms of your ideals you will realize how very far short you come to fulfilling the qualifications. It was always a most sobering experience for us to take in new girls because we realized

how much we missed the mark ourselves.

I hope you have the very best of everything this year. Do let me hear from you soon.

Love,

DOT.

The First Man

(Continued from page 12)

western clearing, Oregon and Texas, are yet unsung."

Sometimes it seems that no fresh material remains to be written about. Everything has been used! To those Emerson says: "What a little of all we know is said! What drops of all the sea of our science are baled up! and by what accident it is that these are exposed, when so many secrets sleep in nature!"

Will it be easy, this expressoin? Will it take long? "... thou must pass for a fool and a churl for a long season. This

is the screen and sheath in which Pan has protected his well-beloved flower, and thou shalt be known only to thine own, and they shall console thee with tenderest love."

For a long season? Is there any reward?

"This is thy reward: that the ideal shall be real to thee, and the impression of the actual world shall fall like summer rain . . ." and "wherever is danger, and awe and love, there is Beauty, plenteous as rain, shed for thee . . ."

H. L. BALLEW.



Some people just don't give a damn about their looks!

FOR
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES
AND
SERVICE
CONTACT

ELECTRIC CONSTRUCTION CO.

169 E. Franklin St.

Phone 6901

IT'S
FRESH
DAILY



Doughnuts
Cookies
Cakes
Pastries
Pies

If it's fresh, it's delicious.
And who doesn't like a
tempting, mouth-moisten-
ing bit of pastry every
day?

**PASTRY SHOP
HILL BAKERY**

124 E. Franklin

Pictorially Speaking

(Continued from page 2)

With the proper mental attitude on the part of the students, with the proper publicity and cooperation in the language and history departments, and with the emphasizing of the fact that the pictures have ENGLISH SUB-TITLES the foreign films may succeed. It would be nice if we gave them a try. They can't hurt us. We might enjoy them. We might even — if the thought isn't too revolutionary for this town — derive some educational benefit from them.

V. FIDEL

32 Years Serving
Carolina Students

Ford — Goodyear — Esso

Strowd Motor Co.

We invite you to select your wardrobe from our selections of Furs . . . Hats . . . Suits . . . Coats . . . Dresses . . . Accessories from America's leading fashion creators, selected with MONTALDO'S discrimination.

MONTALDO'S

Greensboro

Cloak and Dagger

(Continued from page 13)

the sound, and there they beheld Slobert Borrowsom, boy prodigy of the party, grovelling on the floor in sackcloth and ashes.

"Fools! Ungrateful fools! To pass over me for him!" he lamented, pointing a thin finger at Rummy Jealous, who lay bleeding behind the radiator where he had been ignominiously pushed by Mortimer. "I who have edited the *Boy Scout Gazette*, Tuttsboro Troop 117; I who graduated from High School at the age of nine and who will have my PhD at the age of thirteen. Oh the injustice, the wretched injustice of it all!" he cried bitterly. "If that's the way you want to play, I'll form another party. That's what I'll do!"

As he rushed for the door, Titwillow grabbed up a shotgun from the corner and shot him in the back, the scatter shot forming a bloody red sickle on the seat of his pants.

"Anyone else want to express an opinion?" Titwillow asked quietly. "You understand the floor is open for democratic discussion."

Rummy Jealous' gory head appeared over the edge of the radiator.

"Duh . . ." he said.

Titty gave him a quick boot in the

head and Rummy slid noiselessly back down behind the radiator.

"If, then, there is no further discussion," Mortimer suggested, "let us adjourn to Goldiggers for a cup of Bohemian coffee."

The assemblage raised their right arms spontaneously.

"Hell, Titwillow," they cried.

"That's heil," Mortimer reminded them sharply . . .

WSSF

(Continued from page 3)

cess by a small prep school in New York whose Glee Club toured several European countries with money that had been earned entirely through their concerts at home. However that fact is not half as remarkable as the entire experience of their seeing and meeting the foreign cultures. After all, if we are going to live in "One World," we better get to know each other outside the realm of militarism.

Furthermore, more foreign students should be admitted to Carolina on an exchange basis. In bringing their customs and our students carrying theirs to their homeland the understanding among students, leaders of tomorrow, can definitely be strengthened so that "One World" can become a living reality instead of an idealist's dream.

CAMPUS NIGHT CLUB

with:

"Stardusters" and stage show every Friday evening.

No cover or minimum charge.

10c home-made, tempting sandwiches, hot coffee, soft drinks, candies. New stage and classy remodelling job.



Afternoons except Sat. and Sunday, 3 to 5
Evenings, couples only, 8 to 11
Fri. and Sat., 8 to 12

The Non-Profit

CANDLELIGHT ROOM

NORTHCOOL

NORTHCOOL

NORTHCOOL

NORTHCOOL

Just Like Wearing A "Breeze"

NORTHCOOL

The Wrinkle Resistant
Tropical Suit That
"Breathes" Fresh Air

The porous fabric of a Northcool Tropical lets cool air come through easily. You can't help but be comfortable—fresher—neater on the hottest days. Combine this with the superb wrinkle-resistant quality of a Northcool, the amazing lightness of fabric, the immaculate styling—and it's easy to understand why your appearance will rate applause. We have your favorite shades and patterns.



MADE OF
BURMIL
QUALITY
RAYON FABRIC

Only **NORTHCOOL** TROPICALS Give you all these features:



- ★ Wrinkle resistant ★ 2547 "Air-Ways" per inch ★ Harmony trim thruout
- ★ Tailored like a regular weight suit ★ Two inside breast pockets
- ★ Two extra matching buttons with each suit ★ CONMAR zippers
- ★ Safety tab on back pocket of trousers

Varsity Supply and Service

Your College Store—Supplies of College Wearing Apparel

NORTHCOOL

NORTHCOOL

NORTHCOOL

NORTHCOOL

ALWAYS Milder
BETTER TASTING **COOLER SMOKING**
 WHEREVER WE GO CHESTERFIELD IS TOPS

Perry Como · Le Stafford

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

MADISON SQ. GARDEN

HOLLYWOOD PALMARDEN

LAKE PLACID

Tom Breneman's

CLUB

YANKEE STADIUM

Frank Bailey's MEADOWBROOK

BILLINGSLEY'S HOLLYWOOD

The Drake

Frank Bailey's

Monte Carlo

The Cuckoo

MUSIC HALL

Old Society



ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD

RIGHT COMBINATION WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS · PROPERLY AGED

The Trocadero

COCONUT GROVE L.A.



20th CENTURY-FOX

Mocambo

HOTEL SHEP



Crow

The BLACKHAWK

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

1947



EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

NEWS ITEM, 1944

Cigarette shortage spreads
...Counters jammed...
Millions try different brands
—any brand they can get.



EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS

the Differences in
Cigarette Quality

*...and now the demand for Camels
—always great
—is greater than ever in history.*

DURING the war shortage of cigarettes
... that's when your "T-Zone" was
really working overtime.

That's when millions of people found that
their "T-Zone" gave a happy okay to the
rich, full flavor and the cool mildness of
Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos.

And today more people are asking for
Camels than ever before in history. But, no
matter how great the demand:

*We do not tamper with Camel quality. We
use only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and
blended in the time-honored Camel way!*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

*According to a recent
Nationwide survey:*

**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE *CAMELS***
than any other cigarette



Doctors too smoke for pleasure.
And when three independent
research organizations asked
113,597 doctors—What cigarette
do you smoke, Doctor?—the
brand named most was Camel!

Your 'T-ZONE'
will tell you...

T FOR TASTE...

T FOR THROAT...

That's your proving ground
for any cigarette. See
if Camels don't
suit your 'T-ZONE'
to a 'T'



*Incidentally
it's a Bentley*



Drop that shoulder line!
Little-girl gingham checks
in this holiday dream
by June Bentley.
Scooped out neckline
with elastic — so your
shoulders can be bare —
or not! Comes in
Brown, Blue or Green
with White giant check
— Dan River's Starspun.
Sizes 9-15. \$10.95.



June Bentley
JUNIORS

Stewart's

206 W. Main St., Durham
February, 1947



Oscar and his salesmen waiting to greet you



A view of a well-stocked men's shop

REPORT ON THE SUIT SITUATION TO THE CAROLINA CAMPUS

We wouldn't go so far as to say our selection of suits is as complete as it ever has been — but the selection we now offer is the best we have had in a very long time. Choice woolens, a wide range of shades, single- and double-breasted models. And as always, our skilled custom-fittings. Our suits are made by **BELMONT CLOTHES**.

Kapp's Men's Shop, Inc.

The Shop for Style

107 E. Main St.

Durham, N. C.

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Periodical of Campus Life

Published Since 1844

February, 1947

EDITOR: Fred Jacobson

MANAGING EDITOR: Jud Kinberg

BUSINESS MANAGER: Ben Perlmutter

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: John Sink

LITERARY EDITOR: Dick Seaver

FICTION

| | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------|----|
| THE SPARKLERS | Nina Lide | 4 |
| THE FIRST LAW | Ralph W. Hyde | 6 |
| THE LITTLE PEOPLE | Dorothy Dashiell | 8 |
| AND YOU TOO, MARTIN | Richard W. Seaver | 11 |
| AND AGAMMEMNON DEAD | Richard G. Stern | 14 |
| THE SOLE SEARCHER | Julia Ross | 19 |

FEATURES

| | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------|----|
| MAG MAN OF THE MONTH | Jud Kinberg | 7 |
| CAROLINA PARADE | | 12 |
| CHAPEL HILL 10:10 | S. Croner, G. Conrad, J. Kinberg | 17 |

POETRY

| | | |
|------------------------|-------------|----|
| TEN MINUTE BREAK | Art Golby | 10 |
| POEMS | Helga Toman | 20 |

ART

| | | |
|--------------|-------------|----|
| PIN-UP | Stan Croner | 15 |
| COVER | John Sink | |

ART

Editor: WINKY ANDREWS

STAFF: John Davis, Allen Kaufman, Ben McKinnon, H. K. Privette, John Sink, James Somers, Clyde Stallings

LITERARY

Rosemary Cleveland, Violet Fidel, John S. O'Neill, William C. Parker, Paul Ramsey, Richard E. Stern, Margaret Whitney, John McDowell

PHOTOGRAPHY

Editor: STAN CRONER

STAFF: Bill Ballew, Robert Reams, Gerald Conrad

BUSINESS

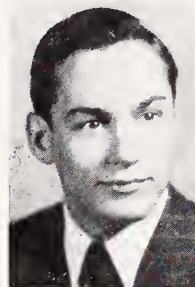
ADVERTISING LAYOUT: Melco

STAFF: Hubert Aenchbacher, Barbara Biggers, Frieda Deans, Jean Eisenkoff, Charles Foley, Anne Hamlin, Marjorie Hollander, Florence Newman, June Sauer, Geraldine Williamson, Margaret Jean Taylor, Joe Foster, David Sharp, Jim Wolf, Roycell Shan-nonhouse

Copyright, February, 1947 by Carolina Magazine

Published monthly during the school year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina. Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. Address all communications to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial. Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscription price of \$2.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.

Contributors



Dick Seaver, head of the literary staff, has worked with admirable efficiency and consistency trying to give each story equal consideration in judgment of its value to the Magazine. Time consuming as this effort may be Dick specializes also as a scholar and athlete. (And you too, Martin!, pg 11)

Without Ben Perlmutter, commanding general of the advertising staff in charge of operation: business, the Magazine would have only twenty-four pages every month. Through his determined and consistent efforts the campus has been able to enjoy a much larger and more expensive Magazine.



With the Christmas issue John Sink broke into the lineup as an associate editor. Ever since, his contributions to the literary as well as the art department have made a significant difference to the appearance of the Magazine. His criticism and advice are invaluable. (Cover)

Petite Violet Fidel, the extremist of the literary staff, can always be found arguing for a higher cultural level in the Magazine office. In her "Public-Be - Damned" attitude she has stimulated much thought and discussion. People like her, believing in their cause, have contributed much to a better Carolina Magazine.



Photography is not only an art, but it is also a lot of work. Bob Reams, photography editor for the first four issues, has performed as a master of both. His Leica has probably seen more places than Kilroy claims to have visited.

The only objection to Winky Andrews' art is the fact that we cannot print more. Her value, however, does only lie in the excellence of her work, but in her ever-present readiness to help in spite of numerous other activities. (The Sparklers, pg 4)



Photo by Wootten-Moulton

... PAGE THREE

SPARKLERS

A black and white illustration of a young woman with long dark hair lying on her side on a light-colored surface, possibly a bed. She is looking up towards a dark sky filled with several bright, starburst-like fireworks or sparklers. The woman is wearing a light-colored, sleeveless top. The overall mood is contemplative and serene, despite the festive nature of the fireworks.

IT WAS the first day of New Year's. Maie Lin lay awake half the night listening to the crackling of the small fire crackers, the booming of the larger ones. New Year's had begun with the first darkness in the town of Hankiah. She lay sleepless, her small body rigid with excitement as she waited the gradual lighting of dawn.

"New Year's should be in summer when the days are long," she thought. "We are only cheating ourselves by having it in the winter."

She could hear the labored breathing of her mother, whose heavy figure lay next to her. As she looked at her mother lying there in the darkness, her full gourdlike breasts sagging till they rested on her swollen stomach, she couldn't help but wish for the thousandth time that she was a boy.

"A man did that to my mother," she thought. "They'll do it to me someday when I am older." She shivered slightly as the February wind rattled the patch in the broken spot of the tiny window.

"I won't think about it now," she thought. "I'm just a child. I'm going to try and stay a child as long as I can." But even as she thought of it, she

Illustration: Winky Andrews

ran her fingers under the cover to where her tiny breasts had already begun to swell, and she knew with sickening desperation that she would not have long. She was twelve today—it would not be more than two years before her mother would marry her off. Two short years—oh well—It was New Year's today and she was going to be happy and childlike. She would not think about it at all. She reached her hand under the small hard pillow and fingered the coppers she had hidden there. She smiled to herself and turned her head as she thought of the sparklers she would buy with them. She closed her eyes and dreamed of the tiny silvery stars sputtering off the stick into the great black demon night. Oh the beauty of it! Would she not be a fairy goddess for a moment, a fairy making stars as easily as breathing, making stars merely by waving a small stick? She thought reluctantly that she should have given the coppers over to Mother. Money was becoming scarcer and scarcer in the Han family. It wasn't easy to live on the ten dollars a month Old Big sent from Manchuria. Of course, times would be better as soon as Old Two

finished his apprenticeship in the metal shop, but now they could not even pay back the money they had borrowed from her mother's people to buy her father's black boarded cousin. Yes, she should have turned the coppers over to her mother. It was bad enough being a useless girl that would never be able to help support the family. The way she had earned the money had not been exactly proper either—not for a girl her age. She had gone behind the donkeys going to market and picked up the little pats of manure and put them in a basket. Then she had taken them around to Old Man Wu, the fertilizer dealer, and he had paid her these five beautiful coppers. Wasn't it really like being a goddess to turn manure into lovely shining stars?

She was aroused from her dreaming by the groans of her mother.

"Get me some water, Maie Lin," she said. "Wash my face—it's so hot."

Maie Lin turned over. "Yes, Ma," she said obediently, but making no move to tear herself from the luxury of the warm blanket.

Her mother's voice was irritable.

(Continued on page 20)

by

Nina

Lide



The First Law

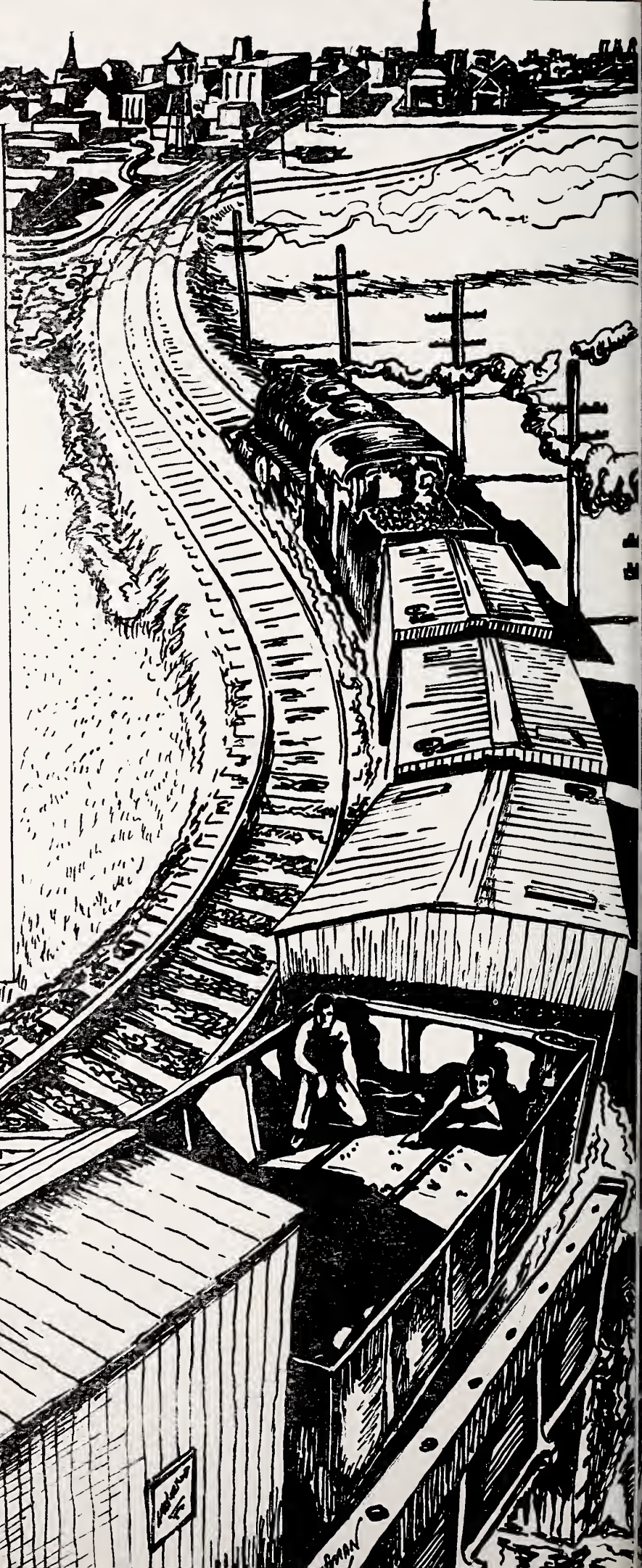
by Ralph W. Hyde

THE NIGHT was so black he could not see the station. Even the water tank was an amorphous blur, and Pete had to look to one side of the tank to see it at all. Anyway, the railroad dicks couldn't see him skulking around the yards, not unless they turned a flashlight on him. Pete didn't care if they saw him swing the freight when it came in. They didn't shoot at hoboes any more. But plenty of the dicks hanging around these little towns talked tough, and twice since he had left Salt Lake he had been driven out of the yards.

He was over the tracks now, and he walked toward the water tank, letting his feet down softly into the cinders. His foot struck the concrete base of the tank. He felt around the concrete and found where the steel frame joined the foundation. He eased his body wearily onto the concrete and leaned against a girder. He heard a scratching sound near him. Instantly Pete sat upright. His pulse leaped wildly, and a sickly warmth gushed over his body. His hand crept into his pocket after the push-button knife he carried. He withdrew the knife and placed his finger on the button.

"She ought to be here any minute now," a quiet voice over to his left said. Pete relaxed and let the knife slide back into his pocket. His heart was still beating fast, and he was angry at himself for having been so frightened.

(Continued on page 22)



WHEN Earl Wynn added a Department of Radio to his sprouting Communication Center, he automatically moved into the Wonder Boy class at the University of North Carolina. Last month's approval of the new department, by a close 53-45 vote after Wynn's impressive arguments, clinches its creator's position as a leader in study and exploitation of new methods of communication and education.

From his desk on Swain Hall's balcony, the portly impresario of progress can see his fine plans being turned into firm reality. With dispatch unusual at slow-moving UNC, he has pushed forward construction of the radio broadcasting studios which will breath full life into both Communication Center and Radio Department. With workmen's hammers providing the leit motif, Wynn plans the future of his important segment of the University. Conversation with his staff usually hit the level of a low roar to compete with the pounding, but that doesn't seem to hamper smooth-functioning of the group.

Even with Chapel Hill sunshine filling the windows, the Swain Hall office resembles those of a New York advertising agency. Academic protocol is never allowed to interfere with work, and ideas are bounced from desk to desk until they evolve into the type planning that has rushed the Communication Center toward full growth.

Wynn thrives on the banter that is part of these informal conferences and reluctantly leaves them to teach the two courses he gives, or to hurry to the many formal conclaves that go with creation of a minor revolution in educational method.

The man who started all this is younger than the new mediums he intends to harness. Born 35 years ago in a little farm town some 200 miles southeast of Chicago, he was fascinated by the spoken and acted word before he finished college. At Augustana Ro, small denominational school in Illinois, he majored in English, managed a heavy minor in Speech. On graduation in 1932, he went on to MA in Dramatic Literature at Northwestern. Here he had his first brushes with radio and found he liked the feel of the handle.

Wynn reversed his financial status at his next university, being paid instead of paying. At Tarkio College in the Missouri panhandle he headed the Speech Department for two years. Time out for work on Ph.D., which he just missed completing, brought him to 1938 and his trip southeast to Chapel Hill.

At UNC, the young instructor became a member of the Drama Department, and taught the Voice Training course which is one of the two he is giving today. Administration interest in radio led to classes here the next year and Wynn took over assignments in that field. At the same time he became one of the directorial mainstays of the Playmakers, with his production of "The Male Animal" in 1941 the best remembered.

When Chapel Hill radio was ready for a national hook-up it was Wynn who put casts through the paces in front of a microphone. For three seasons he directed dramatic shows which were aired on a nationwide basis by the Mutual Broadcasting System.

With the broadcast of a series of original radio plays in the spring of 1942, Wynn packed his toilet kit for the duration and went with the Army as a civilian to produce training film strips at Camp Lee, Virginia. He switched allegiance in 1943 and as a Lieutenant JG produced four Hollywood-made motion pictures for the Navy.

To Americans still used to classifying "venereal disease" as a pool room word, films on this subject were the hardest to "sell." Wynn tackled the job of stripping away the mass

(Continued on page 32)

MAG MAN OF THE MONTH

Impresario of Progress

by Jud Kinberg



the little people

by

Dorothy
Dashiell



THE THREE pastel dresses looked almost too good to ever wear. Sue Ann fingered an organdy ruffle of the white one, gingerly, afraid of crumpling what Mother had so neatly pressed. The white dress was the prettiest of all that Aunt Grace had sent, but the green one was the one Mother liked, at least she had said so when together they had torn through the brown wrapping paper and lifted the lid from Aunt Grace's package. Sue Ann thought she should wear the green dress since it was Mother's favorite.

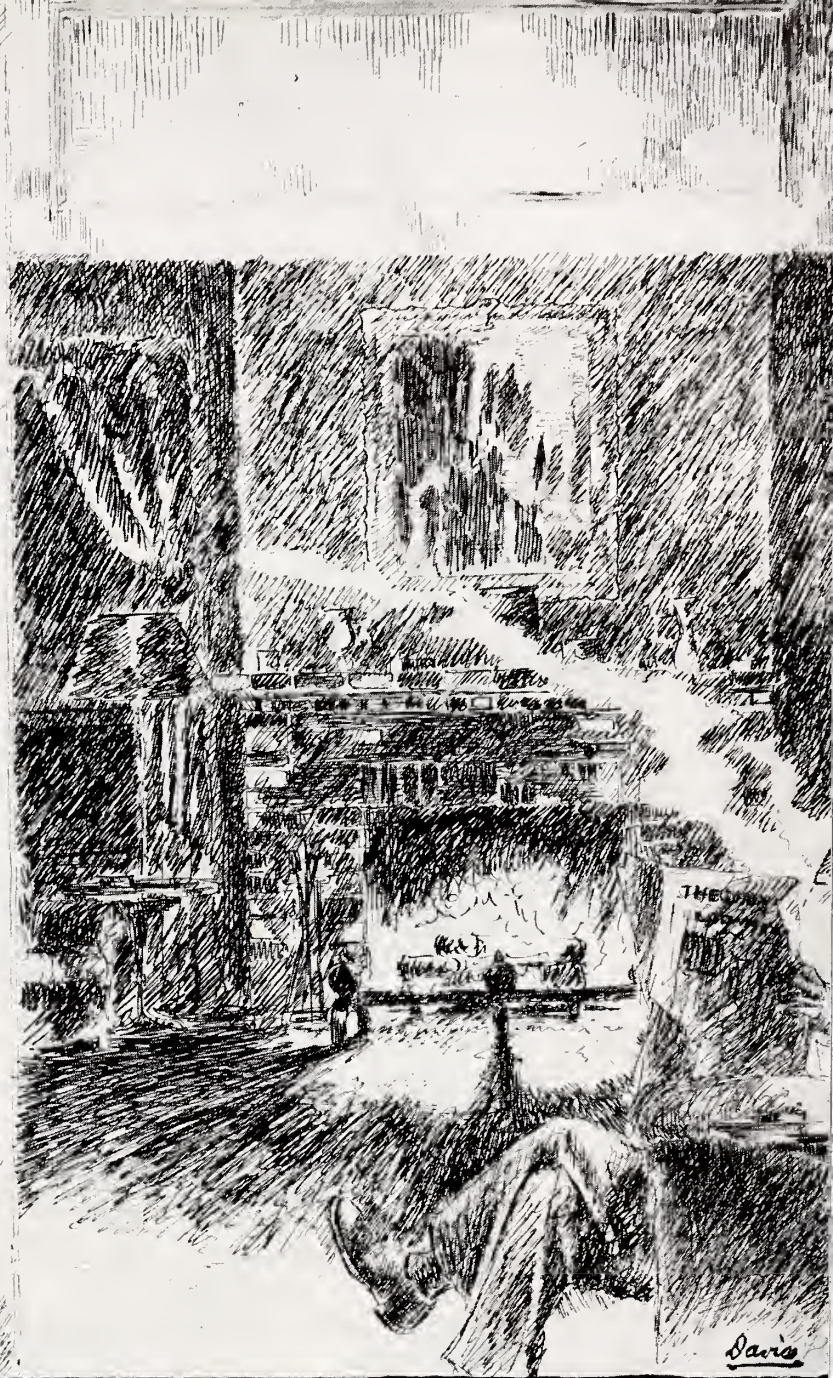
She looked at the small, porcelain clock on her bedside table and saw only thirty minutes left before the party was set to start. If she dressed right away she could go downstairs and help Rosa. Carefully, Sue Ann lifted the green dress from the bed and slipped it over her head. The silk felt smooth and cool on her bare skin. Tiny covered buttons at the back of the neck hard to reach and the smocking a little snug across the flat chest. The green was perfect for yellow hair and green eyes, Sue Ann noted pleasingly. But in the long mirror on the back of the closet

door the dress was too long; she should have thought of that since she was shorter than most eight-year olds. Now it was too late to alter.

Maybe she should wear Daddy's dress after all, as she had suggested that morning, but no, Mother would think she was silly. Mother had said quite firmly that there was no sense in wearing an ordinary, cotton, party dress simply because Daddy had meant it for a birthday present.

"He told me he picked a dress in the department store on the way home because he heard you wishing for one. But now that Aunt Grace has sent you these lovely frocks from New York, of course Daddy doesn't mind, if that's what you're worrying about." Mother had reviewed the frivolous dresses on the bed and added, "There is no place near here where we can buy such precious clothes for you. Sometimes, darling, I don't think you are very appreciative."

Sue Ann studied her figure soberly, remembering her Mother's words and decided an inch more in length did not



look too bad, but she hoped none of her thoughtless little friends noticed.

With rhythmic strokes the brush smoothed Sue Ann's straight, blonde hair. The back door slammed downstairs, and she heard heavy footsteps and Dick's voice asking Rosa what there was to eat. Sue Ann had heard Mother tell him to eat lunch downtown today, and she hoped he had remembered. She felt bad enough about Rosa fixing the party on her day off. Last evening when Sue Ann had timidly approached Rosa busily washing dishes and said she was sorry that the party was on a Thursday, Rosa had laughed. "That's all right, honey," she'd said, "You can't help it when your birthday is."

Sue Ann hurriedly clasped a silver chain bracelet around her wrist. White anklets and black patent leather slippers, and then she must go down and set the table.

Going down the carpeted stairs, Sue Ann felt prim and doll-like. She saw her brother sitting on the divan behind an open newspaper. She walked on the stairs quietly, knowing that she would feel unnatural if he looked up and saw

her in green silk. A long smoke spiral rose above the newspaper and Sue Ann gasped aloud. "He has started smoking in college," she thought. She felt that her brother had been sadly changed by his year at college; she had that same thought when he had first come home and she noticed that the naturally wavy brown hair was now tonically trained to lie neat and flat. In every way he seemed like a grown-up.

Dick crumpled the paper together and looked at his sister standing in the hall. "All dressed up for the party," he said. Sue Ann felt very pleased by his approving tone. Dick smashed his cigarette hard in the glass ashtray with conscious nonchalance, and started to reopen the paper, but with a slight jerk he looked back at Sue Ann obviously remembering to say, "Your birthday present's in my pocket."

Sue Ann went to him grinning and picturing her big, hard-shelled brother alone in the department store trying to choose her present. It was a sweet picture. She watched him draw from his big jacket pocket two unwrapped ob-

(Continued on page 31)

Ten Minute Break

by Art Golby

I thought of evening in the South when it's still and quiet.
The rust-red clay at evening when it seems the richest
And the twilight-green along the gullies at the side of the road.
Then the night itself sweeping down the hill in shades of black
And the deep night-green and the million music noises in the air.

Reflection Broken

A B-17 shook the frost from its wings
And changed its course.
Headed out for three o'clock.
Headed out for—
The sound of her motors
Beat on the hammer
And the anvil
And the stirrup.

My Buddy Was A Philosopher

I'm worried, Roy said.
What are you worried about, Roy, I said.
I'm worried about the firmament, Roy said.
What are you worried about it for, Roy, I said.
They're making stars fade out too soon

And scaring Hell out of the moon.
She was flying out to
Someplace where she was needed.
Just another island
Where Manhattan might have been.
It had brother-voices too:

"I should have . . . joined the Navy . . .
But I . . . look like hell in blue . . ."

"Ain't no strings on her!
Smoother 'an a kite!"
a brother said.
"I didn't come for marchin'!
I came to fight!"
another brother said.
"Cut out your bitchin'
And do for once what's right!"
a voice said.

*Bring up the stretcher, Harry!
We can still pull him through.*

"I had a crazy notion . . .
To see the rolling ocean . . .
Look . . . I'm on the farm . . .
God, it's clean and warm . . ."

*Steady, Mate, we'll make this stand
Then turn about for dry land.*

"I don't mind the killing.
It's the thought I might be next.
And by that whistling sound
My turn has come around.
Say Hello back home. This is it.
Hell sent. Hell bound."

*You mean every bolt
Has got a name?
Christ! The guy that just got his . . .
Our names are same!*

My Buddy Was a Philosopher

I'm worried, Roy said.
What are you worried about, Roy, I said.
I'm worried about the earth, Roy said.
What are you worried about it for, Roy, I said.
It's full of holes and sulphur poison.
Might not yield and cause a famine.

She passed from sight and sound
But stuck in the hammer
And the anvil
And the stirrup.

Reflection Resumed

I thought of afternoon in the South again,
The clay-colored hills bending in the horizon heat,
The dust membrane you can't rub from your eyes.
I thought of myself under the noonday sun
In the South again

Weary but wiser by the B-17,

the mud and the sand
the dead staring faces in the tall grass.
Sun hay shined
Hay sun shined
I could feel the equilibrium.
ASSEMBLE!



AND YOU TOO, MARTIN

by Richard W.
Seaver

MARTIN LANSING turned over in bed, tossing the dirty covers onto the floor. Light was just beginning to grope its way through the cracks in the window shades. The figure on the bed, hit by one of the sharp pinpoints of light, slowly opened his eyes. Bleary eyes, red and rough like his line-leather skin.

He rubbed his eyes with dirty fingers, sat up slowly, and made a half-hearted effort to get up. Then he flopped down again, turned away from the window, and pulled the pillow over his head.

(Continued on page 26)

CAROLINA PARADE

Heartburn

Interesting sidelight in the "serious, post-war student" came shining from Ab's Record Shop. A mid-1930 recording by tickety-tockety orchestra leader Ted Weems has become a rare item at Ab's, these weeks. Name of the song: "Heartaches," done in bastard bolero tempo. "One to a customer" is the rule, with fraternities and sororities fighting for a larger allotment of this revival which rates high on All-Time Parade.

Current craze for a worthless record at Chapel Hill actually started in Charlotte. There, some bored all-night disc jockey took a liking to the tune, played it continuously through early-morning hours. Result was a stampede upon the town's records shops and hurry-up orders for thousands more from Decca in New York.

Mania for Weemusic didn't take longer than days to sweep the state, Chapel Hill included. Apparently the brave young men and women of tomorrow can also be herded like ordinary, out-of-college sheep.

"Write It Pretty"

Heavy-tongued "Skipper" Coffin sits ponderously in the head swivel chair of a Carolina Department which cannot compare favorably with prototypes in colleges smaller than UNC. His Journalism school has been hampered by lack of funds, as have all others. But the present state of curriculum at Bynum Hall cannot be excused entirely by low budgets.

To many honest would-be journalists signed up under the department, influx of crib-course seekers into classes has always been irritating. Since no finals are given, Journalism 30 to 73 are perfect escapes for those partying their way through school.

Teaching methods have also come in for legitimate criticism from the ones who should know best: those taking the courses. General practice is "lots of writing, little correcting." Apparently firm believers in learning by experience, department professors assign page upon page of news stories, features, edits. Comments on papers handed back are generally skimpy, inadequate.

Even in so temperamental a profession as journalism, students can learn much from study of basic concepts. Actually, such things are brushed aside

with little study. Whole technique on Bynum's second floor is to get a man behind a typewriter. This is perfect for teaching him to type, more questionable in its effectiveness in teaching him to write.

University of Missouri's School of Journalism, one of the finest centers for such study in the nation, is an example of just what can be offered those inter-



COFFIN

Swivel Chair No. 1

ested in newspaper, magazine, radio work.

There are four main fields for a major in Journalism, 44 individual courses. Lower class, general college studies are grooved into well-formed lines by entrance requirements into the junior-year School of Journalism. This careful attention to preliminaries and diversity of upperclass studies is part of a well-planned program whose object is "to give the student knowledge of modern civilization with emphasis upon American problems, an ability to interpret these problems journalistic-ally."

From available evidence, Carolina's journalism school does nothing to make certain that prospective majors in the field take well-rounded freshman, sophomore years. Since only six courses are required for completion of such major, there is little to keep out goldbricks. Finally, there are only 18 courses to choose from, none as up-to-date as Missouri's "Foreign Correspondence," "Reader Interest Surveys and Opinion Polling," "Propaganda."

Terrible Took

"Foo Foo Jellyroll, we are sending you to Chapel Hill to be our agent," said the Muses as they dispatched Matt "Tookie" Hodgson to the second floor of Graham Memorial, ramshackle home of UNC's newspaper and magazine.

Heavenly-appointed censor of campus publications, Hodgson slowed his inflated ego to float him onto unfirm ground last month. DTH Editor Woestendiek and Mag Head Jacobson both came in for dire warnings from Young Matt.

First man to incur Hodgson wrath was Woestendiek. An editorial and column in the Tar Heel had taken the Publications Board to task for certain deficiencies. Although he is only one member among seven on the Board, although his name was not even hinted at, Hodgson immediately conceived the notion that he was sole object of the printed words.

Catching Woestendiek at the DTH Night Office, Terrible Took delivered his ultimatum. To paraphrase it: "I've been pretty patient, Bill, but if you don't stop these attacks upon me there's going to be hell to pay. I've got influence with Bill Miller." (Chairman of powerful Legislature Ways and Means Committee.) This said, Hodgson left, mumbling warnings about full-scale investigation of Daily Tar Heel higher-ups.

Next day it was Fred Jacobson's turn. This time Tookie opened his heart to give the Carolina Magazine editor advice. It was to submit a whopping demand for appropriations as one sure way to kill talk of a humor magazine.

An "out" who seems to strongly desire an "in," Tookie has forsaken wholehearted cooperation with publications in favor of occasional forays for and upon them. By so doing he perpetuates the odious practice of "knifing and coniving" that has long hampered full power of publications at UNC.

But his most flagrant attempt at self-aggrandizement was reserved for DTH Managing Editor Roland Giduz. Trumping up a series of ambiguous charges, Hamfat Hodgson used the Phi as his springboard in the latest bit of chicanery. Even with a house he had carefully packed with faithful supporters, Tookie found it rough going. The Phi itself defeated the motion to censure the Daily Tar Heel.

To many sincere, honest workers who staff DTH and Magazine, the incidents were wryly comical. From this limited

CAROLINA PARADE

circle, humorist Hodgson has gotten his biggest laugh.

Bright New Men

Handicapped by its absurdly low wage scale, the University of North Carolina could do little to stop wartime exodus of many good professors. With return of young men from the services, the administration has relied upon them to plug vacancies. Luckily for school and student, these instructors have brought intelligence, initiative, vision to their new posts.

Typical of this new generation which may do much to restore waning UNC prestige is English Department's Charles B. Eaton. Tar Heel born, B.A. from Carolina, he is back in Chapel Hill for the first time since graduation in 1936. Into intervening years Eaton has crowded his M.A. from Princeton, further advanced study at Harvard, wartime duty with the State Department in Brazil, teaching at University of Missouri.

A practicing and published poet, Eaton adds the spark of intense faith to teaching methods in his Creative Writing course. That faith is in the future of the University and Chapel Hill as a southern core of American literature.

To students, Eaton seems young, extremely erudite in a pleasant fashion. None of them fear missing important points, for this new teacher usually emphasizes salient comments by fists slammed on the desk or upraised like a referee signaling a touchdown. His ability to interpret technique of short story, apply it to the writings of his class has helped many an embryonic Hemingway.

In his hopes for the flowering of Chapel Hill, Eaton would like to include his own forte: Study of poetry composition as a companion course to present classes in short story, novel, play writing.

Unfettered by years of custom or by yellowed classnotes, Eaton has already shown great promise in an English Department ranked among the finest in the nation.

Hoop-la

When early-season losses dumped the White Phantoms far below pre-season estimates, hatchet men readied their blades for Carolina's basketball hopes. Midwestern defeats during Christmas

vacation were followed by losses to Maryland and Navy in January. Even victory over NYU in New York City was not enough to still talk of mediocrity.

Together with the swish of ball through the basket, came the more deadly swish of rumor. As they do around any team which has not found itself, the stories gathered: stories which told of internal dissension, players who didn't take to the new coach, midwestern Tom Scott.

Then, with unexpected power, the White Phantoms found the winning spark. Instead of losing by a few points, they started taking the tough ones, piling on top-heavy scores in some cases. It was old rival Duke which provided the heat to fuse Tar Heel courtmen into a hard-playing, high-scoring team. With Nearman subbing for Dillon at

center, the UNC outfit held Duke to an amazing 28 point low while racking up 49 itself. The Blue Devils, 10 and 12 point favorites at gametime, were a whipped team in the second half.

Next, there were a handful of wins—notably over Georgia Tech and Wake Forest — and from a poorly-rated fourth, Carolina was in Southern Conference second place. Apparently, the five men who individually are probably the equal of all but a few teams in the country have learned how to combine their talents.

Victory may not be the truest answer, but it is the best one to the rumors. Whether they can continue this slick play on into the tournament is an unanswerable question, but Scott's ironman starting team has stilled the rising cry that was developing against the coach.



And Agamemnon Dead

Music as it reflects on the individual is the theme of Carolina Writers' Club selection written by RICHARD G. STERN.

A SUDDEN blow the great wings beating still above the staggering girl her thighs caressed by his dark web her nape caught in his bill he held her breast upon his breast." Paulus couldn't think of the second quatrain.

It was his habit to run the great verse in his throat when he was going out or coming home from the office. It was his special church, exclusive of the whole world which poured along the street, oblivious and lost in New York's great night—Paulus had written prose poems as a young man and had sequently felt with the artists more than the auditors of the world.

But the Yeats was escaping him. He hadn't done this poem for two years now, since Schnable's Beethoven series. He knew it all then and he remembered chanting it over so absorbed that he'd forgotten to check his coat (he hadn't bought his evening coat at that time) and he had to sit on it and be extremely uncomfortable through the enormities of the Hammerklavier.

He was at Madison and 57th now. He always forgot which way to turn here. He stopped a rather pretty dark woman strolling downtown and asked her very politely the way to Carnegie Hall. She saw his white tie peeking handsomely through his white silk scarf and her answer was shy and unsure. He smiled as if a wind had briefly ruffled his lips and said "Thank you." It was a warm night and he was sure that the woman thought that he had decided to leave the car behind and his smile was warm now as he turned toward 7th Ave.

The Budapest Quartet drew a most impressive audience. There was the usual crowd of musicians talking authoritatively and loudly, observed out of the corners of aristocratic eyes, frozen slightly with five-thirty cocktails. Paulus swelled, felt his nostrils harden, his mouth twinge as the usherette handed him into his 8th row orchestra seat.

To get one of those few excellent seats that weren't on subscription lists Paulus had to undergo one of those humiliations that he sometimes felt were the physical price of any spiritual reward. He had to get up at seven-thirty and wait in line with thick glassed adolescent, dirty silent men and various others who yearned for music like

medicine, like lepers cringing for affection.

Then Paulus's heart began to beat against its sides. His whole being had come to his eyes and fallen back drunk with frenzy. "Oh good evening, Mr. Paulus," Mr. Andrews had said to him. Mr. Andrews in a dark blue business suit was sitting with his wife directly in front of him.

"How can those terrified vague fingers push the feathered glory from her loosening thighs."

It had come to him in this moment and calmed by the sudden and mysterious recollection of the quatrain he glanced at the four men who were bowing matter-of-factly to the foam of excitement bursting over the rise and fall of the welcoming applause.

Had he said good evening to Mr. Andrews (who was the senior partner in the brokerage firm for which Paulus had worked for 20 years, his second and final job since graduating from college)? He didn't remember, he couldn't remember, couldn't remember anything but the fact that his lips had moved. Had he externalized the greeting that had leaped in his head?

Mrs. Andrews' mink brushed his knee. Her dress was a rich intense blue flung almost from her broad shoulders into a dark puff of sleeve. Her hair was black, tortured into an incredible complication of perfect curls. They obstructed the music. Paulus felt that the music lay dead in the terrible black caverns of Mrs. Andrews hair.

He pressed his eyelids and then slowly opened them blurring his vision, seeing streaks of light which he modulated until they formed a fit receptacle for the music creeping slowly now like a brilliant snake into the hall of music. It was the Opus 135 of Beethoven, one of the world's giants Paulus knew.

The allegro was sweeping the audience together, constricting them to a point where choking they would have to scream, and that would be the end of the movement—Beethoven was a very great man. After all would relax and the audience would expand slowly with great relief until they unfledged and dissipated into the night.

But Paulus fell outside the grip. There was wet warmth under his eyes and he could not bring himself to make the long black motion of drying it with

his forefinger. His breath grouped uncomfortably at his slightly open lips and then he released it softening the crumbling effect of a sigh. He was tense when the allegro ended suddenly. He touched off the perspiration.

Mr. Andrews was breathing something in his wife's ear and she smiled at him. Paulus didn't glare at this rudeness as he ordinarily glared at offenders. Perhaps it was this restriction of an almost automatic action that made his throat dry and begin to itch. His eyes bulged and he inhaled sharply to stop the cough that must surely come. He simply couldn't cough. All would know the source and the averted gazes would leave him airless. Andrews would know, would know that a junior bond agent had gone to Carnegie Hall in evening clothes and had begun to cough. Andrews would even think that it was not an ordinary dry harsh cough, but a rich consumptive cough, bred in a windy apartment wet with oozing steam-heat. My Lord, and the sweat poured in Paulus' eyes and down his face, mixed with the shaved gray wires above his lip, slipped into his stiff, clean, white immaculate collar. It was an intolerable agony of physical suspension.

Then the quartet was over and Paulus relaxed his throat, and he clapped. The cough did not come. It had been overcome in the lonely struggle. He rose slowly from his seat to smoke in the corridor. He exchanged a knowing and almost companionable smile with Mr. Andrews—they were brothers in the community of music after all.

Paulus was still in that deep unworried state of relaxation, almost weakness, that follows great tension. He looked at the pictures and letters of the musicians which made the long corridor cozy with fame. He tried to read a letter from Meyerbeer to his music publisher but the writing was too small and his French unused.

He picked up the program—Haydn. Paulus disliked Haydn, disliked him because there was the bustling of inci-

(Continued on page 30)

→
The fresh beauty of Marian Castellow photographed expertly by Stan Croner illustrates graphically that Carolina's Spring is in the air.



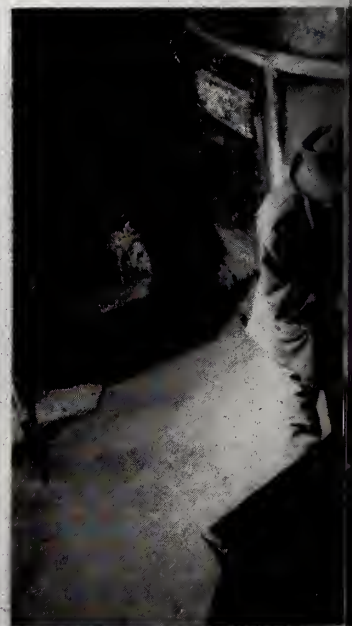


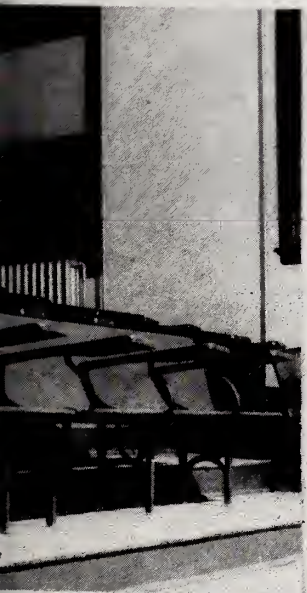
Chapel Hill 10:10

Like a lady of the evening, Chapel Hill puts on its brightest raiment at night. Released from their single pursuit of the day, 7,000 men and women venture forth on varied paths that suddenly are opened by dusk.

To record the metamorphosis of town and college, the Magazine gave photographers Stan Croner and Gerald Conrad flashbulbs and carte-blanche. Pictures they brought back create the substance and mood of Chapel Hill. It is a panorama of student-faculty-townspeople activity at 10:10 in the evening, a time that completes the evening for many, is the height of it for many more.

Night and the village are the backdrop in front of which are played the many roles shown on these pages. An art class in motion . . . Dr. Frank in contemplation . . . the first proof of tomorrow's Daily Tar Heel . . . a shadowed pianist at a battered upright . . . lights of the Library blazing for the students studying there. These are some of the moods, fashioned in light and shadow, created by one and many. This is Chapel Hill 10:10.







The Sole Searcher

by Julia Ross

AT TEN-FIFTY Frances Spoon, better known to members of the First Baptist congregation as Miss Fanny, slammed the front door. On the spacious porch a tomcat sleepily sunning his midnight wounds flicked a chewed ear. A second later he had scurried softly behind a gray column just out of reach of her black Red Cross Oxford. Miss Fanny was going to church.

She strode a block east and turned north. Ahead of her loomed the sharp church steeple like a straight pin stuck in a blue cushion of sky. In a few minutes she paused before the yellow-brick church and scrutinized a dark mahogany bulletin, on which appeared the square-lettered Sunday text: BE YE LOVING ONE TO ANOTHER.

"Amen," nodded Miss Fanny. She marched approvingly up twelve steel-railed steps. And before the belfry bells clanged overhead, urging on the late comers, she was seated in the middle of her second-row pew.

She bowed to Brother Johnson, the tithing deacon. But she did not turn her head when Bessie Oldham hissed from across the aisle. "Fanny, Fanny can you stir up some pimento spread for the missionary picnic?" Miss Bessie was the new auxiliary president and at the last meeting she had served Miss Fanny some cake on her ugliest china plate. Yes, she remembered that meeting very well. Miss Fanny squeezed her lips into a straighter line, until they looked like a locked accordion. Once they had been full and curved; but some fifty years had pushed them into small thin folds, had locked them there, and had thrown away the key.

"Miss Fanny's lips," little Billy Harrison whispered to his mother from the front pew, "say sh-hh-h without making a sound."

And so the little group of Baptists sat, silenced by Miss Fanny, waiting for the service to begin. The scene was punctuated only by a fanning of programs; for a handful of sunlight, having trickled gradually through the stained glass windows, had melted into spectral fingers of blue and red and gold. A gold finger rested lovingly on the platinum curls of a baby girl, a red finger poked spitefully into one of Miss Fanny's sharp eyes, and a blue finger slid along the wine carpet of the rostrum. Suddenly the organist and

the preacher stepped over the blue-boned finger. And as the organ took up the soft strains of a familiar hymn some people forgot the heat.

But Miss Fanny remembered. Even after the Reverend Kinnett mopped his brow and energetically began his sermon, she remembered. And peering over the bridge of her Pinocchio nose, she allowed her gaze to travel beyond the little mole on her left cheek and to settle on the shoes of the drowsy man by her side. Bravely she decided to overcome her discomfort by interesting herself in others. Shoes had always interested Miss Fanny. They were, she thought, like the people who wore them. Now Brother Bryan wore nice brown shoes. They were long, too, and shining. Yes, shining like his character—and like his long car. Last Sunday he had driven her home from church.

Brother Bryan, his musing eyes staring blindly at the oblong petals of some roses engraved on the pulpit, was replaying his Friday night poker game. "That damn Harrison," he swore silently, "pulling a straight flush over my full house. Ten chips lost in one damn sweep."

Crossed smartly beside Brother Brown's polished Oxfords was a pair of lizard sandals out of which nylon toes and heels peeped haughtily. Smart, thought Miss Fanny, smart like Mrs. Bryan. Mrs. Bryan, she recalled, had the past December skillfully read Dickens' *Christmas Carol* to a missionary circle. A good woman, a good wife, a good mother, a good church worker.

Mrs. Bryan was examining with cool green eyes the crown of Billy Harrison's small head, scarcely visible above the high backed front pew. Her eyes grew a shade greener as she recalled the neighborhood birthday party. The very nerve of Gladys Harrison telling Billy to walk home from the party with Ruth Holt's little girl. Why Gladys' Billy and her Gail—Mrs. Bryan started when a small finger sought her rib. The tiny face of a six-year-old was lifted to her. She lowered a mother's ear to translate the snaggle-toothed question.

"Mama, Mama," little Gail lisped, "Grandpa's noddin.' Can I pinch him again?"

Miss Fanny could not see Gail's patent slippers, for they were suspended midway between pew and floor. But

Grandpa's high-top shoes at the end of the pew she could inspect with disapproval. They were worn and old. The old rheumatic should be ashamed to wear such shoes in church. She knew Mr. and Mrs. Bryan must be embarrassed.

And Miss Fanny was right. For when a pair of small fingers squeezed Grandpa's fleshy side and his weather-beaten old eyelids twitched and jumped open, his two blue eyes twinkled triumphantly on Mrs. Bryan. Yes, it had been a battle, Grandpa remembered, almost as bad as the one at Gettysburg when his company had—well, he wouldn't go into that. Proudly he stretched one of his feet into the aisle. And when Mrs. Bryan made a funny noise with her throat, he stretched it a little further. Those confounded new shoes hurt his bunion, and these had served him for pretty nigh five years.

As Miss Fanny slid to the edge of her seat to see the shoes of Grandpa's neighbor, the red finger poked a little further into her prying eyes and turned her attention to Reverend Kinnett. Good Heavens! Was the sermon over already? Mopping his brow with a flourish, Brother Kinnett was announcing the closing hymn. Miss Fanny sang loudest of all.

Afterwards she followed the crowd to the door; she went down the aisle, she shook hands with the Harrisons, and the Bryans, and the Johnsons, and inquired about Grandpa's rheumatism and Deacon Johnson's gout. Then she shook hands with Reverend Kinnett.

"A good sermon, Brother Kinnett," she nodded, "a mighty good sermon. I enjoyed every word." But why he had asked Bessie Oldham to manage the missionary picnic Miss Fanny could not understand. She hoped he noticed that her hand shake was not so hardy as it had been last Sunday.

She marched down the steel-railed steps, rode a block south, turned west and followed her flag-stoned walk to the spacious porch. Mrs. Warren, peeping over the picket fence across the way, shook her head when she saw Miss Fanny kick old Tom from behind the gray column and slam the front door. "She slammed it," Mrs. Warren said, "like she wanted it to stay slammed till Wednesday night." Miss Fanny always went to prayer meeting on Wednesday night.

POEMS

by Helga Toman

words to my spaniel

a little brown thought
follows me
wagging its tail
always present
cheerful
no questions—
in the road
in the snow
little brown thought lies waiting
with ice-caked feet,
his eyes and heart
watch for my car—
little brown thought,
when you are gone
and replaced properly
by something large and dumb
i will hold
in my mind
with love and care
the soft unobtrusive
little brown thought of you.

maybe 15MPH for the candlestick maker

and the oily greedy unpleasantly non-
smelly
handlers of dead bodies,
the undertakers,
took my good grandfather
after his quiet death
upon which he placed his blessing.
they bore him,
whose sly driving-horse was an ex-race
horse,
who always commanded me to overtake
every car ahead,
who delighted in the smooth speed of
the ambulance
that drove him to his last bed.
these stupid interminably bore his
empty shell
at 15 MPH
to his grave.

whisper

confidentially
i cheerfully
feel
these hydrangeas
that everybody raves about
look
like
rusty old bent nails
poor
things

Sparkles

"Maie Lin, hurry, Maie Lin—Oh, that I should be afflicted with such a lazy, good-for-nothing daughter!"

Maie Lin threw the covers off quickly and crawled to the edge of the kong. She pivoted her tiny bound feet to the side and stepped into her shoes. She threw back her long disheveled hair and bound a red string around it tightly, and then she combed it at the sides of her face. She rubbed the small pock mark in the middle of her forehead and went out into the courtyard to dip some water out of the large gong there. She took an old piece of cloth from a bunch of rags in the corner, dipped it into the gourd and patted her mother's sailow face and sunken eyes. Her mother reached her long stained finger-nails out and clutched Maie Lin's small chapped hands, hurting her with the intensity of her grip.

"When it comes do as I say, Maie Lin. You'll have to help me. You're the only one. You've got to help me." And as if she read the clutching fear in Maie Lin's mind, she added, "Don't be afraid. I'll be all right."

"I'll burn some incense at father's grave," Maie Lin thought. "I'll ask his spirit not to let it happen now—not till New Year's is over."

Maie Lin could hardly control her excitement. Everything was ready now. She had fed Little Brother, washed and dressed him in his red New Year's garments. Finally, she put a tiny spot of red paint on his nose. She wished she could put one on her own face, but she knew it would only irritate the pock mark. She must stop this habit of picking the scabs off—it would never get well. But it was so much fun to pick scabs off—it hurt a little at first, but you did it slowly and it was a warm, alive hurting.

"Maie Lin!"

"I hope she won't change her mind and not let me go," she thought.

"Maie Lin—look in the third bowl in the window sill. There are some coppers there. Take them and buy some sweets for yourself and Little Brother." She turned over painfully, gasped and uttered only half audibly, "Oh, that I should have to live to see this day!"

It was a wonderful day—just right for New Year's. It was cold; yes, but the sun was out and there was something stimulating about the cold. It was not the cruel, biting kind that is so common to Shantung. Everyone was going towards the village. Maie Lin

was impatient; Little Brother walked too slow.

"Come Shiang," she said half dragging him along. He fell and skinned his knee, and then cried loudly. "Oh stop it!" she said, wiping him off. She went over to a sweets' stand and bought him a stick of candied crab apples. She wiped his nose on the back of her sleeve and gave him the stick.

It was almost time for dinner before they started home. Maie Lin was afraid that Mother would be angry. Dinner would be late and Old Two was coming home today. They were having noodles too, white flour noodles in honor of New Year's. She'd cut them out yesterday and they were ready to put in the stove. Nothing but the best for Old Two—he was the oldest boy now—they were counting on him.

"Come on, Shiang," she said pulling him away from one of the Punch and Judy shows that he was craning his short fat neck to see. "Come on—we got to go home."

"I don't want to go home," he said.

"Don't be such a baby. There'll be plenty more days." Plenty more—fifteen, to be exact. How wonderful it would be. There would be the stilt walkers and the peep shows and the firecrackers—and then the last day would bring the biggest thrill of all—the dragon walk. She smiled to herself. Yes, it was really wonderful. She must take some of the noodles down to Father's grave so his spirit could enjoy the season. She shuddered a bit and tightened her hold on Little Brother's hand. Last year had been a long year. She could still hear Father's strangled cough, his heavy groaning. It had almost been a relief when he died. She wished he was here today, though. How he enjoyed New Year's. It just didn't seem right without him. Mother had said that Old Two must take Father's place now, but it wasn't quite the same, not to her. She fingered the long box of sparklers underneath her padded garments lovingly. There was a picture of a fat foreign looking baby on the outside with a sparkler in his hand. She could hardly wait for the night to come. It would be such fun.

She and Little Brother were playing a sort of hopscotch on the cobblestones as they walked home. You had to step in the middle of the stone and not touch any of the lines. She barely looked up to tell Little Brother she knew he was cheating when she saw a crowd of people over by the side of the road.

They were looking at a man on the ground, and they were laughing cruelly at degraded human nature. Maie Lin pushed her way through the crowd till she stood right above the man on the ground, and then she realized with momentary horror that it was Old Two. She felt sick and dizzy all at once, but she could not leave. She was held by a strange fascination. This was her own brother—the family prize—and he was lying there acting like a dog. No, it was worse than that; he was no better than a pig. He was vomiting a greenish, yellow stuff, and he was wallowing in it like a pig. He kept screaming and hitting himself all over his body as if some horrible insects were biting him, and this seemed to amuse the spectators. Oh, the sickening odor! It was whiskey—there was no mistaking it. He was drunk. What if Mother could see him now, what would she think of her darling, her favorite son? “No, I won’t tell her,” Maie Lin thought. “Not now. Having a baby must be bad enough by itself.” She was brought back to reality by the tugging of her Little Brother.

“What is it, Maie Lin? I can’t see.”

“It’s nothing. Come on. Let’s go home.”

“I want to see. I want to see, too, Maie Lin.”

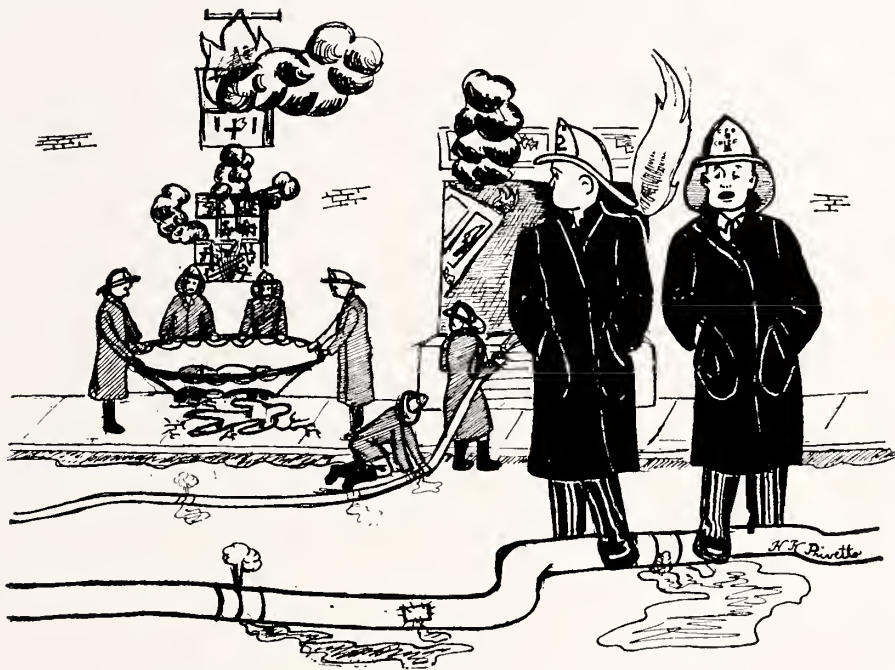
“No!” And because she was angry, very angry, she slapped him. She dragged him along the street wailing loudly. On and on they trudged down the cart-rutted road towards home. The winter wheat had just appeared like grass, giving off the strong odor of freshly applied fertilizer. The streets were crowded today. Everyone was going to the village. The men were standing around or squatting with long-stemmed pipes in their callous-worn hands. Women hurried along on dainty bound feet, carrying fat dirty-faced babies. Little boys smiled with broad-cheeked grins, squinting their tiny slant eyes, as they threw their little firecrackers into the air or fingered their long-tailed New Year’s kites. The underfed dogs hung around the low-walled roadside toilets and dirty black pigs sniffed the garbage in the gutters. It would have been like any other day, but the air of festivity had transformed the very atmosphere and there was gaiety and laughter in the sallow worn faces. It was a carefree, happy-go-luckiness that came from complete disregard of despair. It was their way of laughing at fate. But it was different now for Maie Lin. She stumbled blindly over the frozen ruts of the road and crossed her tiny chapped hands into the opposite sleeves of her ragged garments. She wished she had not eaten that last meat dumpling. There had been too

much garlic in it. It had left a terrible taste in her mouth.

They came to their own courtyard surrounding the small, thatched-roofed mud hut, and they passed through the door.

“Is that you, Maie Lin?” It was her mother. She turned her distorted face on the pillow and uttered a groan.

“Yes, Ma, I’m here.” Maie Lin took out the box of sparklers that she had stuck in the band around her waist that held up her pants. “Here, Shiang,” she said, handing them to Little Brother. “You can sparkle these tonight. They will make stars.” She picked at the pock mark on her nose, and turning, she went in to her mother.



“Remind me to order a new safety net tomorrow, Jenkins!”

BENNETT & BLOCKSIDE, INC.

105 E. Franklin St.

Phone 6161

COAL

FURNITURE

FRIGIDAIRE—ELECTRIC RANGES—RADIOS—STOKERS

CAROLINA PHARMACY

REXALL DRUG STORE

For Prompt, Dependable Prescription Service

3 Registered Pharmacists on Duty

Home-Owned Food Store Huntley-Shields

Standard Groceries
Lower Prices



For
Whatever
You Need
Try

BERMAN'S

You will most likely find
it there—

BERMAN'S DEPT. STORE

First Law

(Continued from page 6)

"How long you been waiting?" Pete asked.

"I've been here four or five hours, ever since before sundown. I hid out in the weeds till nightfall. I took no chances with the town's respectable element." The voice in the dark laughed bitterly.

"You don't talk like a 'bo," Pete said. He looked intently toward the place the voice was coming from. He thought he could dimly make out a figure hunched up against the concrete. By using the same trick he had used in looking at the water tank he was sure he could see the other.

"I spent three years at Hampton, if that means anything." The voice seemed far away. Pete strained to see if the man had moved away from him. But since he heard no scrunching noises he decided the man had not moved.

"Hampton? Never heard of it," Pete said. "I never went past high school myself. Too poor. But I never got hungry till I went on this wild-goose chase. Christ, what I wouldn't give for a chicken dinner! I haven't eaten a bite for two days."

"I have a lunch my sister gave me yesterday in Denver," said the voice. "There are a couple of boiled eggs and two sandwiches left. The bread is dry, and you'll probably taste cinders, but it's food. I see no reason why we shouldn't finish it now."

Pete heard the man sliding along the concrete and in a moment they were together. He heard paper rustling, and a boiled egg and a sandwich were thrust into his hands. He gulped the sandwich in great bites. He did not attempt to peel all the shell off the egg. He swallowed noisily, and then he felt the ragged edges of the shell going down his throat.

"God," he breathed, when he could talk again. "I had almost forgot what food tastes like. Thanks a million."

"Skip it," the other said. "The first thing you learn on the road is to share with your buddy. You must be new on the road not to know that."

"I am," Pete said. "I was hitching and my luck ran out. I swung a freight in Salt Lake, and I've been swinging 'em ever since."

Far down the tracks a tiny light appeared. The rumble of a fast-moving freight rolled over the Kansas prairie. The light was coming straight toward them, and the roar of the wheels grew louder and louder. The rails became glittering silver threads. The light of the locomotive hung on the little station for a moment and then swung from the station to the water tank.

"Duck!" Pete's companion whispered, and he pulled Pete with him behind the concrete foundation. They crawled into the weeds behind the water tank. Pete lay in the weeds beside his companion, a peculiar feeling in his stomach. The swinging headlight of the locomotive had caught for an instant the face of his companion. He was a Negro.

A signalman with a lantern came hurrying down the track. Behind him walked a man with a flashlight. The man kept playing the flashlight upon the train, and once he turned it toward the weeds where Pete and the Negro lay hidden.

"Did you see somebody moving around out there, George?" the man with the flashlight called in a loud voice. Pete saw that the man was carrying a billy. Pete lay flat upon the ground among the weeds. He saw that the Negro was lying face down, his body seeming to blend into the earth.

"No, I didn't see anybody," the signalman called back to the man with the flashlight. The two swinging lights passed

in front of the locomotive and crossed to the other side of the tracks.

The Negro turned to Pete and said, "We were foolish to stay out like that. That man knew we were here, but he was afraid to investigate. Some of them wouldn't have stopped at that."

They listened to the train taking on water. They stood up cautiously and began walking toward the rear of the train, taking care to remain in the dark.

"Boy, I hope we can find an empty," the Negro breathed into Pete's ear. "This is the 'Tornado.' It's the hottest thing on the Union Pacific. She stops only once between here and Topeka."

They walked faster toward the rear of the train. They were far away from the lights now, and they left the soft earth of the field to walk close to the train. The Negro walked beside the boxcars with his hands trailing along the sides. The cars were all sealed.

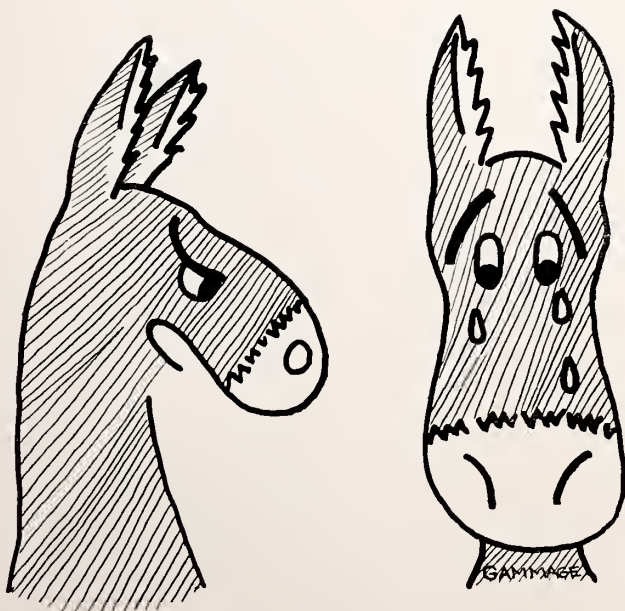
Behind them the locomotive gave out a piercing whistle. A shudder gripped the long train and the cars lurched forward. The two men stopped, their eyes straining toward the cars floating past. The Negro seized Pete's arm.

"A gondola," he shouted above the roar of the wheels. He reached out into the night and was borne away. Pete turned and ran beside the car with his hands reaching for the sides. The train was gaining speed, and Pete could feel the car slipping past him. The iron cross pieces of a ladder slipped into his hands, and he seized them and swung himself up and over the side. Two hands gripped his waist and let him down into the vast black pit of the car.

"Don't ever swing a car from the rear like that if you can help it," Pete heard the Negro shouting into his ear. "If you miss, there's a big chance you'll be thrown under the wheels of the next car. If you try to swing the front of the car and miss, the side of the car will throw you away from the wheels."

The water tank loomed over them and was gone. A match flickered at the other end of the car. Pete was surprised to see the outlines of several men lying upon the floor of the car. His hand again sought his pocket and closed about the bone handles of the knife. He groped for the Negro beside him.

"How about those men over there? Do you suppose they are dangerous?" Pete asked.



"Jackass"

W H Y

LOOK

For a place to eat when there's

HARRY'S

Meals — Sandwiches — Beer

- JEWELRY
- WATCHES
- DIAMONDS

Expert Watch Repairing

Engraving

Stone Setting

Rings Sized

Appropriate Gifts

GODWIN

Jewelry Co.

Under Sutton's

"Don't worry about them," laughed the Negro. "They're in the same boat we are, trying to get from one place where they aren't wanted to another. Why don't you try to get some sleep? There are plenty of loose papers on the floor to rest your head on."

Pete scratched about the floor of the car and found an armful of loose papers which he arranged compactly into a pillow. It was a long time before he could sleep, for the car bumped on every cross tie and swayed crazily from side to side. That was the trouble with an empty car, he thought drowsily. Without a load there's no ballast to make it ride smoothly. All through the night he felt the bumping, and occasionally he heard the blast of the locomotive whistle which startled him fully awake to lie with his eyes staring into the dark above him.

In the morning the Negro shook him, and Pete stood up, shivering in the pale light. The train was slowing down for a little town a mile or so ahead. Pete saw there were five men at the other end of the car. They were stretching wearily and rolling cigarettes. They looked at him and the Negro curiously, their eyes lingering on the latter and then shifting back to Pete. One of them, a huge, redheaded fellow with a dirty beard, looked at them insolently and said something to one of his companions, and they guffawed coarsely. Pete flushed and looked over the side of the car

Are you EVOORG EHT NI*



You might be—if you love onions *and* men too! They just don't go together, Honey! Unless, that is, you keep your breath sweet with yummy Life Savers. Then, you're *in the groove* right. You can go on loving onions, men, and of course you'll love Life Savers, too.

* "In the groove" backwards



BEST JOKE OF THE MONTH—WINNER RECEIVES
BOX OF LIFE-SAVERS

Father: "Who was that man I saw kissing you last night?"

Daughter: "What time was it?"

—Robert Martin, Box 717.

Submit your jokes for next month's contest.

at the cross ties rushing under him. He felt weak from thirst and hunger. His stomach grabbed sickeningly, and he vomited over the side of the car.

"We'll be in the yards in a few minutes," the Negro said to Pete. The Negro's face was lean and hungry looking. He seemed much thinner in the daylight. He was leaning weakly against the side of the car.

"We'd better get off the train as soon as she stops rolling," the Negro said. "We'll be here maybe thirty minutes to take on wa'er. Why don't you go down to the village and look around for food? I'll wait for you outside the yards. There's no use in my going to try to bum food; the last time I tried I was thrown into jail." He looked bitterly at the village moving toward them.

They clambered down from the car as the locomotive entered the yards. The other men left the car, too, and they all slid down the gravel sides of an embankment away from the buildings in the yards. The redheaded man and another man set off hurriedly toward the houses, and Pete followed them. They turned into an unpaved street where all the houses were painted yellow.

"These houses are no good for a touch," the redheaded man said. "Railroad men live here. We hafta go further away than this." He saw Pete behind him.

"You riding with the nigger?" he said to Pete. His little eyes blinked contemptuously. "So now you're going to scrounge for him, eh?"

"No," Pete said. "We just rode together last night. I never saw him before."

Pete turned down an alley, and he felt that the two men were looking after him. The first two houses he passed showed no signs of life about them. At the next he saw smoke pouring from the chimney. He walked around the house to the back and knocked on the screen. A fat woman came to the door and demanded shrilly that he get off the premises or she would call the police. At the next house an old man threatened him with a dog. Pete walked down the alley, skipping several houses, until he came to a cabin at the end of the row of houses. In the yard a woman stood before a fire. With a wooden paddle she was punching clothes in a kettle. Water bubbled over the side of the kettle and sputtered in the fire. Pete walked through the yard and stood near the woman. The woman saw him and started, and dropped the paddle in the ashes.

"I wonder if you have something to eat," Pete said.

The woman hesitated, then called toward the house, "Lucy Ann, give this genlman something to eat."

The face of a girl appeared at the door for a moment and then disappeared. Pete heard pans banging in the kitchen. The woman picked up the paddle and wiped off the ashes with her apron.

"We jest had breakfast," she said. "They ain't much left, but you sure is welcome to what we have. I hate to see people hungry."

The girl stepped into the doorway and beckoned to Pete to enter. He sat at the table and drank the black coffee she placed before him. On the table were biscuits and sausages and a piece of corn bread. The girl poured more coffee into his cup. Pete ate rapidly, and when he rose to go the girl wrapped the remaining biscuits and sausages in a newspaper and handed them to him.

"Thanks a lot," Pete called out to the woman as he passed from the yard. He walked up the alley to the street, belching and feeling the pleasant taste of coffee in his mouth. The two hoboes were coming down the street on their way back to the yards. The redheaded man looked at the rolled newspaper in Pete's hand.

"I thought you weren't scrounging for the nigger," the redheaded man said.

"I'm not scrounging for anybody but myself," Pete said. He ripped the newspaper open and drew out the biscuits and sausages. He threw the torn newspaper into the street and walked along, defiantly feeding the biscuits and sausages into his mouth. He paused at the end of the street and gulped down the last bite.

A whistle blew in the yards and the three men broke into a run. The men resting at the base of the embankment scrambled up the embankment and climbed aboard the gondola. Pete and the other two men trotted beside the train until the car rolled beside them. One after the other they seized the ladder and climbed up the side. Pete was the last one over. The Negro gave him a hand and Pete dropped to the bottom of the car, his toes taking the shock of his fall.

"Didn't you get anything to eat?" the Negro asked him, disappointed. Pete saw that the two men who had come back with him were listening, grinning.

"Not a thing," Pete said. "Everybody threatened to call the police or to sick a dog on me. I couldn't get a thing."

The Negro was looking at Pete closely. His taut face looked hungrier than ever. The two men were talking with the other three in the opposite corner of the car and they were all grinning broadly.

The Negro turned away from Pete and looked at the village receding from them.

"We should be in Topeka by noon," he said.

GET CLIPPED . . .

"Where Clipping Is Legal"



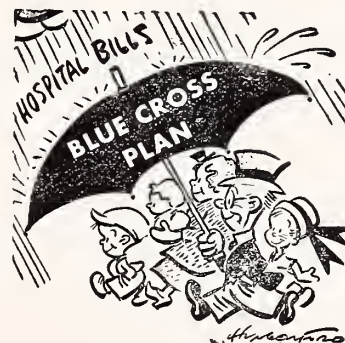
Carolina Barber Shop



"This my dear is the library—a few books, loads of men."

Covering North Carolina

Over 300,000 North Carolinians are now protected by the CHAPEL HILL BLUE CROSS Plan—Solution to the problem of unexpected hospital bills. Group or individual enrollment. Six types of hospitalization; two surgical scales. Write today for new descriptive literature.



Chapel Hill Blue Cross



Hospital Saving Association
of N. C., Inc., Chapel Hill

At Your Service . . .

UNIVERSITY CLEANERS

Experienced, Capable Cleaners

Whose Aim

Is the Satisfied Customer

We do only quality work but
our prices are reasonable.

Across from Post Office

4921 PHONE 9901

YOUR Spring CLASSIC

Is A
NELLY DON
Or A
DORIS DODSON
DRESS



See them
today at
**Andrews-
Henninger
Company**

Martin

(Continued from page 11)

For a few minutes he remained quiet. Then, heaving a sigh of mingled resignation and disgust, he sat up once more, this time swinging his bony legs over the side of the bed.

He dressed mechanically, muttering all the while to himself something quite unintelligible. Dressed, he pushed his hand deep into his pocket and fished out a crumpled dollar bill.

"Rich, Martin! You're rich!" he cried in hollow, mock-gloating tones. "Go get something to eat, Martin, before you starve yourself to death." The protruding bones of his face and the way his filthy clothes hung on his gaunt frame suggested a process of slow starvation.

He went to the dresser and stood there for a minute, swaying.

Suddenly he gave a beast-like cry and clutched at something unseen in the air before him.

"Get out! Get out and leave me alone," he screamed in a rasping voice. "Never any rest. Never any peace." His tall frame twisted weirdly, recoiling from whatever it was he saw. He threw up his hands as if to protect himself from a beating and backed toward the door that led into the hallway, still muttering to himself and warding off the fiendish phantom.

A train thundered by on the El outside his window. He glanced quickly up at it as it passed.

"Snake . . . dirty, smelly snake," he hissed after it.

He slammed the door behind him and started down the narrow hallway to the stairs.

"Mutter, mutter, mutter . . . where's your bread and butter?" he mumbled.

He descended the stairs noiselessly with a cat-like rent-due slouch.

"Where to? Why run away? *He* always follows me; I can't get away. I hate him! And hating him has made him hate me. Yes, hate me and haunt me. Look at yourself, Martin: dirty; smelly. Just like the snakes outside your window. Old before your time. Beaten down by the city just outside that door." He pointed a skinny finger at the door to the street. "The city *you* were going to conquer; set at your feet and laugh at. King Martin! *King* Martin! And now look at you: dirty; smelly; no good. And all because of one man. Yes, *him!* *He* ruined you! *He* plucked the riches from your fingertips, threw down the golden crown you should have on your head, thieved the gold that lined your pockets. *He . . . he* did it! And still he haunts you! Forever and ever, Amen!"

Martin laughed, throwing back his head at an awkward angle.

"Good mornin,' Mr. Lansing. Goin' out for a breath of fresh air? And sure I hope you're feeling better this mornin'."

He recoiled from the voice, his severed laughter roaming down the musty hallways for a moment in hollow echoes. It was Ma Murphy, his landlady. She saw him come in and go out. She was like a cat. 'Hope you're feeling better!' That meant he must have come in drunk again last night. He didn't remember. He wondered where he'd gotten the money to get drunk on.

"Feeling much better, Ma, much better," he mumbled without looking at the face before him. Why didn't she leave him alone? Always watching him. Like a cat. Yes, that was it, like a damn alley cat. Martin should have looked into her hardened, boarding-house eyes which suddenly had softened and filled with quiet understanding. Poor Martin. What he might've been, that man. Or maybe was. But there was something deep and inner fine about him. Hidden now behind the stale beer smell, but there. She shook her head slowly, sympathetically.

But all Martin could remember was the six months rent he owed her. Slamming the door behind him, he left her standing there, still shaking her head.

Outside a cool October breeze was blowing around the corners of buildings and rustling the gutter-papers. He walked down the street, going nowhere in particular, not really caring where his wanderings took him. Just to escape. Just to escape.

Some dirty children playing in the gutters saw him and began to flock around him, a little frightened by his Lear-like appearance, but apparently assured by past experience that no harm could come to them from this tall, cadaverous figure striding by.

He seemed not to notice the urchins at his heels. If he did, he paid no attention to them.

"Tell us a story, Mr. L, tell us a story," one child put forth at last. The others took it up. "Yes, a story . . . a story . . . tell us a story!"

He looked down and smiled happily for the first time in many days. They were good kids. Half of them would probably become thieves, whores, maniacs, murderers. But they were good kids. Just never had the chance. Not like him. He'd has *his* chance. Born and reared on a farm, with a good father and mother and lots of brothers and sisters, love and friendship and devotion. Everything.

Quickly reassuming his fierce expression, he glowered at the children below

The finest in
photography

uncondition-
ally
guaranteed

•
**JACK
WILLIAMS**

Photographer
110½ Corcoran Street
Durham, N. C.
Dial F-0181



Joyce Peterson

A JACK WILLIAMS Original

him. "No stories," he shouted, "get away, you stinking little band of alley hoodlums. Get out of my way!" He swung his long arm at them wildly, never intending to even come close. They didn't flinch. "Tell us a story," they chanted, "tell us a story."

Martin smiled the pleasant smile again.

"Tell us about you—I mean about the man who came from the country to conquer the city," one of them said.

"Yes, about him . . . about him," the chorus echoed.

So Martin sat down on the curbstone and told them the story, embellishing here, exaggerating there. They'd heard it a hundred times before, but each time it was a new adventure. Each time they watched his flashing eyes they took the trip of life all over again with him: suffered his pain, rejoiced in his happiness, dwelt on his defeat. He told how the people back home had been counting on this youngster to make good, to conquer the city, and so to put their hamlet on the map. And how he had made good, been moving to the top, admired, respected. And then how he had fallen, toppled by one man. One man whom he hated worse than anyone in the world, whom he had tracked down and hunted through endless years and

in endless places. And how someday he was going to square the account. You bet he was. Who is the man, Mr. L? Names are not important. Where does he live? Do you know where he lives? Yes, he knew. But he had to watch and wait and pick his time. And are you going hunting him again today? Yes. Again today. To watch and wait.

The story always ended with Martin in the role of the pseudo-fictitious character who was the hero of his tale, but no one ever seemed to notice that. Next time he told it, he would start it all over again as though he were an uninterested observer. Then, as emotion welled up within him, he would move into the title role once again.

The story was old and well-known now, repeated time and time again within the neighborhood. Common knowledge. Likker'll do it to you every time. Chasin' phantoms, he is. Harmless though. Just a bit odd.

Martin knew what they said about him, and he laughed at them to know they laughed at him. Chasing phantoms? No! One day they'd see. One day!

Martin left the gutter nymphs and moved uptown; a few blocks later he paused before a barber shop on the corner and glanced casually inside. And there Martin saw him! There. Yes, see

him? There. Where? Getting a shave . . . yet, getting a shave.

Martin winced, much as he had winced earlier in the morning. Passing people stared. Martin felt the crumpled bill in his pocket. His stomach said no. Martin said yes. Yes! He'd get a shave too. That way he could sit there and watch the cold steel move along the neck of *him* whom he loathed more than anyone in the world. Just to see it there, just to know that at any moment he could hit the barber's arm and neatly slit the throat. How simple! How wonderfully simple! All his searchings. All his plannings. All his struggle. And now this, thrown right into his lap.

Martin didn't want to speak to the barber. His voice might sound false and strained and far away. It might betray him. He was even afraid they'd see the murder in his eyes. He glided across the almost deserted shop and pointed to his beard. The barber understood, but was hesitant, no doubt wondering how this disreputable looking character could pay for the shave. After all, this was one swanky joint.

Martin saw the hesitation. Quickly he whipped the dirty dollar out and waved it in front of the barber's nose, an unholy light gleaming in his blood-shot eyes.

Martin watched *him* as they were both being shaved. Now! The steel was on the throat. Now, damnit! Now! He saw the barber working skillfully, swiftly. One little shove of the arm and it would be all over. Years of hatred, suffering, hardship, all blotted out with one sure movement. Martin's hand trembled. The barber's elbow moved three inches above Martin's wrist. Do it, fool! Now! . . . no . . . NO! He couldn't. He was a coward as well as everything else. "Murderer," they'd say. He saw the fingers pointing at him and eyes staring, lights glaring. Beatings maybe. Murderer! Murderer! Murderer!

Martin's barber had finished with him. "One dollar, please."

He paid it and went into the street without looking back. He had failed. He'd had his chance to right a decade of wrong. And he'd failed. Miserably. Wretchedly. Again.

He moved uptown to the ritzy shopping districts, still not caring where he wandered. For he had failed. People stared at him and muttered "Rummy" and "Souise" under their breath. Others walked around him as though he were a bed of quicksand. But Martin failed to notice them. He was already thinking, planning, scheming. Next time he'd do it. Next time he wouldn't miss.

Suddenly he saw her green hat. Hers whom Martin had loved and lost and long ago. Tis better, hell! In the crowd,

hurrying away. He had to see her. hadn't seen her in how many months? Maybe years. He couldn't remember.

"Linda, Linda," he cried, clawing his way insanelly through the crowd. He ran, hunger-stricken, faltering as he ran, crying her name. But he had lost her in the crowd.

"Linda," he called, "don't run away. Let me talk to you Linda." God, he was glad he had gotten a shave. He thought he saw the hat again, halfway down the block. His mind instantly formed the rest of her image. Her soft, trim figure, the brown, silken hair, swept up high, with diamond earrings in her perfect ears. But the eyes, the wounded eyes that pierced his soul and haunted him. Yes, his two phantoms: her eyes and *his* face!

He caught her as she was going into a fashionable-looking beauty salon.

"Linda," he called again. She looked around. It wasn't Linda. Just a phantom.

Martin was suddenly aware of the liquor smell about him. He muttered an apology just as a cop came upon them.

"What's the trouble, Miss?"

She looked at Martin. "Nothing, officer. This man just mistook me for someone else, that's all."

Decent of her. She didn't have to do that. She could have said I was molesting her.

The cop gave him a shove and told him to get moving to the part of town where he belonged. He went without looking at either the cop or the girl he had thought was Linda.

* * *

Martin made his way back to the boarding house late that night. He didn't remember where he had been or how he had gotten there. The gnawings in his stomach had reached the point of numbness.

Ma Murphy was standing there in the hallway as he entered.

"Good evenin', Mr. Lansing. Glad to see you're feeling yourself again."

He looked at her this time and saw something of the sympathy she felt toward him. And suddenly all the pride or whatever it was that made him cringe before her left him.

"Do you have a bowl of soup or anything to eat, Mrs. Murphy?" he asked humbly. "I haven't eaten today. Forgot in my hurry."

"Sure, Martin." She had never called him Martin before. "Come inside."

He devoured the soup like a mad man, at last seizing the bowl with both his bony hands and pouring the soup into his mouth. She gave him some more.

He felt better. Much better. Maybe the phantom would leave him alone tonight. Give him some peace.

DANCE INVITATIONS

Cards and Envelopes to
match in 3 sizes

PROGRAMS

Souvenir Programs
Numerous sizes and styles
One and two color

Orange Printshop

Telephone 3781

Chapel Hill

Fowler's Food Store

All Kinds Fresh Meats, Groceries and
Country Produce
Fish and Oysters in Season

At Lowest Prices

We Deliver Them to
Your Door

When in Durham, visit Fowler's Food Store,
corner Roxboro Rd. and Club Boulevard

To be his Valen-teen (or twenty)

And the "best dressed co-ed," too

Visit us for glamour (plenty)

From AM to PM, all day through

Raleigh, Wilson



Winston-Salem

All night long he tossed relentlessly: thinking, planning, scheming. He had failed today, but not again. Martin remembered now. The barber shop. That was it. He'd haunt that barber shop every morning until that vile piece of human flesh who'd ruined him, who'd stolen love and power and riches from him, even almost life itself, returned to the shop. And he'd not fail again.

Next morning Martin rose early and dressed quickly. No phantoms now. A purpose in his manner.

Carefully he reached into the back of the top bureau drawer and drew out a .45 pistol. He handled it gingerly, as though he were a trifle afraid of its powers. Then a look of love, mad love, seized his eyes as he gently caressed the muzzle. How many times he'd wrapped his fingers round its cold stock-steel as slowly, methodically he had tracked that one who'd brought his life to this. But a coward finger held the trigger, a coward brain controlled the trembling limbs. And every time, through ten long years, the hated one had gone off free to haunt him more, to hate and haunt him more.

But not today! Today was different. Now he wouldn't have to be the one to spill the blood. He'd hit the arm that spilled the blood, but that was fine. Yes, that was fine. "Just in case," Martin murmured, patting the .45 again, "just in case."

Mrs. Murphy would be door-wise still. She'd better be. She fitted in his plans today.

"Good mornin' Martin," Mrs. Murphy chimed in. "Oh, you're lookin' much better, my boy, much better!"

He broke into a wide grin and wondered if she noticed how forced and strained-looking it was.

"Mrs. Murphy, I am going to ask

you for a very small loan," he said boldly.

She was surprised. Boarders who owed six months rent didn't usually ask their landlady for a loan. Still, Martin was different. Some people said he was crazy. Absolutely batty. But there was something about him, like he'd been somebody once, a big shot. Used to fine things and fine people.

"This isn't my usual custom, Mr. Lansing," she warned redundantly, taking a bill from inside her blouse and giving it to him. "Will this be enough?" It was a two dollar bill.

"Plenty, Ma, plenty. You're more than generous. And you won't regret it," he cried like a little boy with a long-sought toy, "because I'm going to use it for something I've waited ten long years to do. Ten . . . long . . . years!"

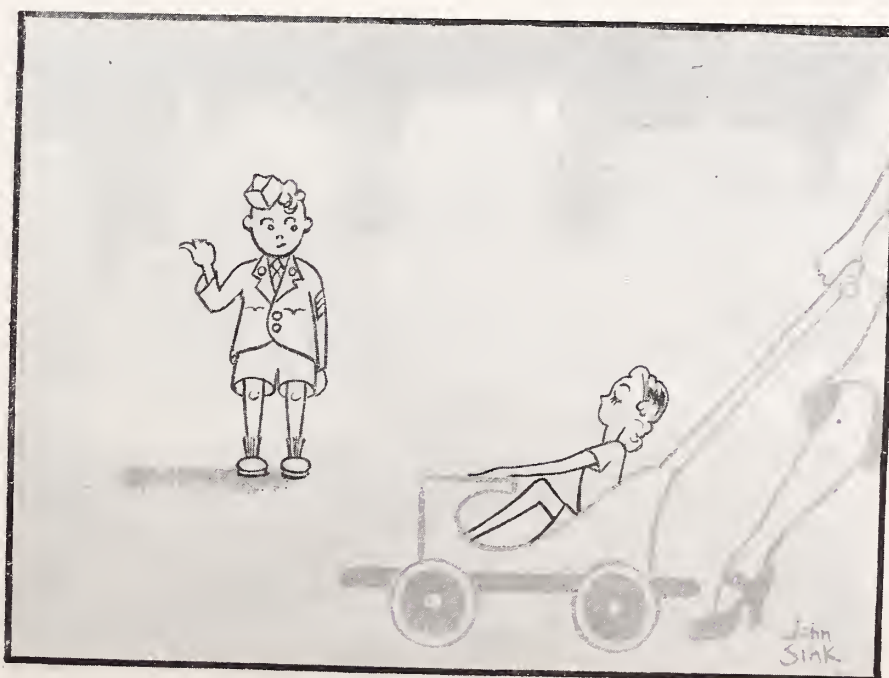
He slammed the door behind him, leaving Mrs. Murphy alone in the hallway, shaking her head.

The children clamored around him, asking for a story.

"Not today," he told them, "today we're living another part of that story." His forehead furrowed momentarily, then smoothed, like a cotton cloud hurrying past the sun. "You see, I am the country boy who came to the city," he said in confidential tones, as though he were revealing some precious secret. They giggled foolishly at him.

"And are ya' huntin' today?" a male-soprano asked, his grimy face coming just about up to Martin's huge hand.

"Today, my gutter nymphs, we're ending the hunt. Yes, today, I feel sure." The tone of his voice and the wild flash-



ing of his eyes frightened them. They giggled no longer, but backed away.

As Martin approached the barber shop where he had gotten the shave yesterday, certain of the old fears seized his wasted frame. Courage, Martin. You must not fail. Today, Martin, today.

He glanced inside, half afraid his victim would be there, half afraid he would not. He was. Yes he was. There he was. A choking sound rose in Martin's throat. Hate, bitter hate.

Martin entered, approached the barber who had shaved him the day before and pointed to his over-night stubble. The barber thought he had gotten himself a regular customer, and smiled, despite the perpetual dirtiness and odor which hovered around Martin.

The same situation exactly! Why hadn't he found this shop sooner? So easy. So wonderfully simple. Martin watched the blade moving over the foamy jaw and throat. Twice now he had been in identical situations just twenty-four hours apart. A quick shove of the elbow. That was all. Now, Martin, now! You can; you must! The steel is on the neck. Now! Now! Elbow directly above your wrist. Do it, fool!

Martin gave a quick upward heave with his hand. He caught the barber's elbow sharply, and saw the razor shoved deep into the neck.

Bright, red, flowing blood leaped

forth, spilling down the front of the barber-cloth that covered the upper body.

Martin rose in his chair, watching the blood flow down in ever-increasing floods. Slowly he drew the .45. Just to make sure; just to make sure!

People saw and screamed. The barbers ducked out of Martin's way as best they could. Somewhere in the distance a police whistle was blown.

Martin threw back his head and laughed, a long, loud, maniacal laugh.

"I did it!" he screamed. "You thought I never would. You thought I'd forget the pain and anguish you caused. No, not Martin. He didn't forget!" Martin began to grow dizzy and faint. Then, renewing his strength from some unknown source, he continued to address the bleeding figure before him. "But just to make sure that razor did its job, take these into your stinking grave." Aiming directly at the head, Martin emptied the .45 of the three cartridges it contained.

The glass mirror in front of Martin Lansing shattered into tiny fragments.

"There," Martin murmured weakly, swaying precariously, "that ought to finish you!"

He raised his head and laughed weakly, then closed his eyes as all world spun darkly, dizzily in upon him.

And Martin Lansing, who had never hated anyone in the world except that man who'd ruined him, slumped slowly to the floor, the bright red blood still flowing from the gaping razor wound in his neck.

Agamemnon Dead

(Continued from page 14)

pience in his music. He was not interested in hearing a musicological dream. He didn't want to, he couldn't endure four movements of fumbling. And then he decided that he would sit outside for the Haydn. His eyes glistened at the thought. The corridor became sud-

denly cheerful, the lovely dresses and dark suits of the ladies and gentlemen huddled into a couch of warmth. Paulus felt very easy and sure of his ease.

When the warning buzzed, Paulus asked the way to the lounge. He sat on a red divan and thought of the people waiting to be strangled by the Haydn, the crude groping strangle of amateur murder. Paulus shuddered.

Then he saw Andrews and his wife coming into the auditorium, seeing him missing from his seat, waiting for the noise of his entrance, waiting throughout Haydn for the noise of their clerk who would not come. "Stop," Paulus told himself. Often at night he told himself "Stop."

But the Andrews would wonder where he had been. Where could he have gone throughout the Haydn? Paulus took one breath and went upstairs, got his coat, leaving fifty cents and a sad smile with the young man and went out.

Then he was outside and realizing that Andrews would think he had been defeated by the hall and by his presence. That was wrong but he was resigned to going home now and forgetting the incident. He swung into the Yeats: "As shudder in the loins engenders there the burning roof and tower and Agamemnon dead." He paused a moment for the final balm of sound. "Being so caught up so mastered by the brute blood of the air did she put on his knowledge with his power before the indifferent beak could let her drop."

And Paulus stepped into the Madison Avenue bus, the words repeating themselves until they smoothed him into peace and dropped him empty and exhausted in the single, white bed of his room.

Then there's the story of the lawyer who sat up all night trying to break the widow's will.

University
Service
Station

Odis
Pendergraft
Prop.



THE HOME
OF
GOOD FOOD

N. C. CAFETERIA

32 Years Serving

Carolina Students

Ford — Goodyear — Esso

Strowd Motor Co.

RELAX!

*Have an enjoyable evening's
entertainment. Come to the*

BOWLING ALLEY



Best Cheeseburgers in Town — 15c

Little People

(Continued from page 9)

jects. He held out a Big Little Book with big red letters spelling Sammy and the Masked Bandits and a small enameled harmonica. "Sorry they aren't wrapped," he said. "Couldn't find any paper."

A cold and terrible feeling was in Sue Ann's stomach. Dark fear froze her as she was standing. She looked into the expressionless face and thanked him repeatedly, but frantic thoughts chased each other in her mind. Would he suddenly remember that she already had a harmonica and be ashamed? Would he remember that Aunt Grace had sent her a beautiful double octave harmonica last Christmas? "Please don't remember," she thought. "Please don't."

Then Sue Ann thought of something that would make it all right. "I'm so glad you bought me a mouth harp. I had one but it won't play anymore."

Dick smiled, and Sue Ann looked around nervously for a place to set the presents. Aunt Grace's mouth harp in the top drawer of the hall lowboy. . . she could reach in for it if she set the other there. Quietly she pulled the drawer out till she could reach in and grasp the long silver harmonica.

With the door closed between Sue Ann and Dick, she stood in the back hall and stared at the cold instrument in her hand, wondering what to do with it. She had to hurry. Straight ahead in the open lavatory sat a cake of soap in place on the basin. Quickly lest someone see her, she ran the cake across the mouth piece. . . soft, white soap down into the empty squares, hurry, hurry! She brushed the excess from the red wood surface with her hand and blew hard, tasting the soapy bitterness. The notes were fuzzy but intelligible. She must cram the soap down tightly. . . more and more. There!

Sue Ann heard Mother's clicking footsteps descending. She squeezed the harmonica tightly in her hand and walked into the front hall. Mother paused on the stairs and pulled a thin stocking taut. The lavender dress made her look serene and lovely, the very way a mother ought to look. She smiled brightly at Sue Ann. "You look mighty pretty, darling. I'm glad you finally decided the green dress is the nicest."

Sue Ann saw that Dick was still sitting there, and he was looking at them. "Guess what Dick gave me for my birthday," she said enthusiastically. "A Big Little Book all about bandits and a harmonica." She held them up for Mother to see.

"But you already have a wonderful harmonica that Aunt Grace sent you!" Sue Ann stared at Mother. The face she saw was the same as always, cool and cameo-like. There was no obvious sign of sudden cruelty in that calm expression, yet how could Mother say that before Dick? How could she hurt him like that? Then as quickly as she had blamed, Sue Ann pardoned. Mother had blundered and surely felt terrible.

As much to ease her as to comfort Dick, Sue Ann spoke too cheerfully, too eagerly. "This old one won't play, Mother. It's ruined and it won't play at all."

The white brow creased in a frown; Mother looked very irritated. "You don't mean the lovely harmonica Aunt Grace sent you!" There, she said it again. "What on earth has happened to it?"

Sue Ann watched in panic the quick steps of Mother coming down, around the post, in front of her. Now she was looking at the clogged harp, looking right down into the whitened holes. Sue Ann glanced at Dick. He was behind the paper again, pretending that he wasn't listening, trying to escape embarrassment. But Sue Ann knew he could hear.

"See, Mother, there's something in it. Something, I don't

TRY OUR

Special Pound Cake a la Mode
with Chocolate Sauce

CAROLINA COFFEE SHOP

We Serve the Best
in
Regular Dinners

WOOTTEN-MOULTON



PHOTOGRAPHERS

Chapel Hill
North Carolina

know what it is," she stammered.

"Why, it looks like soap!" Mother looked at Sue Ann puzzled and sniffed at the harp. "How on earth did you get soap in your good harmonica!"

A strange lump seemed to appear from nowhere and lodge in the back of Sue Ann's throat. She strained hard, very hard to keep back the tears which she felt coming, but there was her brother sitting in humiliation, hurt, ashamed. She felt very sorry for him.

The two adults were staring at her. A burst of rage brought more tears, she felt fat ones rolling down her face. Sue Ann meant to say, "You're the most thoughtless person. . .", but instead she said tearfully, bubbling through her words, "I don't really think this dress is pretty; I put it on because you like it." She felt silly and childish. It didn't sound right, and she didn't know why she said it. Dick was looking puzzled. "Sue Ann," he said reprovingly, "how many times have I told you that you're too big to be a cry baby?"

Wynn

(Continued from page 7)

of ignorance and misinformation beclouding servicemen's minds on this subject in several documentary-type films for the Medical Department of the Navy. His "Story of the DE 733" was so successful that it has been adopted by the Public Health department as the definite training film on venereal disease.

Wynn then returned to brass-hatted desks in Washington, D. C., to do research on several new service productions. It was on a flying leave spent in Chapel Hill that he first spoke to officials here of the Communication Center idea germinating in his brain. Earl found a willing convert in Sam Selden and so effective was Sam in espousing the cause that Dr. Graham and Controller Carmichael had a lengthy conference with Wynn in the nation's capital, approved his plan.

After completing work on a hush-hush film in February of last year, Wynn was discharged on points and hurried to Chapel Hill to change approved proposals into the Communication Center. ~~Mushrooming today~~ in Swain Hall, it is the laboratory and shop out of which will come full use of radio, film, recording and printing for mass education throughout the state of North Carolina.

With so bold a concept, Earl soon recruited the nucleus of the talented group which work with him now. It is to this team that he attributes a large part of the credit for amazing progress made in the half year of the Center's existence.

But it is Wynn himself who personified the Communication Center. His intense feeling for it can be seen in the pride with which he shows visitors the embryonic radio set-up. As he points to the skeleton framework of wood and sound-proofing now completed, he adds that "it will be the best broadcasting studio in the state" with the air of a father predicting the presidency for his week old child. To make his statement more than a fulfilled promise, he has willingly suspended outside interests, part of his homelife. According to Mrs. Wynn, "Earl not only thinks about it constantly when he's awake, he earmarks all his dreams for the Communication Center."

Rumpled hair and beads of sweat have always been a trademark of Earl Wynn. They are even more evident today as he oversees creation of this Communication Center which can introduce entertainment and education from the University into every home in North Carolina.

And Suddenly

It's SPRING



New 1947 Styles.

Good Clothes

Assembled in Chapel Hill

From Good Houses

for

THE CAROLINA LADY — LADIES' FASHIONS — SECOND FLOOR
THE CAROLINA GENTLEMAN — STREET FLOOR

Varsity

Buy College Clothes From A College Store In A College Town

*W*ITH THE TOP
STARS OF HOLLYWOOD
CHESTERFIELD IS
BY FAR THE
FAVORITE
CIGARETTE

A
ALWAYS Milder

B
BETTER TASTING

C
COOLER SMOKING

ALWAYS BUY **CHESTERFIELD**

ALL OVER AMERICA - CHESTERFIELD IS TOPS!

Ann Sheridan
starring in Warner Bros. Production
"NORA PRENTISS"

CAROLINA MAGAZINE



MARCH
1947

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!



1945 NEWS ITEM
Cigarette Shortage
Still Acute
 Crowds Queue Up... Millions
 Try Different Brands... Smoke
 Whatever They Can Get.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!

Result: Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best.

IT'S ONLY a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not. And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their Taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

Thus the demand for Camels... always great... grew greater still... so great that today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE CAMELS
than any other cigarette

When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—the brand named most was Camel!



Your "T-Zone"
will tell you...

T for Taste...
T for Throat...

that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Periodical of Campus Life

Published Since 1844

March, 1947

EDITOR: Fred Jacobson

MANAGING EDITOR: Jud Kinberg

BUSINESS MANAGER: Ben Perlmutter

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: John Sink

LITERARY EDITOR: Dick Seaver

FICTION

| | | |
|--|--------------------------|----|
| OLD SAM AND TIME | K. B. Stallings | 2 |
| THE SHAPES OF CLAY | Doris Harkey Meriweather | 5 |
| THE PINK ROSEBUSH AND THE PEACH TREE | Don Justice | 6 |
| CHAIN OF COMMAND | Ken Rothwell | 7 |
| YOU WERE JUST BORN | Alan L. Smith | 10 |
| THE LAST DAY | Margaret Whitney | 12 |
| AUNT CARRIE | John McDowell | 14 |

FEATURES

| | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|----|
| WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN | Gerald Conrad, Jud Kinberg | 8 |
| EAGER WEAVER | Julia Ross | 15 |
| A TOUCH OF VENUS | Ben Perlmutter, Stan Croner | 16 |

POETRY

| | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|----|
| MFDALLION | Lorraine Rothbard | 11 |
| THE VIEW | Curtis Butler | 11 |
| ON YOUR EASTER BONNET | Richard G. Stern | 11 |
| MR. TATE | Paul Ramsey, Jr. | 11 |
| FRIENDS | Bill Robertson | 11 |
| STATESIDE—'45 | Paul Ramsey, Jr. | 11 |

ART

| | |
|-------------|-------------|
| COVER | Stan Croner |
|-------------|-------------|

ART

Editor: WINKY ANDREWS

STAFF: John Davis, Allen Kaufman, Ben McKinnon, H. K. Privette, John Sink, James Somers, Clyde Stallings

LITERARY

Rosemary Cleveland, Violet Fidel, John S. O'Neill, William C. Parker, Paul Ramsey, Richard E. Stern, Margaret Whitney, John McDowell

PHOTOGRAPHY

Editor: STAN CRONER

STAFF: Bill Ballew, Robert Reams, Gerald Conrad

BUSINESS

ADVERTISING LAYOUT: Melco

STAFF: Hubert Aenchbacher, Barbara Biggers, Frieda Deans, Jean Eisenkoff, Charles Foley, Anne Hamlin, Marjorie Hollander, Florence Newman, June Sauer, Geraldine Williamson, Margaret Jean Taylor, Joe Foster, David Sharp, Jim Wolf

Copyright, March, 1947 by Carolina Magazine

¶ Published monthly during the school year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina. ¶ Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. ¶ Address all communications to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial. ¶ Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. ¶ Subscription price of \$2.00 per year. ¶ Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.



Having pictured dogs on two previous covers the Magazine now features a wolf (Carolina variety) whose fascination is justly centered on lovely Pat Hole photographed by Stan Croner.

MAGAZINE EDITORS swamped generously with "terrific" ideas complain about the lack of action; authors not having proved their idea in work complain of the incompetence of the Editors who fail to recognize the genius of their brainchild.

However, that man who impresses the Editors with his work, he will find all the facilities of the Magazine at his disposal. Such a man, for instance, was Stan Croner. A fashion section had not even been considered until he came and worked. Once he had proven his exceptional talent, we all worked to help him. In helping him we helped each other. The girls enjoyed some experience in modelling, an art that requires more than just good looks. The business staff really had a chance to sell good advertisements which the stores appreciated. This combined effort makes possible the extra eight pages of this Magazine which you did not pay for, the men and women of the Magazine did.

Their reward, if it is not financial, is experience and the fun in working and creating together. Men and women who are not only capable of ideas, but, also, of work.

If their spirit could be infused in more of our activities on campus, we would have made another great stride forward in preserving the liberal tradition of this school which has marked it as outstanding in the past. Only personal initiative and perseverance will accomplish this goal.

LOOK WHAT WE'VE GOT!



For the girls:

- Shoes
- Hose
- Bags

"All the Smart Styles for
Campus Wear"

MARILYN SLIPPER SHOP

203 W. Main St.

Durham

Old Sam and Time

by K. B. Stallings

NOW DON'T worry your little head about nothing like that. You can take old Sam's word for it. Everything will work itself out before the day is gone. It's funny. Some days it seems just impossible to get through, and get everything to work out, and get the sun finally to set. Sometimes the future seems so complicated that you just can't see how the day will end without something getting tangled up and the works stopping and there everything getting held up in Time. But you can take old Sam's word for it. There ain't never been a day that didn't end and I don't reckon there ever will til judgement day, and even then I expect the Good Lord will let a man finish the night chores before he shuts off the works for good.

Yep, when there ain't nothing else in the world to depend on, except dying maybe, you can still depend on Time. It just sort of drags you along, a little rough at times, still, it's one thing you can always count on. To tell the truth, I've come to sort of depend on Time as a hand in the dark, just like the hand leading the children of Israel out of the

land of bondage.

Life is like the cavern up on the side of the hill and you way down inside in the dark. There just ain't no human way to get out, but it just seems like Time has got a rope tied around your middle, and him standing at the mouth all the time pulling on that there rope. And you sort of go stumbling and falling along and getting yourself all skint up, but if there wasn't nothing there in the mouth apulling on that rope, you'd just sit there until you died. But you still got that rope to count on. You can fall in one of those holes filled with water but you won't drown, and you might fall off into one of them big cracks but you won't fall far enough to hurt you, cause Time's got that big rope around your middle and is a-pulling you along through the dark just like it didn't know you was hooked onto it, just like Bill Jones a-pulling along one of them young beagles what don't know which way to go yet, and Bill adragging him along just the same, just like he didn't know it was there, but all the time he's awatching it out the corner of his eye.

DANCE INVITATIONS

Cards and Envelopes to
match in 3 sizes

•

PROGRAMS

Souvenir Programs
Numerous sizes and styles
One and two color

•

Orange Printshop

Telephone 3781

Chapel Hill

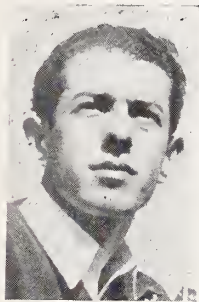
WOOTTEN-MOULTON



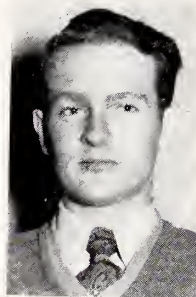
PHOTOGRAPHERS

Chapel Hill
North Carolina

Contributors



Much work and little talk make Stan Croner an outstanding worker. With his sense of responsibility, efficiency, art and imagination no editor need ever worry about his photographic performance. We hope that we are as much help to him in publishing his work as he is to us. The Fashion Section of this issue is not only his idea, but also his work.



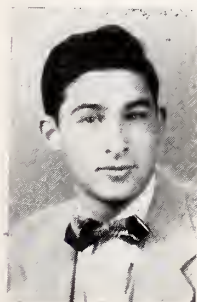
Gerald Conrad is another one of those fellows who eat and sleep photography. As eager and responsible as he is in his work the editors can hardly satisfy his insatiable hunger for work. His photography for the Sam Beard story testifies to the polished quality of his ability.



Clyde Stalling's cartooning enjoys the distinction of being liked by everybody. Such praise is rare for any contributor to the Magazine. Not only is he clever in developing unique ideas, but he also has the ability to present them expertly on paper. His cartoon of Dean Weaver is only one of the many he has done this year of which the Campus Camelot cartoon in the January issue was perhaps the most outstanding.



Finding the time to write a novel for Mr. Eaton, creating poetry for Chi Delta Phi, contributing a short story *The Iceman* to the Magazine are good indications of Margaret Whitney's literary interests. Whit has a keen sense and appreciation for writing that goes beyond mere work and printed pages—as evidenced by her helpful presence on the literary staff.



Dick Stern, whose prose and poetry have appeared in the Magazine probably more consistently than any other campus author during the past several months, has often been tagged as "aesthetic and extremist." His work, however, both creatively and critically, is without doubt among the most capable and artistically conscious of any contributor to the Magazine.



Since the beginning of the school year Jean Eisenkoff has worked tirelessly on the business staff helping to make each issue a larger and more elaborate one. Her type of initiative and work spells the difference between an excellent and just a good business department.

—Photos by Wootten-Moulton

A Rich, Creamy, Healthful Drink, Full of Energy and Vitality



In our modern dairy, under scientifically controlled conditions by trained workmen your milk is bottled with the utmost care in the modern square milk bottle. Our hood on the bottle is your guarantee of purity and sanitation that cannot be excelled. Call for this milk by name and get that rich, creamy milk that adds deliciousness and health to your table whenever served.

Farmer's Dairy
Cooperative

Memo to: U. N. C. STUDENTS
From: ROOM 102, BYNUM HALL
Subject: Celebration and New Books

THIS MONTH, in fact throughout the spring, The University of North Carolina Press, located on the first and second floors of Bynum Hall, will be celebrating a birthday. The Press has just turned twenty-five. We feel that this is a nice age to be—not too young to have had some experience, nor too old to learn new tricks.

In the publishing business a birthday seems to be a time to reexamine the past, measured in books published, and to look forward to more good books through the coming years.

You may recall some of our older books. They include SOUTHERN REGIONS by Howard W. Odum; HUMAN GEOGRAPHY OF THE SOUTH by Rupert B. Vance; CABINS IN THE LAUREL by Muriel Earley Sheppard; THE SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA by Perceval Reniers; THE WILSON ERA by Josephus Daniels; MEXICAN VILLAGES by Josephina Niggli—and many, many others. Our titles have ranged from important sociological studies such as CULTURE IN THE SOUTH edited by our former director, W. T. Couch, to fiction such as PURSLANE by Bernice Kelly Harris and recently SEND ME AN ANGEL by Alice Nisbet. We have published one exciting book that stemmed directly out of World War II, ONE DAMNED ISLAND AFTER ANOTHER by Clive Howard and Joe Whitley.

Increasingly students have asked about new books—good books to back up studies here at the University and good books just for reading. Therefore, full of birthday pride, we are noting here our new books for Spring, 1947.

The first book, coming March 29, is one that proves to us that history can be timely and exciting. The background of the political battles that have raged in Georgia this spring is to be found in our new edition of GEORGIA: A SHORT HISTORY by E. Merton Coulter (\$4.50). It is jammed with fascinating portraits of Georgians and Georgia events. Matching it in interest is our other "state" book, coming May 24, called ARKANSAS by John Gould Fletcher, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet (\$5.00). Mr. Fletcher's informal biography of Arkansas is full of amusing and dramatic history. In it is told the story of another day when two governors each claimed the governorship of a state. But in Arkansas, the boys shot it out on the streets of the capital, while the citizenry stared from rooftops and

windows. You'll enjoy ARKANSAS. It's a good book about a wild and reckless chunk of the Union.

The Good Neighbor policy, Mexico, and the Mexicans figure in Josephus Daniels' new book, coming May 31, called SHIRT-SLEEVE DIPLOMAT. Livelier than his previous books, closer to our memories, this story of his years as Ambassador to Mexico is warm, friendly, and spirited.

Another book, entirely different, but also of great interest to North Carolinians and to lovers of antiquities and beauty everywhere will be the new edition of THE EARLY ARCHITECTURE OF NORTH CAROLINA by Thomas T. Waterman and Frances Benjamin Johnston, late April (\$12.50). This will be the ideal gift book, as it contains over 200 beautiful photographs of all types of historic dwellings and public buildings in North Carolina and splendid architectural descriptions of them, and it is sumptuously printed, bound, and boxed.

Another unusual architectural book will appear late in April. This is DOMESTIC COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE OF TIDEWATER VIRGINIA by Thomas T. Waterman and John A. Barrows (\$12.00). No little of the unchanging enchantment of tidewater Virginia, where has been preserved to our times the flavor of days long gone, lies in the early American houses, churches, and public buildings that still stand there from colonial days. This is the pioneer book of Mr. Waterman, author of THE MANSIONS OF VIRGINIA (\$10.00 and now available in its third printing) and John Barrows, in which fifteen of the significant domestic dwellings of this region are preserved in minute detail. Measured drawings and elevations of each house in a format that is big (11"x14") and readable lend this work permanent val-



ue. First published in 1932 at \$15, 750 copies are to be available this spring at \$12.00.

Two University professors will appear on our list this spring. Robert E. Coker is author of THIS GREAT AND WIDE SEA (\$5.00) to be published April 12. Here in one volume is a comprehensive not-too-technical discussion of basic phenomena of the ocean as a place of life for plants and animals. Profusely illustrated and full of lore of the sea, this is a book to fascinate everyone, young and old alike. A more specialized study is that by Richmond P. Bond and Katherine K. Weed, called STUDIES OF BRITISH NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS FROM THEIR BEGINNING TO 1800: A BIBLIOGRAPHY. This important literary work includes a bibliography of some 2,100 studies relating to British journalism during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Both a paper bound edition (\$2.50) and a cloth bound edition (\$3.50) are available now, and a special price obtains for subscribers to *Studies in Philology*.

For the historical minded, several more books will appear on our Spring List. Among them are BY THEIR FRUITS by Julia Neal (May 17, \$3.50) Miss Neal's book was winner of the Avery Hopwood Essay Award, and is a story of the most successful of all American ventures in communal living—the Shaker colony of South Union, Kentucky—from its beginning in 1805 to its disbandment in 1944. Full of facts, and folkways, exuberant and rugged adventures, it is real Americana. Of another sort is THE HISTORY AND PRESENT STATE OF VIRGINIA by Robert Beverley, edited by Louis B. Wright (May 3, \$4.00). This was the earliest work which attempted a comprehensive description of the Virginia colony and was originally published in 1705. This reprint edition endeavors faithfully to reproduce the character of the old book and makes a handsome library book, as well as a valuable source book in early American history.

University life of a half-century ago is told with charm and humor by James P. C. Southall in his book IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH (May 31, \$3.00), which tells of his boyhood at the University of Virginia in the 1880's.

With this array of books ranging into all fields of knowledge, you will understand why in this spring of 1947 we are proud of our twenty-five years of growth—and are busily looking toward the next twenty-five.

(Advertisement)



Shapes of Clay

by Doris H. Meriweather

Illustration: John Davis

GEORGE BRINKLE sat on the porch of the funeral home and tried hard not to think. He was only occasionally conscious of the traffic moving down Main Street toward town. He knew he should be inside setting up the chairs for the Gibson funeral. But he wanted just a little more time to be alone. As if in protest, the screen door behind him creaked on its hinges and Jim Haggerty came onto the porch.

"Ah, there you are, Brinkle. Thought you might be upstairs with the Gibson girl. And what would Martha say? Hee! Hee!" The laughter squirmed out through fatty folds. Haggerty lowered himself into the cane rocker and it groaned under his weight. "Gibson girl! That's a good one, ain't it? Lord, but she was a skinny, dried-up old maid. Reckon she did herself a favor by dying."

Brinkle concentrated on keeping silent. Sometimes he was even able to shut his ears entirely to what Haggerty

(Continued on page 23)

The Pink Rosebush and the Peachtree

A Carolina Writers Club Selection by DON JUSTICE

LITTLE KATIE wouldn't get up when Aunt Derry called her, and her Mother had to come into the room and shake her. Even so it was much too late to eat at the big breakfast table with rest of them. They had covered her breakfast with a plate. She lifted the plate off, getting her fingers greasy, and sat down at the very head of the table where Grandfather always sat. The yolks of the eggs there always looked, not yellow like the ones at home, but orange, especially when they had grown cold waiting for her to come and eat them. That was because they came fresh from the chickens in the backyard, and that was why Father smacked his big lips together, making a noise, and said to Grandfather, "Real home-cooking, mmm-mmm," and reached all the way across the table for another helping of salt pork, and then sat for a long long time with Grandfather and Uncle Kinlaw and Uncle Bud mopping up the honey on their plates with biscuits and talking about nothing but the good old days, and all the women would drift out to the front porch and set a-rocking, saying a lot of names over and over that little Katie couldn't recognize. Sometimes she would have the swing all to herself and she would start it going, pushing real hard with her feet and tugging with all her might at the chains, until they started creaking and her Mother looked straight at her and said "Stop!", but even after that it would take a long while for the swing to die down.

That was the very swing Uncle Bud slept on at night, saying to all the rest of them how much cooler it was outside on the porch and how they ought to get smart like he was. "Don't let the bugs bite," said Grandfather with a wink, and they started to laugh. But even little Katie knew why Uncle Bud slept on the porch. It was because he had to. That was why she herself slept on a pallet down on the floor of the little back room where Aunt Maggie and Aunt Cissy and her very own Mother slept in the same big feather bed and kept at it all night long about Dear Lord how hot it was. There just weren't enough beds to go around. A whole week now they had been there, and almost every day somebody new kept driving up in his Ford car to set on the porch for a spell, rocking and asking the same old questions. And she knew why they were all there too, and why they wouldn't let her go in the front room either. They were all there waiting for somebody to die, and that somebody was Grandmother, who only last summer had picked a big fat peach and rubbed it off for her the very day they left for home.

Little Katie sat there trying to sop up the orange colored yolk of the eggs with her biscuit, but the biscuit crumbled all into tee-niesy pieces. The salt pork was so salty it made her thirsty and she had to go out to the back porch for a drink of water. But the bucket was empty. She lifted the bucket and carried it down the stoop, out into the backyard, scattering the chickens by swinging her arms and shouting, "Soo, shoo, goa way." On reaching the well, she hung the bucket on the chains and let go. It made a little splash, way down. She listened for the gurgle the bucket would make when it went under, filled with water, but something must have happened, for she waited and waited, and

still there was no gurgle. On tip-toe she peered over the edge of the well, down into the darkness, and there just wasn't any bucket to be seen. She tugged at the chains, hurting her hands, and as soon as the bucket broke water the chains started creaking so that she slowed down.

All the way back to the porch she was very careful not to slosh any of the water over the sides of the bucket, though it was so heavy for her she had to carry it with both hands. The chickens swarmed in her way and near about made her stumble. One of her bare feet stepped down into some of their mess, but she kept right on going and set the bucket safely down on the bottom step, only then turning to shoo the chickens off. When they were gone she commenced scraping hard at the edge of the step until all the chicken mess was scraped off onto the step and her foot felt kind of clean again. She had a hard time lifting the bucket up to the ledge where it belonged, but managed it all without spilling a drop.

Just then Uncle Bud ran out of the back door, passed her up without even glancing at her, and ran all the way through the backyard, out the gate, and off toward the tobacco barn. He had left the screen door standing open. It was stuck and the flies were buzzing in. Little Katie took it by the knob and shoved. The door banged shut with a slam.

She reached the dipper down from its peg and dipped down into the water with it, all the way to the bottom. She filled the dipper to the brim, sloshed the water around in it, and tossed it out into the yard, into the corner where the rosebushes were. That made it clean. And then she took a long cool drink, standing there and staring at the pink rosebush with one big blooming pink rose on it. But the rose was already getting old, and when she looked closer the edges of the petals were turning brown. She drank another dipperful, and turning her eyes away, threw the rest of the water in the dipper up and out toward the pink rosebush. When she turned back some of the petals had fallen to the ground, and the ground was wet.

Beyond the rosebush she could see Uncle Bud coming up the path from the tobacco barn, still a long way off, but hurrying, and holding Uncle Kinlaw's elbow, pushing him along. When they got closer, up to the gate and through it, into the backyard, she could see that they were talking to each other, and though she even heard the noise their voices made, it was only a low buzz like the flies, and she couldn't understand it at all. Before they could get to the porch a little half-scream broke from far back in the house, and some feet came running. There was her Mother standing on the back porch too, but not paying any attention to Katie, not even seeing her. She was talking to Katie's Uncle, whispering, but Katie didn't care to hear what they had to say. She looked down, so as not to be staring at them, and saw the dipper still in her hand. She dipped into the pail again and, lifting the bottom of her foot up, trying hard to keep her balance, poured the whole dipperful over the foot. That made a little puddle on the porch, but she really didn't care.

(Continued on page 27)

Chain of Command

by Ken Rothwell

WHAT'S that captain?" Lt. Blake was saying into the field telephone, "I didn't quite catch that. This damn wind would drown out a foghorn." "Oh, a patrol to Sirikoff . . . TONIGHT? . . . In this storm? . . . why hell this is the worst we've had . . . Yessir . . . yessir . . . I see what you mean . . . nosir I guess we can't afford to take a chance . . . Yessir, I'll get the mout right away."

He heard Captain McFarland ring off at company headquarters some four miles across the island. The lieutenant had difficulty locating the leather telephone case in the blackness of the tent. He was half out of his sleeping bag before he found it and managed to replace the phone. The sleeping bag furnished scant comfort but it was luxury compared to the bitter cold surrounding it. He lived alone and had no-one to help him maintain the fire in the small stove.

"That idiot," he yelled. "That damn idiot sending men out on patrol on a night like this."

He forgot about the ice water that was pouring through a hole slightly to the left of his cot and it caught him as he groped for a cigarette. He ducked out of the way and burrowed back in the sleeping bag. Then he lit the cigarette and lay back exhausted, eyes burning from days of lost sleep, and listened to the roaring Aleutian wind. The wind inflated and deflated the tent as though it were a bladder. The tent pole quivered like a banjo string and seemed on the verge of snapping and falling on his head. The ropes outside were drumsticks that played a monotonous rhythm on the canvas. He had thought for several days that the rattling of the tin peak would drive him insane until the wind had blown that away and left him with the more desirable alternative of a tremendous hole through which seemed to pour all the sleet in the storm-swept northland.

Another blast of ice water doused his glowing cigarette. "Damn," he said.

He hurled the cylinder of soggy tobacco across the tent and rested on his elbow.

"Well, I might as well get it over with. . . . Go on over and drag Sgt. Whitley out for that patrol . . . orders is orders I guess. . . ."

The lieutenant unzipped his sleeping bag and swung his legs to the plank by his cot that he always referred to as his floor. The plank sank out of sight into the mud under his weight. He sighed, refrained from swearing, and lit a candle. In the shadowy light he noticed that one side of the tent had collapsed during the night. The floor was white with sleet except where the mud puddles projected their brown stains. One of his boots had floated across the floor and frozen in a puddle. The tent pole was sheathed in ice and the stove flooded with water. He retrieved his trousers with the mud and drew them on. Over his head he dragged a drenched ski parka.

He had to remove his gloves in order to untie the wet ropes that held the tent flap in place. When he put them back on the rush of returning blood to his numb hands was agony. He backed out of the tent into the willi-waw.

He was swallowed up by the wind. He could neither move nor breathe and for the moment he was helpless as he fought to stay on his feet. He spread his legs wide and leaning back into the gale braced himself. Then, slowly, head-down, both arms shielding his face, he turned and buffeted his way towards Sgt. Whitley's tent. The sleet

(Continued on page 25)





WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN

Beard as Seen by Beard

*There once was a girl named Bwentholyn,
And oh! how her mother could cook
Mashed potatoes
She fell in love with a horse and buggy;
Come let us lean on the river.*

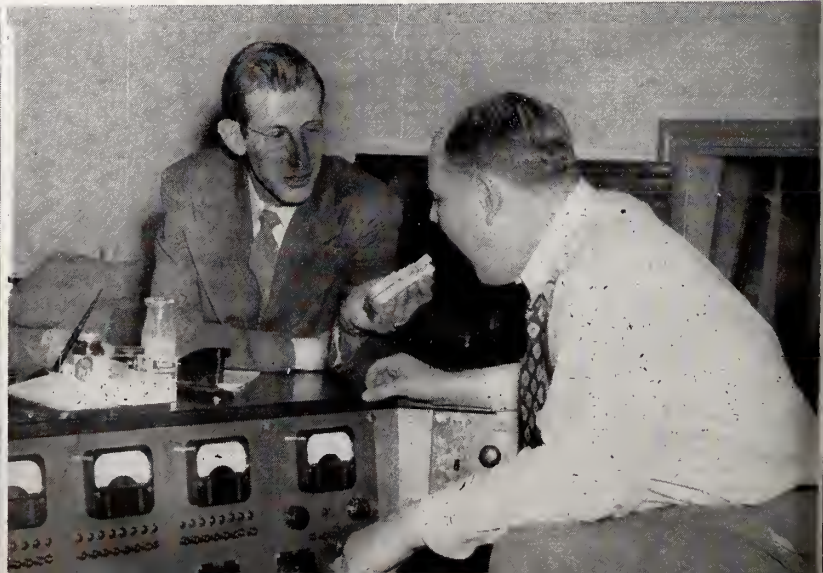
I imagine every writer has been plagued at some time or other by the thought-provoking question, "Is this truly representative of my inmost desire and consistent with that mode of expression by which I should like to be remembered?" To be sure, this problem generally arises after completion of a piece and at such a time can be most perplexing. I trust that you will bear with me as I dispense with the

problem without ever allowing it to become retrospective. Other problems arise when one considers the fact that one is writing for a college magazine and one must impress one's professor that one has become quite familiar with one "Theasaurus: Roget." I have been unable to find a copy at my local Pocket Books dealer and the result is atrophying.

I have been fortunate enough to have had some correspondence with members of your student body. Some members have written me more than once; abominable sentences totally unfit for diagramming and disseminating among polite society. Theses on democracy or the good way of life have come through each mail, reaching a mellow denouement in the oft-repeated phrase, "Please play."

Once Beard gets into high gear with his cynicism, even two phones can't handle the calls of protest.

The Man Sam shares a sandwich with his studio-mate, the engineer, during a break in programming.





World shaking, eh? But Pisa still stands leaning only slightly to the force of the great west wind yet ever mindful of the bourgeoisie of east Carrboro.

It is a pleasure to serve you, and as the ocean wears the rock, the rock the twig, the twig the tooth, Wildroot the hairline, I trust we shall recede together unto that great interminable program change.

"Come, let us lean on the river."

SAM BEARD

Beard as Seen by Magman

Sam Beard is one tall disc jockey and he doesn't talk at all like that article he wrote. In fact, Sam seems to be a pretty nice chappie when he's not diluted with ether. This revelation will probably cut away at least half of Moonglow's audience, the half that turns it on to curse "The Beard" Sam.

Carolina's most caustic critic was alone—save for the ever-present control man—in WPTF's gaudy studios the night that we dropped by to record his every move. CM Photographer Gerald Conrad was hollering for a pogo stick after the first hour.

It seems you can't be just a disc jockey at WPTF. The management also expects you to make the station breaks, Kaltenborn the news, send recorded commercials spinning merrily on their way and perform sundry other minor duties. All this devolved upon Beard the night we flash-photographed him. I can see now why they hired a man with long legs.

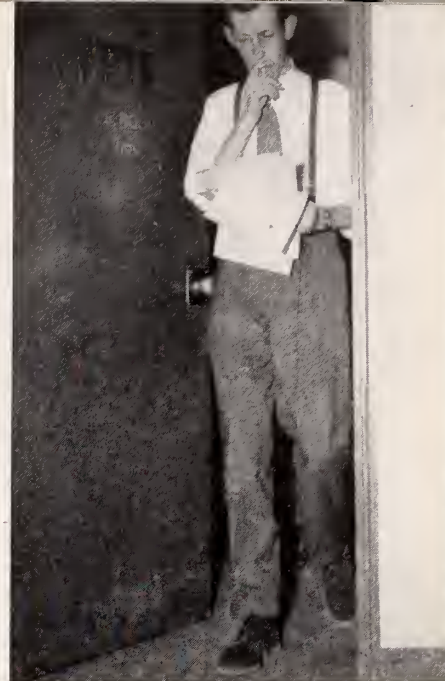
The mail that Sam gets from his "Moonglow" patrons is interesting, to say the very least. Students from over 200 colleges in 14 states correspond with him. "They can't all hear me every night—just pick it up now and then. Skipwave takes it out to them. But they write, bless them, how they write," explained the wax-impression impresario.

Mail falls into two categories. Generally the women give Sam little trouble, don't rise to the bait of his cynical remarks. They just plead,

(Continued on page 32)



Search for an elusive record



News copy from the AP ticker



On the Air!

Turning over a big one

Evening's end—and exhaustion



Sonnet

On Your Easter Bonnet

By RICHARD G. STERN

You celebrate under a maze of plunder,
Kissed by the sun you kiss the wind and wood.
But you're above the fear and miss the thunder
(And here's your blunder) for God is understood
Not in the flowers, fruit, frozen tears
And birds that are your crown, but in the waiting
And the wonder. For God's a sport—in baiting
Plumbs the value of the hook's great good.
Yet you sport no pain, no dice, no seers,
(But that bird, that murdered, gutless bird,
Supra-sonic, subtle, sun-bored,
Who chants the resurrection sans a word
And is the Adoration unadored.)
They know not what they do—yet, pass them, Lord.

Mr. Tate

By PAUL RAMSEY, JR.

*After seeing his picture
and reading his poems
in New Poems 1943*

Tough time ridiculed his stance,
His troubled mouth, his gleanings eyes
That looked on mosses' swift advance.
Stood watch for sharper fantasies.

So many colts had run away
To pull the wheels of war's tall coach!
The lean manes in the wind's long play,
Remembered, solemn as a leech,

And heard the hound slink to the door
No Mediterranean conquered yet,
But the sound failed to reach the roar
UnChristed oceans wrapped about.

And assumed a more deliberate guise
And wrote the words at which we gaze,
Our unquitting crimes amaze.

Friends

By BILL ROBERTSON

*Friends are like the leaves
That scatter with the winds.
They leave behind them tiny
wounds.
The sturdiest tree in the forest
grieves
At loss of them.
And though the Spring will
bring a thousand more,
The tree will sigh and try to
lure
The others back again.*

Medallion

By LORRAINE ROTHBARD

Sunshine dances in three muses,
Lemon chiffon, golden hair,
Pale arms lacing, pale feet racing,
In the spot the sunshine chooses,
Round the shaft of golden air.

Meeting in a mist of sunshine,
Lemon ladies, golden hair,
Laughter lunges light as sponges,
Sunshine charring all the chiffon,
Lemon leavening the air.

And the softness,
And the sweetness,
And the swiftness of their feet
Sears a circlet of roses,
Wraps a wreath of burning roses,
Burns a bracelet of roses,
Smoulders roses at their feet,
And the muses leap up higher
Till the place is all on fire,
And the sun at last supposes
Molten muses to be roses,
Molten roses,
Golden laughter,
Lemon chiffon,
Golden air.

Stateside-'45

By PAUL RAMSAY, JR.

As fleets, as waves, as rain, as armies
move
The day moves West and hot the after-
noon
From where I watch the rocks; as swift
as Leave
A slim girl dives into my sight, and
gone.

And now a cloud has covered up the sun
And softened shades of light, that thrive
On water's face and quietest hills, come
down
Where slash of wing is beating and
alive.

The View

By CURTIS BUTLER

I stood
Upon a mound
Of green and viewed the bent,
Grotesque, and twisted trees below. . .
And wept.

So far removed from sea; this silent
one
Of hours that not more Sunday bells
can give
Of peace the surest touch, the bringing
on
Of Faith, that Loving, knows that Love
can live

And leave more live these human hands
to give
What they can give; to you, my love,
my love.



You Were Just Born

by Alan L. Smith

Illustration: Winky Andrews

IT WAS dusk of a spring evening. The sun had gone and long chains of bright orange clouds were following it over the suburban hills. A comforting night moved softly over the skyscrapers, catching the last links of cloud, changing them to purple and dissolving them into darkness, while the city matched it star for star. But there might have been no tug-of-war between sun and night, and the celestial and earthly lights could have competed on another planet, for they did not matter. The only things that mattered on this particular evening to two young people were the time, the season, and the two people themselves, and if one hadn't been a boy and the other a girl, they wouldn't have mattered to each other.

The fact that she was walking home from work at this time, as was her custom, prevented them from remaining strangers. That is why the time was important. And spring mattered, because it is the season when very sensi-

(Continued on page 28)

WA

The Last Day

by Margaret Whitney
Illustration: Alan Kauffman

MR. WAKES propped his feet up on the dashboard and slapped the horse with the reins. "Gid-dup, Billy! Got to get to the rest of my houses." He settled back on the seat of the rickety wagon as Billy's hoofs clomped on the uneven bricks of the street. "Been taking time to really see my folks today. Last time, I guess."

He squinted up at the sun and then glanced at the back of the wagon to make sure that all of his ice was covered by the brown canvas cover. "Old hot weather'll be here soon," the old man murmured half to himself. "Shore will be bad on the ice business." He shifted the tobacco to the other side of his mouth and spit sardonically. "Guess this is one summer we won't have to worry about that, eh Billy?"

Waving familiarly at the car which passed, Mr. Wakes pulled over to the opposite curb beside a small white house. He seized the rusty tongs from their place on the side of the wagon and drew a large block of ice from the edge of the frayed canvas. With a heave he shifted it over his shoulder, then staggered as he made his way through the back door under the white lattice work.

"'Afternoon, Mrs. Watkins. Brung twenty pounds again today." He lifted the ice into the white porcelain box, and as he closed the door, whistled. "Looks like you having steak tonight, Mrs. Watkins! Company?"

She was one of his oldest customers. Her red face wrinkled in a comfortable smile, as she smoothed her grey bun of hair. "Yes sir. Edward Jr. is coming." She beamed. "They'll be here the whole week-end. Just heard last night and been trying to fix up the house. Gonna bake a real coconut cake for my boy—like I usta."

Mr. Wakes grinned so that the place

where his teeth were missing showed in front. "Guess yore excited 'bout seeing them grandchildren again." The old man looked around the familiar kitchen, and as he backed down the steps, he fingered his ancient hat and tried to smile as usual. "Have—have a fine time with your folks, Mrs. Watkins."

"Oh yes. You'll have to see the children tomorrow afternoon on your round, Mr. Wakes." She sighed, "I'll declare, I just can't wait to see them."

He could only mumble, "Yas'm," and turn blindly toward the wagon where old Billy was stretching to nibble a tuft of grass growing between the bricks. As he put the tongs back Mr. Wakes glanced at the orange wagon with the square green letters ARCTIC ICE COMPANY. He straightened the harness and patted Billy's side where the row of rib bones showed so plainly.

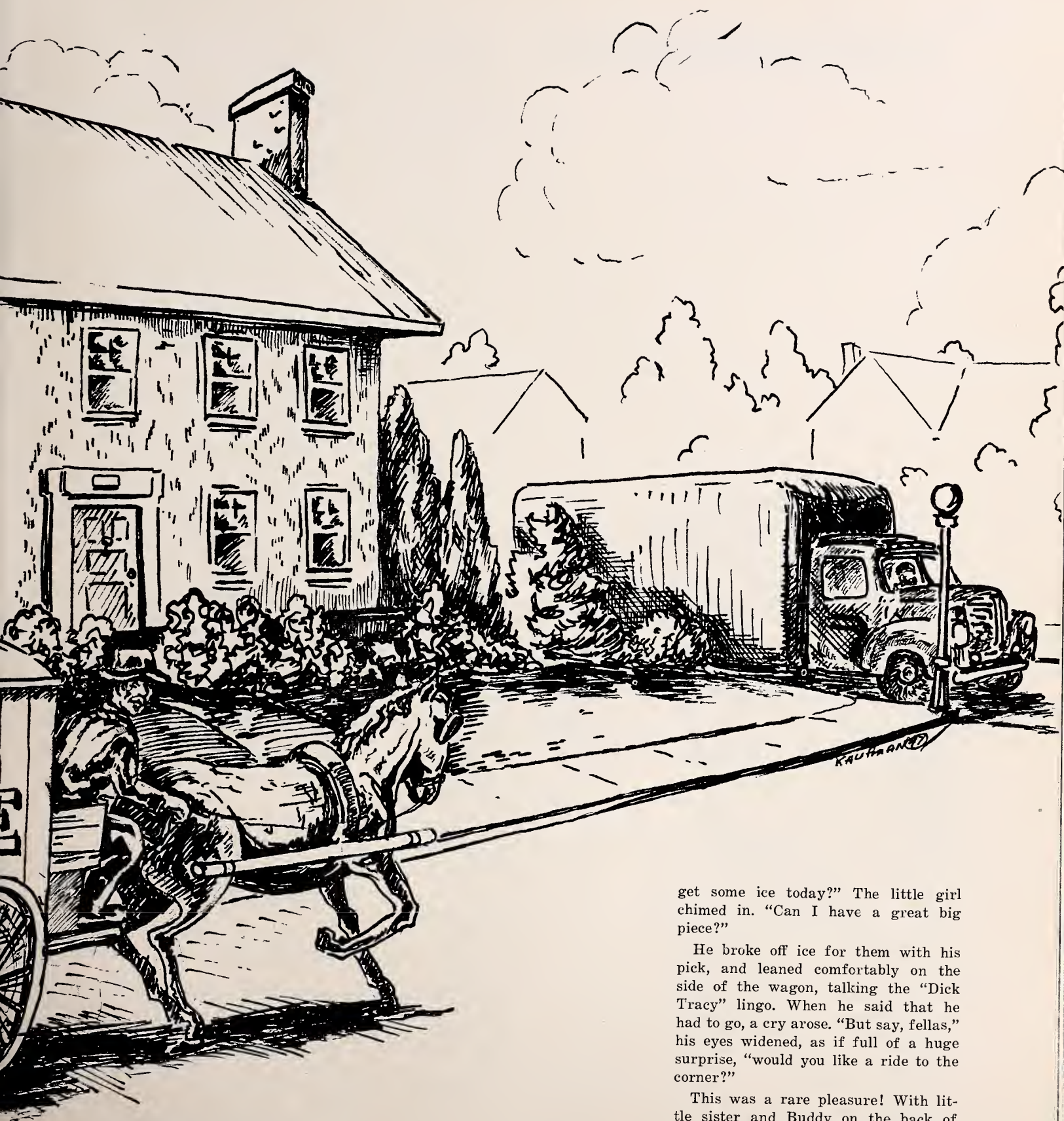
As he climbed laboriously up on the wagon he clicked his tongue, "Let's go, Billy." He took out his tobacco and bit viciously into the brown hardness. "Sam Wakes, you're a fool—an old

fool! Just because you're old and ain't gonna work no more." His wrinkled face was twisted and he shook his head doggedly as if to convince himself. "You're going to act same as ever to-day, Sam. You been doing all right so far. This is your last day—and the best day you ever had!"

They turned into a shady street. Sunlight came through the thick leaves and played on the bricks and on them as they passed. Suddenly Mr. Wakes looked up, shoved back his hat, and started whistling. His blue eyes twinkled and he rubbed his thin nose in anticipation. Looking eagerly up and down the street, he stopped in front of a grey house. "Whoa, Billy!"

He fairly danced about the wagon in spite of his arthritis. Mr. Wakes' work pants made him look thinner and more lanky than he really was, and his shirt bulged out in back under his skimpy vest. The children had always laughed at the garters that made his shirt sleeves look lumpy and so short that his thin wrists hung way below the cuffs, but they kept his sleeves





out of the way of the ice tongs, so he let them laugh.

He made a loud clatter with the tongs, and just as he was heaving the ice over the side he heard them as they raced around the corner of the house. "The Iceman! Here's the Iceman!" The children gathered around him eagerly. "Hello, Mr. Wakes! Hi, Mr. Iceman!"

Mr. Wakes grinned. "Well, if it ain't my old buddies!" He stumbled a little

pistol that the oldest little boy was brandishing, he exclaimed, "Say, what under the huge block of ice. As he peered down in affected surprise at the toy you playing today, Dick Tracy again?"

The three children followed him squealing and chattering. As he came out of the back door, Sister, with her curls damp around her face, clung to his free hand and the boys dashed around him. "Say, Mr. Wakes, do we

get some ice today?" The little girl chimed in. "Can I have a great big piece?"

He broke off ice for them with his pick, and leaned comfortably on the side of the wagon, talking the "Dick Tracy" lingo. When he said that he had to go, a cry arose. "But say, fellas," his eyes widened, as if full of a huge surprise, "would you like a ride to the corner?"

This was a rare pleasure! With little sister and Buddy on the back of the wagon, and Bobby gleefully perched on old Bill's back, they rode down the street shouting excitedly. Mr. Wakes' chin was high and his grin was tremulous as he listened to their chatter. When he put them off at the corner, they gathered around, jumping up and down. "Will you take us again tomorrow? Will ya?" He swallowed and stammered gruffly. "Maybe, kids. Maybe." Then he flicked his reins and

(Continued on page 30)

Eager Weaver

by Julia Ross



The Dean's Tale

Whan that editor with wordes soote
 Badde me seyn Dean Weaver, if I woote,
 And of hem maken tale of swich a trouthe
 That indeed I knew nat if I dared or couthe.
 For he thoght it acordaunt to resoun
 To telle yow al the condicioun
 Of Dean of Men, so as it semed me,
 Who am by chance a coed, as yow se.
 But so sweete was his Englissh on his tongue
 That I agreed, thogh feared to maken wronge.
 Therefore, in this season laste weeks,
 To South Building sudden did I treeke
 The younge blisful Weaver for to seke
 That students holpen whan that they are seeke
 Of registration and other swich devyse
 That against techers cause the folkes to ryse.
 Nathelees, whil I have the time and space,
 I sholde on into my tale pace.
 (If you thynketh this prologue a messe,
 It is for Doctor Lyons to impresse.)
 Now I am redy to bigynne my tale,
 Forgiven me that I am no male.
 I will do the verray best I kenne
 To writ trouthe about the Dean of Menne.

Fred H. Weaver is not so far removed from Chaucer's works as a reader of the prologue might at first suppose, nor is anyone at the University. Let us imagine that we—students, faculty, administration—are all pilgrims traveling, not to a shrine in Canterbury, but toward a shrine of higher education found only in some "sundry londe" of self-realization. Dean Weaver is "Oure Hooste," acting always on the journey as mediator between travellers. Well qualified is he for this position.

Weaver came to Carolina as a freshman in 1933. "I was," he smiled, "the typical well-rounded student. Or, as Thomas Wolfe once said, 'a little bit of mediocrity going off in all directions'." But of his claim to mediocrity I am doubtful. An economics major, Dean Weaver maintained an excellent academic standing. A member of the Student Council, Grail, Golden Fleece, and University Club, he participated constructively in campus activities. And before his graduation in 1937, he had entered into several bull sessions—of the Graham Memorial variety—to criticize the faculty. But unlike many of our present students, he and his critical collaborators determined to start a summer school, to translate their theories, the basis of former criticism, into action. Located in Florida, the school, whose purpose was to qualify backward boys for college entrance, consisted of seven teachers and seven students. Mr. Weaver taught American Literature and French Grammar. "Our boys passed their requirements," he said.

His project a success, and his tutorage completed, Weaver then returned to Carolina, where in 1938, for one term, he became teaching fellow in economics, later assuming position of assistant dean until 1941. The next few years proved active ones. Between 1941 and 1946, he served as American Vice Consul in Rio de Janeiro went through Pre-Flight school, piloted a carrier in the Naval Ferry Command, and joined a based fighter-bomber squadron which he admitted with disgust "never even got to the war." Mr. Weaver, in fact, appeared humorously disgusted with the whole Navy. He said of Pre-Flight school: "I requested them to send me anywhere but to Chapel Hill. So they sent me here."

Anyway, after his piloting and squadron experience, he was glad to return to Carolina in July 1946, when of course,

(Continued on page 27)

Aunt Carrie

by John McDowell

"Her unconscious meanness and clumsy avarice . . ."

I HAD ALWAYS been cautiously afraid of my Aunt Carrie. Her unconscious meanness and clumsy avarice fascinated my impressionable ten year old mind. Her infrequent visits were always looked forward to eagerly. Yet, once she arrived I could not wait till she had left because she always brought a small atmosphere of disaster with her. It stimulated me to think of it but frightened me in its realization.

My *daddy* contributed to her support. She accepted his money with reluctant ingratitude. She seemed to want to accept it calmly, but some terror of not truthfully admitting her contempt drove her to exaggerate its relation to the act of acceptance. Her husband, my Uncle John, had soaked up into himself some of her meanness: the struggle to maintain some balanced outlook on those with whom they rarely associated made him as ill at ease in our presence as I was with Aunt Carrie and him.

One day my father told me we were to visit my aunt. My mind built instant images of what the visit would be like, of how their home would look. I became very excited. The source, the home of what my aunt represented would be exposed.

Their house did not disappoint me. It was almost as large and just about as gloomy as I had thought it should be. The furniture was wrong. It should have been old, and in bad taste, and once expensive. It was cheap, and sparse, and ill at ease. It lacked enough fallen character to be tawdry. I wanted to leave. We ate a flat meal and my father told me he would be back for me in the morning. I started to cry—timidly. Aunt Carrie grunted and gently said, "Here, boy!" I followed her upstairs. We went into a large, well furnished room. She leaned over a heavy wooden chest, unlocked it, and pulled out a packet of large paper bills. She handed me a hundred dollar bill. I clutched it tightly and thanked her.

"Show your father what I gave you." she spoke.

I experienced a strange thrill as I walked downstairs. I showed the money to my father. He didn't seem excited. He nodded and shortly afterwards went out. I suddenly felt lonely and thought

the morning would be very beautiful if it would come. Perhaps right away. I looked at my Aunt Carrie and decided she was a bad woman. The money didn't seem to matter.

When I went to bed I cried. First softly because the musty room seemed to want to choke me. Then louder as I thought beyond the mustiness and realized I was afraid. Aunt Carrie walked into my room. She wore an old fashioned nightgown under an ugly, soiled bathrobe. She bit her lip and glared hard at me.

"Boy, be quiet! Stop your nonsense and go to sleep!"

I stared at her and suddenly grew calm. She closed the door quietly. The next thing I saw was the sun and I knew that I was safe. Aunt Carrie was not a bad woman, she was mean and stern and I didn't care about her any more.

At breakfast she asked me if I had the hundred dollar bill. I showed it to her and she told me that she had better take it back. I gave it back and it didn't seem to matter. A hundred dollars was just an idea that morning. It wasn't very important. Uncle John looked unhappily at his wife. He got

up from the table and left the room. A few minutes later he returned carrying a small cloth bag in his hand.

"Boy, this is for you." I took the bag and opened it. There were about thirty marbles in it. I was very pleased and told him so. He forgot a brief smile but quickly remembered himself. Soon my father came by and we left together. I told him about the hundred dollar bill.

"Confederate money! She has a whole trunkful of it! Stupid—stupid old woman!"

I looked at my father with alarm. He had never commented on his sister to me before. I told him quickly of my other present. I pulled the bag out of my pocket. He seemed to recognize it, as though he had seen it before. He looked at me and told me how his brother-in-law visited the school yard in the early evenings, sometimes coming across a marble or two. All year he saved them and then gave them to some boy he liked. Or to some boy he pitied, I thought.

I put the bag back in my pocket and clutched it tightly for a moment. My father smiled and said to himself, "Poor John!"

A Touch of Venus

After intensive research, the Magazine has decided that the ancient adage should be changed to, "In the Spring, a young woman's fancy is to turn a man." To aid and abet the coeds and warn the males, the Carolina magazine presents, "A Touch of Venus."

This special preview of spring fashions, starting on the next page, is the creation of Photographic Editor Stan Croner. He seemed to like his job. Who wouldn't with models Marian Castellow, Carolina Disbro, Margo Martin, Barbara Lynn, Pat Hole and Betty Greve.

We invite you to turn the page and admonish the men that this is the time of year Venus has out her war club. Good hunting!



a Touch of Venus







Varsity

The fascinating appearance of the simple and classic lines featured in the JUNIOR DEB and the JAUNTY JUNIOR creations will be the outstanding fashion trend on the Carolina Campus this Spring.



Gudy 'n Gill

*These marvelous clothes are
the special pets of gay young
things . . from a new and won-
derful collection . .*

*Young
Modern
Shop*

Baldwin's



Sea Glamour
ORIGINAL
by Annis

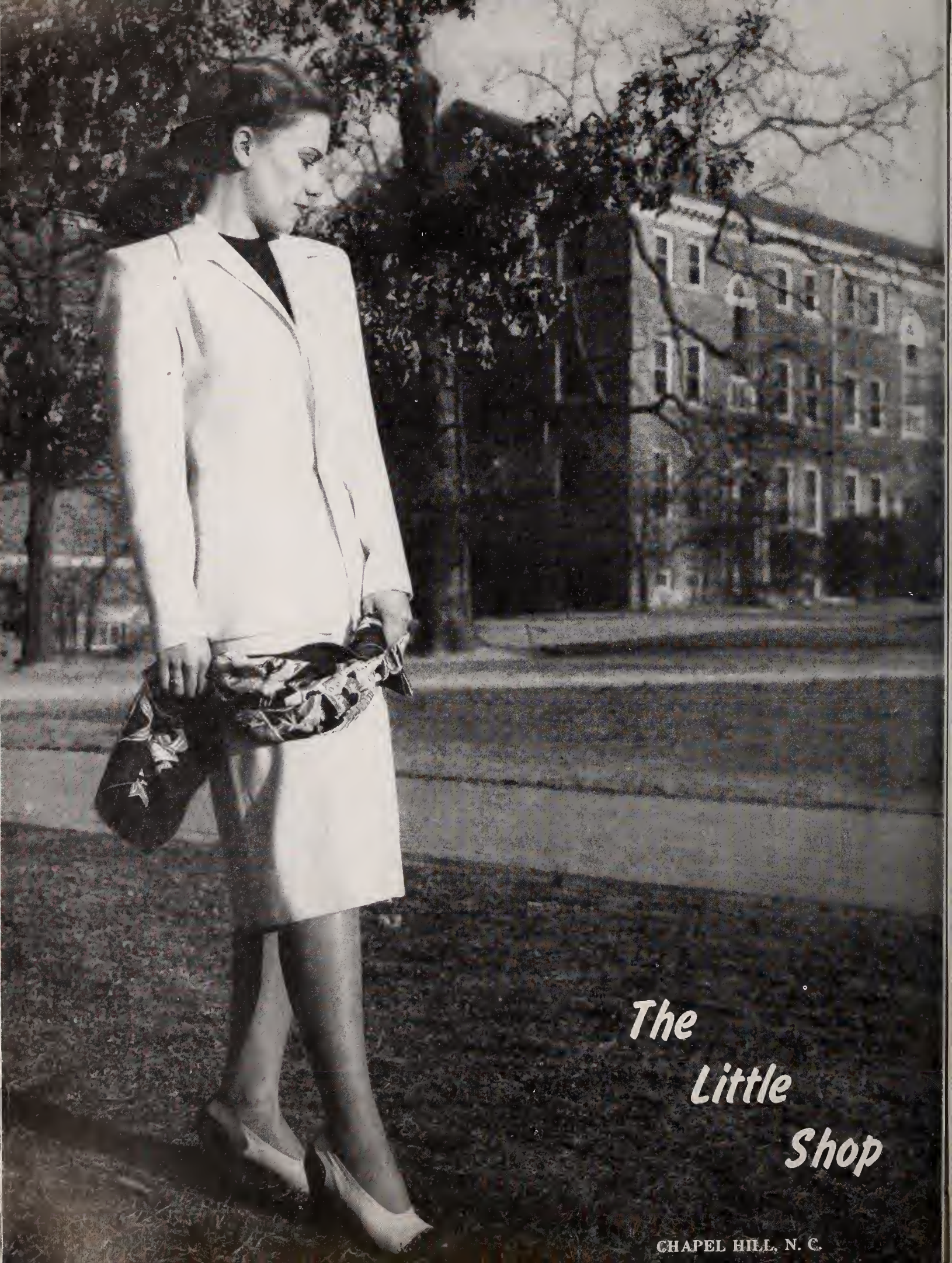
Ellis Stone & Co



Lilli Ann fits the American woman in the new long silhouette . . . they're feminine, they fit her figure and her life. High fashion in eye-catching colors . . . slender lines.

\$49.95 up

Belk-Leggett
COMPANY



*The
Little
Shop*

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Shapes of Clay

(Continued from page 5)

was saying. But lately it was much harder.. It was beginning to seem that Haggerty was trying to irritate him. Even the cigar made him uncomfortable today and Brinkle was sure he had gotten over that.

He watched Haggerty from the corner of his eye. Contempt welled up in him. He felt ashamed of himself. You couldn't hate a man because he was fat and his back made little tight mounds where it bulged through the slats of the chair. And you couldn't hate him because of the way his lip hung loose over the end of a wet cigar. He wanted to say something to Haggerty. Something nice, some casual remark about the weather maybe. Anything to prove to himself that he felt no hate. But he could think of nothing to say. The cigar smoke seemed to be growing thicker. That was it. That was what dulled his mind. No wonder he could think of nothing to say.

At last he stood up and started toward the door. "Guess I'll go set up the chairs."

Haggerty rocked back in his chair, inhaling deeply so that he could get at his watch. "It's early yet, Brinkle," he said, his face suggesting a raw smile. "That's just an excuse to go look at the urn," Haggerty teased. "But don't you steal my urn." He laughed at the absurdity of the idea.

"I wouldn't take the urn. I'm not interested," Brinkle retorted. He was sorry his answer had been so quick. He was afraid it sounded bitter. But it was true. The urn didn't hurt any more.

As he entered the hall, he caught sight of the urn in the corner of Haggerty's office. He paused at the door to look at it. No, it didn't hurt at all. He felt that he could even touch it now with no feeling of pain. He started to enter, but changed his mind. The room was filled with the odor of stale cigars. Well, he could have touched it; he could even have picked it up, if it hadn't been for the cigar.

When Brinkle closed the door of the funeral home that night, it was later than usual. He breathed deeply, filling his lungs with the tingling night air. It was good to be outside again. He locked the door, making a mental note to come early in the morning to air out the rooms. He was sure he'd heard someone at the funeral this afternoon comment on the cigar smell. He turned up his collar, thwarting the October night, and began to walk briskly. The scent of burning leaves lingering in the air pleased him.

The sun was just beginning to appear on the edge of town as George Brinkle arrived at the mortuary on the following morning. He took the key from its hiding place in the flower box and was surprised at how easily it turned in the door. It was the first time in all the years that he'd been there first, he reflected. He smiled at the thought.

Brinkle stood for a moment in the doorway, and the sun behind him etched a dark shadow the length of the hall. He gazed about with satisfaction. There was a look of pride and complete possession in his eyes as they moved about fondly. All his now. Well, for a time at least. As if the thought were new to him, he hurried into the room on his right and began to remove his overcoat. He hung it mincingly on the rack, careful to avoid every wrinkle. Though far from new and stylish, his suit was as free from stains as the day he bought it and showed fastidious care.

He turned to the desk and began clearing it of papers, putting them neatly in the drawers. Haggerty had certainly left things in a mess. Paper clips, blotters, scraps of paper, and cigar wrappings littered the desk and the floor

around it. He was just giving the finishing touches to the room as the chimes of the church down the street sounded ten. He hadn't realized it was so late. He quickly emptied the big ashtray, a look of scorn on his face, then glanced around, proud of his work and satisfied that everything was in order. He paused at the door and flicked a grey ash from his collar.

Going down the hall, Brinkle entered his own office. He was pleased with the contrast. Not a thing out of place. No smell of stale cigars. He gathered up the things from his desk. There was the picture of Martha. It was his favorite picture of her. Not that it did her justice. It showed too clearly the lines carved by years of haggling over a budget. But it was Martha, sensible and mature. No platinum blonde halfwits for him. Haggerty could have them all. And there was the snapshot of Grace down in the corner of the frame. He remembered taking it that Sunday afternoon before the baccalaureate sermon down at the high school. His eyes had blurred so that he could hardly see, but it had turned out to be a good picture.

He started back up the hall to Haggerty's office with the pictures and other odds and ends. The front door opened. It was Mac Roper from the fire station next door.

"Howdy, George, my friend," he fairly shouted. Brinkle winced. He knew what was next. "Undertaking anything today?" That was Mac's stock joke, and he and Haggerty would guffaw long and loud over it every morning. Brinkle tried to laugh. He knew he should. He should go right up and slap Mac on the back and say "Aw, that's a good one, Mac." That's the way Haggerty would have done. Well, he would too if his hands weren't full. But Mac didn't even notice that he didn't laugh. He simply strode on into the office in front of Brinkle.

"Say, where's the big boss? Back in the kitchen?" Mac questioned. Mac always spoke of the crematory as the "kitchen." Haggerty thought it was good, but it seemed, well, almost disrespectful to Brinkle.

"No, Mac, he didn't come in today." He put the things down on the desk before Mac could notice his hands shaking. "Wasn't feeling too well yesterday when we closed. Said he didn't think he'd come in at all today." He raised his eyes to Mac's. They were dwarfed behind thick glasses. "Nothing serious, you know." He was laughing nervously now. "You can't keep a man like Haggerty down. Strong as an ox, that Haggerty."

"Nak, naw," Mac agreed. "Strong as an ox. Just needs a little rest. Not what he does here that tires him out.



And how many times have you seen this play
"Cyrano de Bergerac"?

It's the after hours work." He poked Brinkle in the ribs and winked knowingly. "Say, Brinkle, I just happened to think. Now's your chance. Now's your chance to hide that urn." Mac pointed to the urn in the corner. "Oh, this is good. Would that ever be a joke on Haggerty." Mac chuckled in honest amusement. "Lord, he'd be madder 'n a wet hen." He sobered and studied Brinkle's face. "The urn is still his, isn't it?"

Brinkle smiled weakly. "It's still his all right. You know that would be a good joke. Guess Haggerty might get a kick out of it. But, Mac," he added, "you know we haven't had any real serious disagreement over the urn. You know that, don't you?"

"Oh, sure I know. It'd just be a joke. You know how Haggerty loves a joke." Mac glanced about the office. "Don't look like the same place, does it? Good thing he did take a day off so's you could get things kinda straightened up. Much longer and he couldn't a' found his way around for the trash."

Brinkle beamed in earnest now. "Well, yes, I did kinda pick things up this morning." He motioned to the things he had put on the desk. "Thought I might use this office 'til Haggerty gets back." He was glad his hands had stopped shaking now. "I mean, well, you know it's so far back to my office. And, well, I just thought it would be better if I moved my stuff up here, you see."

"Yeah, good idea," Mac commented. "Well, guess I'll be gettin' back over to the station. Whole town's liable to burn down," he laughed.

Are you
Maeb eht no*



You are, if you get tongue-tied when you meet a cute cookie! Or worse yet, if you stoop to "weather talk!" Get on the beam right, fellow! Start off from third base! Offer that choice bit of calico a yummy Life Saver. She'll be keen on them (and you).

* "On the beam" backwards



P. S. Just in case this friendship ripens—Life Savers keep your (and her) breath kissably fresh!

Doctor: "The best thing you can do is give up cigarettes, liquor, and women."

Patient: "What's the next best thing?"

IRVINE REID

He started toward the door and Brinkle followed him. He stuffed his hands in his pant's pockets and tried to swag as Haggerty would have done. He should think of something clever to say. Something that would make Mac howl. It was Mac who spoke. "Don't work yourself too hard, old man. You could use a vacation yourself. Say—you worked pretty late last night, didn't you? Noticed a light back in the 'kitchen'."

Brinkle searched wildly for an answer. He hadn't counted on this and the hot feelings that began in his feet, surged upward through his whole body leaving him weak. "Uh-," he stammered, "uh, the big Ainsworth funeral's today. Had a few things to do at the last minute."

"Oh, yeah," Mac said. "I'd forgotten about that. Pity about old Ainsworth, too. Well, I'm going." He was out the door now. "Don't burn any biscuits," he called back and laughed at his own wit.

Brinkle turned back into the office and began to arrange the things on the desk. He sat down in the big leather chair and went through the papers before him. They were all in order. He had known they were before he began. He stacked them back together neatly, taking great pains to even the edges. He knew he was stalling and he hated himself for it. He stared at the telephone in front of him. It was offensively silent. He would call Martha. He reached for the phone, but drew back his hand. No, he never called her. What would he say, besides? He wished Mac had stayed longer. He should have asked him to sit down. Could have offered him a glass of wine. He knew where Haggerty kept it. He looked in the bottom drawer just to be sure it was there. Yes, there was a half empty bottle and a couple of glasses. He lifted the bottle and read the label. It meant nothing to him, but he liked the fancy, foreign name. It looked expensive. He knew he didn't like the taste, but he poured himself a little in a glass. The flavor was musty, and it left his mouth dry. He wondered if Martha liked wine. He decided to take home a bottle tonight as a surprise. She would scold him for the extravagance, but they could afford a few luxuries now and then. He poured himself another drink, and replaced the bottle in the drawer. He felt much better now as he leaned back in his chair, relaxed. "Well, Brinkle," he spoke to himself aloud, "better shuffle along now. You got work to do." As he left the room, he picked up the urn from its place in the corner. He laughed to himself. It was a good joke on Haggerty.

He went down the hall past his own office and entered the big door at the end. It was just as he had left it last night. Everything in place. Brinkle put the urn on the table before the cremator and rubbed his hand fondly over its surface. It was a beautiful urn. He remembered the day it had arrived. It had come in a large shipment of other urns and Haggerty had left all the unpacking to Brinkle. The work was hard and tedious since each was crated securely in separate boxes.

The urns had all been the same until he came to this one. He had been almost stunned by its beauty, as he held it at arm's length. The body was a deep, rich shade of blue and the delicate gold filigree work around the top and the simple handles of gold seemed even to enhance the blue. He had examined it from every angle. Not a flaw in it. Then the turmoil had begun within him. Barring an act of God, he had years yet to live. Too soon to begin thinking about such things. Still he would like to have it when the time came. He had nearly tripped over the urn in his haste to find the invoice sheet. His hand had trembled as he ran his finger down the list.

It had been near the botton and the price even more than he had imagined. He could never pay for it. There had been the note on the house that he meant to pay off and

Martha needed a new coat. With reluctance he had placed the urn on the shelf with the others and had unpacked the rest. He had been more tired than before. His work was slower because his eyes strayed often to the shelf and the urn. Standing there above him just out of reach, it had seemed almost to mock him as he worked.

The urn with its highly polished glaze had suddenly increased to a new brilliance until its shape was lost in a blinding light that had held his eyes in a fixed, hypnotic stare. The light had begun to waver and the urn had seemed to dance toward him, then back, in a manner that was teasing, tantalizing. Unconsciously, he had stretched his arms to their full length as if to grasp the prize as it shuttled toward him once more. His movement had broken the spell and returned the urn to its place on the shelf. His whole body had shaken wildly and perspiration had formed on his forehead, falling in dark stains on his shirt. With hands that still trembled, he had removed the urn from the shelf and placed it in the corner apart. He would have it. He could pay for it a little at a time. It was the one luxury he could allow himself.

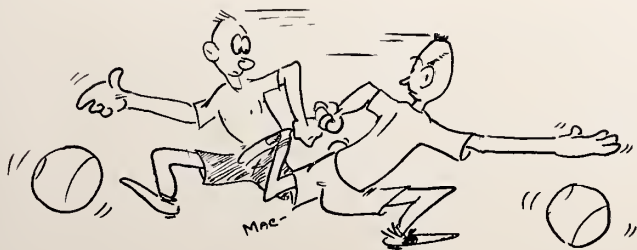
Brinkle studied the urn carefully now as he had done on that first day. Even through the years it had remained flawless, except for the tiny nick in the base. He rubbed his finger over the chipped place, recalling the day it had happened.

It was the day Haggerty had found the urn in the far corner of the shelf where Brinkle had hidden it. In his haste to claim it as his own, he had snatched the urn from the shelf, chipping the base. Brinkle marvelled now that he had ever dared to quarrel with Haggerty. But Haggerty had laughed at his protests. He could still hear the wild, insane laughter and Haggerty's voice, pitched to the cracking. The urn would be his. Was that understood?

Brinkle had stood by, almost pathetic in his silence as Haggerty held the urn and swayed back and forth in a taunting manner. Finally he had disappeared down the hall with a weird, half-dancing step. The urn had been placed on a stand in Haggerty's office where Brinkle might pass it a dozen times a day and he had watched Brinkle with a mocking light in his eyes.

He thought again of Haggerty's face spreading into a leer, with puffy lips hanging loose over a cigar; and he heard again the high, wild laughter that had reechoed in his dreams. Suddenly Brinkle gripped the urn as if he would dash it to the floor. It was hard under his hands, cold and real. The laughter stopped.

He turned, now strangely calm, and opened the door of the cremator. He removed the little pile of ashes and placed them in the urn. He was surprised at the small amount. Haggerty had been such a big man. No more ashes than one of your cigars, he thought as he sealed the urn. He carried the urn back to Haggerty's office and returned it to its place in the corner. With a new deliberance he flicked a small grey ash from his collar and watched it as it settled to the floor.



Chain of Command

(Continued from page 7)

bit into his head and arms as though the air were filled with flying darts. He felt with his hands for the communications wire that circled the platoon area.

As he reached down the wind, quite suddenly, as it often did, stopped. Thrown off-balance he fell forward onto the muskeg and slid several yards over the icy mud. As he started to get up a cross-wind knocked him sprawling into an adjacent shell crater. He broke through the thin ice and went shoulder deep in the water. At first the shock paralyzed him. He felt sick to his stomach and, briefly, as the strength drained out of his body he was passive and wanted only to sink quietly. Then as the cold seeped deeper he felt the pain and cried out in protest with an animal shriek that was louder than the wind.

Slipping, sliding, clutching at the greasy mud and swearing incoherently he scrambled out of the water. On the bank he lay limp and surrendered to the scourge of the numbing wind. It pelted him with hail stones the size of marbles that seemed capable of stoning him to death. As he got up and moved again it reached out with hands of ice and knocked him first downhill and then sent him reeling uphill.

A sudden lull gave him the opportunity he needed and with a final lunge he covered the last few yards to his objective. He pounded on the soaking canvas.

"Hey, Whitley, let me in. It's Lt. Blake."

He heard the men moving inside and presently Sgt. Whitley poked his face through the door and turned a flashlight full in his face.

"All right, sergeant, put out the light. You know we operate here under strict black-out."

Even as he said it he hated himself. It was such a stupid order.

The light went out and he stepped inside into the comparative warmth of the tent. The seven men who made up Whitley's rifle squad were huddled around the glowing stove and the light from a coleman lantern made the interior a snug refuge from the brutal storm that was only a thin piece of canvas away. The men did not come to attention but Lt. Blake said nothing.

"Sure is rough tonight, ain't it lieutenant?" said Whitley. "She must be blowin' 90 knots. . . . I don't know what in hell keeps our tent up."

He laughed and then noticing Blake's soaked clothing he added:

"You look half-froze, better get by the fire."

"Thanks," said Blake. "I fell into a hole."

There was an embarrassed pause. The men waited in silence for him to speak. Sgt. Whitley, expecting the worst, regarded him with his customary air of martyrdom. Blake warmed his hands over the fire and shifted from one foot to another.

Finally he blurted:

"I just got orders to send you and three men on a patrol down to Sirikoff. OP No. 13 reports lights down there again."

"What! Again, lieutenant! Last time those damn lights turned out to be their own ration party and Simmons broke his leg on the cliff to find that out. . . . How can we go out in this mess. . . . Christ, we'll never get there. . . ."

Blake cut him off. He knew that if he tried reason Whitley would win the debate. It was exasperating how adroit

Clicking On Campus



Prettiess is the theme of our enchanting campus collection . . . soft feminine styles, especially becoming . . . perfect taste always . . . we specialize in evening dresses, campus and date clothes.

Ask about our convenient lay-away plan.

the Fashion
LADIES' OUTFITTERS

Durham, N. C.

the man was at resisting orders without seeming insubordinate.

"All right, sergeant, orders are orders and you're going whether you like it or not. Pick three of your men and move out in 10 minutes. Stop by my tent on your way . . . I have to call a report in to the captain when you've left."

He was standing with his back to the men facing Whitley. He could feel the dull sullenness of their faces burning into his back. Neither was the expression on Whitley's face a pleasant one to behold. Suddenly he wanted very much to get the hell out of there.

"Better take climbing axes with you," he said as he stumbled awkwardly out of the door.

He didn't want to hear what they were saying but his

foot caught in a rope outside and as he disentangled himself he could not help but hear their conversation.

"That chicken bastard . . . why in hell doesn't he go himself . . . that son of a bitch never had it so good . . . I won't go . . . I'll be damned if I'll go . . . they can put me in the guardhouse . . . I won't go . . ."

Then as he broke away the last voice he heard before all of them blended into the shrieking wind was that of Sgt. Whitley:

"All right you guys . . . you know damn well we're goin' . . ."

And as the lone figure struggled back across the storm-swept tundra the wind was at his back and now seemed to be helping him along.

W D N C

1490

ON YOUR DIAL

THE HERALD-SUN STATION

Eager Weaver

(Continued from page 14)

he became Dean of Men. Primarily interested in student government, Dean Weaver, "Oure Hooste," defined his position as "the link between students, on the one hand, and the administration and the faculty, on the other." He continued, "The biggest purpose of my job is to foster a system of self-government, of helping self-government to work, and of encouraging it to work right." On a larger scale, believing that the purpose of this University is to mature students by education, and to assist them in completing their transition from adolescence into manhood. Dean Weaver justifies his faith in student government by maintaining that this transition can be accomplished satisfactorily only in an environment created by the student himself. He holds that, if a student is forced to conform to a system designed by others, he is being deprived of the means of maturity. Weaver has given ample indication of his views in various messages to us. All of these messages have exhorted the student, as an individual and as part of a group, to take an active interest in student government.

By awakening students to their responsibilities as students, Weaver states, "We help them become good citizens. 'Democracy more than any other form of government,'" he quoted an article, "needs good citizens." And, you know, the most significant quality of our student life is its democratic character." At the basis, of course, of the students' realization of responsibility is education itself. Weaver, therefore, places the academic first in importance, trusting that through his studies the student may see the necessity of learning the art of living as a good member of the campus community, later of the nation, and ultimately of human society.

"Certainly, Chapel Hill is a fine place. We all love it. But we can't be complacent and self-satisfied. We've got to keep making it better." It is his belief, however, that "leadership in student government is as good as it has ever been." But an idealist, he strives with us for future improvement. Each of us should, as Dean Weaver hopes we will, "join actively, through student self-government, in the vital program of fostering the ideals of the University, of defending her standards, and of working for the betterment of her campus life, thus making of college experience a memorable and lifelong force." Only in this way may we reach our shrine of self-realization.

Pink Rosebush

(Continued from page 6)

The two men went inside, leaving the door stuck open again, but neither she nor her Mother made any move to shut it. Mother was staring out into the yard, looking for something. Katie looked out into the yard too. There was the peach tree in the far corner, but the peaches were all small and green and fuzzy and bad to eat. The chickens were all squawking and running after a big rooster that was leading them at a crazy gallop around the corner of the house. When they were all the way around the corner, out of sight, Katie noticed how suddenly everything was quiet. The pink rosebush was still there and she couldn't take her eyes off it.

"Well, thank the Lord," her Mother was saying, and she could feel her Mother's breath hot on her neck, but when she turned around there was her Mother still standing in front of the screen door that was stuck open, and the flies were buzzing in.

"Oh there you are, honey. Come over here. Now come on, don't be so scared. I'm going to take you up into the front room."

Katie wouldn't budge.

"What's the matter, honey? Don't you even want to see your Grandmother? Why, you always thought so much of her."

Katie made a break for it, out toward the yard, but her Mother was blocking her path, and though she dodged to get past her, Mother grabbed one of her arms from behind, and holding it like that, marched her through the open door. They had to stop for a minute while Mother pulled the door shut behind her with her free hand. Still holding her wrist, and twisting it ever so little, she pushed Katie along in front of her, around the big dining-room table with the rest of Katie's breakfast still sitting here, and on into the long dark hall, and all the way down it, step by step, to the monstrous old family Bible, lying open on a little table by the door. There was Aunt Derry, leaning against the wall, her little calloused hand spread flat on the yellowing pages of the open Bible. She was crying. Little Katie halted in front of the door, staring at her Aunt, but the people who were blocking the way stepped back, opening a clean path for her to go through. Her Mother gave her one last push, and in Katie went, stumbling through the door, her wrist already beginning to hurt a little and feel bruised.

SPRING GLORIES FOR SPRING BEAUTIES!

Heavenly new Spring clothes from...

Raleigh, Wilson



Winston-Salem

for glamorous campus wear 'round the clock

Just Born

(Continued from page 11)

tive young men become their most sensitive, and dramatic young men do the most dramatic things of their lives. He was both a very sensitive and a very dramatic young man.

"Are you going to jump?"

"I am, but I don't want an audience."

"It's an awfully high bridge."

"That's why I chose it."

"Was it a woman?" She was very naive and had obtained all her information as to why young men committed suicide from romantic novels.

"No. You women overrate yourselves. I might fall for a woman, but I'd be damned if I'd jump off a bridge for one."

The young man was sitting astride the bridge railing. He had found it an opportune place from which to fling his final silent invectives at God and his universe before leaving it all behind.

"You don't seem too sad for a guy who's about to commit suicide."

"I was sad until I'd made up my mind this was the only way out."

"Oh."

He paused. Didn't she realize what he was about to do? That certainly wasn't the right thing to say to a man about to destroy himself in defiance of a callous world.

"Aren't you going to try and stop me?"

"Would it do any good?"

"None whatsoever."

"Well then, there's no sense in trying."

Of course this was logical, but somehow it didn't seem right.

"Even if it doesn't do any good, I'd feel better if you tried."

"Why?"

"Well it seems so damned coldblooded for you to stand there and let me kill myself."

"Isn't that why you want to kill yourself, because the world's so cold-blooded?"

She'd picked up that idea from magazine serials, but he read them too, and so she was partially right.

"Well—in a way, yes."

"I'm a part of the world. Wouldn't it seem wrong if I cared?"

"It would make me feel as though I were dying for something if someone cared."

"Do you want to be a martyr?"

"It gives me a stronger purpose. I'd know that I was accomplishing something as I plunged to my doom."

The young man was trying to take full advantage of his dramatic position.

"All right then, I care."

"You do?" Almost tenderly.

"Yes. Now you can feel that you're accomplishing something 'as you plunge to you're doom.' Heaven knows what."

"That spoiled it. If you don't see any purpose in my death, it makes it seem kind of useless."

By this time the young man had come unstraddled from the railing, and was standing fully on the bridge. The young lady was going to be late for dinner.

"Well you were going to jump anyway before I came. Why do you need a purpose now?"

"I had plenty of reason, but when you so coldbloodedly walked up to watch me jump, it didn't seem quite right."

"Don't you want me to look?"

"It makes everything seem like I'd

found it. I rather hoped someone would be sorry."

"I'll try to be sorry, but if I am it'll mean things weren't all you thought they were, and you might be jumping for no good reason at all."

"I've made up my mind now. It's too late to go back."

"Go ahead then."

"I will, but I feel like I'm being pushed."

"I'm not pushing you. You said it was the only way out of your troubles."

The young man, extremely disillusioned at his disillusionment remounted the railing and looked into the blackness below, while the strange young girl turned her back and closed her eyes tightly so that she might not seem coldblooded to the young man that was about to die for some principle she could not understand.

"Would you like my watch?"

"What?" She had expected a splash.

"My watch. It's waterproof, but they may never find my body, and it seems a shame to waste a good watch."

"I could probably give it to my kid brother. That is if you won't need it anymore?"

"I won't need it where I'm going. I'd like you to have it."

"My brother would like it."

He gave her his wrist-watch. "Here."

"Thanks."

"Well I'd better get it over with."

He brought his other leg over the far side of the rail and poised to leap forward into the dark.

"My brother's kind of young to have a watch. I could give it to a blind man."

He pulled himself back against the rail. "What would a blind man do with a watch?"

"Oh, I forgot. Well he could pawn it and get himself a meal."

"That would be nice. I guess blind men have it worse than I did."

"I'll look for a blind man on the way home. There's usually one that sells pencils on the corner."

He looked at her intently. Their eyes met and she turned away. He prepared himself again. "Well, so long."

"So long." She covered her eyes.

"In case you decide to keep it, it loses two minutes a day."

"What?"

"The watch."

"I'll remember."

"I got it in the Navy for twenty-four bucks. That's pretty cheap, but they don't sell them for much profit."

"It looks like a nice watch. Luminous dial, sweep hand and everything." Her eyes were getting wet and a drop ran down her cheek. It was dark



She makes horrible grades.

though and he couldn't see it, so she didn't wipe it way.

"It's magnetic proof and shock proof."

"It is?"

"It's waterproof too."

"You told me that."

"Oh."

She made an attempt at being matter-of-fact. "Well, so long."

"Are you going?"

"I thought you were?"

He looked down again. "That's right, I am."

"Are you sure you want to?"

"Of course. I've made up my mind."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. Someday you may realize why. Goodbye."

"Goodbye." She walked slowly toward the other side of the bridge. He watched her go. "I'm glad you're the last person I'll see before I die. My name's Bill."

She hadn't gone far. She stopped and turned toward him. "Mine's Ann."

"Goodbye, Ann."

"Goodbye, Bill."

"Do you mind if I kiss you before I go?"

Somehow she wasn't surprised at his request. He was about to die and this seemed like a fitting farewell.

"I guess it would be all right. I haven't known you very long, but there isn't much time—since you're almost dead."

He climbed back over the rail and took her in his arms. When she thought it was long enough she pushed him away. "You kiss nice. You must have had lots of practice."

"Not much. It's just that I knew it would be my last."

"That's too bad."

"It probably won't even be in the papers. Nobody'll know—except we two."

"Know what? That I let you kiss me?"

"No, that I jumped off the bridge."

"I could tell whoever you wanted to know."

"No, it's better this way. Nobody to care. No tears shed. Just an event in the passing parade."

"I'll cry, Bill." She hadn't begun to cry yet. Just a tear or two had slid down her cheek after he'd kissed her, but they didn't count.

"Do you mind if I kiss you again, Ann? Before I leave the one sweet thing in this bitter world."

"Not if you want to. I've always had a tender feeling for dead people, and you're practically dead. Of course I wouldn't want to kiss you afterwards, so it's better now—I guess."

This time he held her longer, and



"Him, oh he's the delegate from Iceland"

she didn't push him away.

"Thank you, Ann. You're sweet."

"So are you, Bill."

"Well, I guess I'd better do it now. Maybe we'll meet again—in the next world. That is if there is a next world."

"I hope so. I won't look if you don't want me to."

"I don't mind."

"Well I'd rather not."

He straddled the rail again. A tug steamed under the bridge—a long way down. "I'm almost sorry I met you, Ann."

"Why?"

"I don't feel as sure that I want to anymore."

"You don't have to."

"I've made up my mind it's the only thing. I'd better go through with it."

"Couldn't you just pretend you jumped?"

"What good would that do?"

"Make believe the old Bill with all his troubles jumped off the bridge, and a new Bill could walk away to start life all over again—as though he were just born."

"It sounds silly. Do you think it would work?"

"Sure it would. Why don't you try it?"

Both her cheeks were wet now, but in the cool night air it felt refreshing.

"Don't you like the old Bill, Ann?"

"I think I'd like the new Bill better. He won't be jumping off of bridges."

"It would be worth a try. I could come back if it isn't any good. I've always been afraid of water."

"Was the old Bill afraid of water too?"

"He deserves to drown."

"Then push him over."

Bill got off the railing and stood beside her. "There he goes."

They both looked over the rail, leaning out into the night. A moon sent

its icy light over the skyline and across the black water to a spot directly below them.

"Did you hear him splash, Bill?"

"Not a sound."

"It's a long way down. It's hard to hear up here."

"Do you think they'll find him?"

"Never."

"I feel better already."

"Nothing to worry about?"

"How could there be? I was just born."

"World still cold?"

"There's only us two, and we're warm." He placed his hand over hers to make sure.

"There are lots of others."

"Not for me."

"We won't worry about them."

"Can the new Bill kiss you, Ann?"

"I guess it would be all right. I've always had a fondness for babies."

"Babies?"

"You were just born, remember?"

He smiled as he put his arms around her. They were both smiling when he let her go. Hand in hand they walked toward the far end of the bridge. Neither of them knew where they were going, but they were both under twenty, and at that age it doesn't matter.

University
Service
Station



Odin
Pendergraft
Prop.

The Last Day

(Continued from page 13)

hurried off, toughing his hat sheepishly to Mrs. Davis on the corner.

"Goldurn it, Billy. Just can't leave them children! They's as much mine as they is their ma's." Mr. Wakes thought of the many mornings that he had delivered ice there—even before the children were born. The little girl with freckles reminded him of Jane, his own daughter, who had long been grown and moved away to Chicago.

He shook his head. "It just ain't fair—ain't fair! They're a part of me, Billy." The old man lowered his head and mumbled on. "Guess they'll forget me when I don't go back."

By the time Mr. Wakes got to Main Street the sun was hot. He wiped the back of his neck with a faded red handkerchief and looked back at the ice anxiously. Just as he was sinking back on his seat he was hailed by old Judge Lawrence. The judge's beard looked still whiter against the somberness of his black suit, and he wore the wide straw hat which he donned every summer.

"Howdy, Sam! Fine afternoon!" He swung his cane congenially. "Say, you going in the direction of the court-

house?" He climbed up on the narrow seat by Mr. Wakes and jogged all the way up town, chatting about the good old times, and nodding to all the people as they passed.

Judge and Mrs. Lawrence had been among his first customers. Last year they had gotten a new electric refrigerator, but Mr. Wakes had understood. They were still friendly to him, just as if he were still going in their kitchen every day. As he waved goodbye to Judge Lawrence on the courthouse corner, he wondered if they would still remember him when he would be sitting on his own front porch or puttering around in his garden—after today.

He snorted, "Goldurn it! The Judge is way older'n me, and they ain't put him on an old pension—shut off from all his folks." Mr. Wakes drew his shaggy brows down in a frown. "Might've told the Judge about it. He'd understand. But darn it! Just makes me feel so old!" Billy flicked off flies with his tail. "If I can just act like I always do, maybe folks won't think about me being old. Maybe when they find out—maybe they'll think I got drunk or something n' got fired."

At the light by the Town Square he stopped. The cars roared past, but he waved unconcernedly at them and walked Billy on. Billy didn't have much energy anymore to do anything except walk. Sometimes Mr. Wakes chuckled

to himself when he saw the townspeople zooming around him in such a hurry.

"Goldurned cars! Ain't half as good as a horse like Billy!" He recalled the set-to he had had with the new boss. Old Mr. Simmons hadn't said a word when he said he'd rather keep Billy and the wagon than get a truck like the other deliveries. He had understood. But this new boss, Mr. Burton, had really fussed—said it was silly to keep a horse and wagon, backward, just because they could buy trucks now.

Mr. Wakes drew himself up proudly on the seat of the wagon. He remembered how he had put the boss in his place. "Mr. Burton," he had said, "Mr. Burton, I been delivering ice for twenty-eight years in that there wagon. Yes, sir, and I've got around to all my customers every day! Ain't no sense in stopping now and whizzing around in one of them trucks!"

Mr. Burton had mumbled something about being old and set in your ways, but he had stood up for his rights. They had let him keep his wagon too.

Mr. Wakes waved to a young woman rolling a baby carriage across the street. "Howdy, Mrs. Story." She waved back. "How's that youngster?" He knew she was headed for the grocery store to buy some of those little cans of baby food. He liked her ice box best of all—the neat rows of baby bottles with the formulas all fixed. She always looked

Best Quality

Steaks

Chicken

Tasty, juicy, top-grade
Western Steaks and
the finest in Chops and
Chicken.

Chops

UNIVERSITY CAFE

Next to Post Office

MONTALDO'S



... For your night life ... alluring long bodice
dress of jewel-tone rayon chiffon ...



Fourth for bridge?

tired and rushed, and often her breakfast dishes hadn't been washed, but she always had a big smile for him. "Guess that's one young'n that'll grow up without eating ice off my wagon," Mr. Wakes sighed.

It was strange about some of these people. Mr. Wakes propped his elbows on his bony knees, playing unconsciously with the reins. It was strange how he knew them just from going in their back doors every day. Take, for instance, young Bob McLane. Mr. Wakes chuckled. Why he and little Dottie used to play around his wagon eating ice and begging to ride Billy just like the Johnson kids. And now they were married, had one baby and another on the way. They lived in the little brick house by the park and were still taking ice from him.

"We've shore had lots of folks in our day, huh, Billy?" He brooded, "Wonder if they'll miss us?"

Billy turned a corner and headed up the hill to the Brandon estate. The old horse pulled hard against the harness, and Mr. Wakes leaned forward, as if to help him. "Come on, Bill. You can make it." He peered up at the white house on the hill. "Just a mite more."

Jeb, the yardman, waved as they turned up the driveway. "How'do Mr. Sam!" Mr. Wakes waved back, then mumbled, "Guess we'll have to tell Sis today. Been putting it off for two weeks."

As he walked up the back steps a middle aged woman, who had a red face and his same blue eyes, opened the door for him. Her black uniform was neat against the starched white apron.

"Morning, Sam. You're late today."

He stumbled a little as he carried the ice to the huge white ice box and grunted. "Hi, Sis. No later than ordinary." His back cracked as he straightened up, and he took off his hat and wiped away the rim of sweat on his forehead. "Old Bill had a right hard time getting up that hill today." He looked around the big kitchen.

His sister perused his face anxiously. "Why don't you get some sense, Sam? It's too hot for an old man like you and an old horse to get up that hill. Land sakes! With them urging you to get a truck, and you keep on driving that foolish wagon. . ." Her voice softened as she saw his lowered head. "Sam, don't be so obstinate. You know you aren't as young as you used to be."

She smiled and began to hustle around the kitchen. "Say," she teased, "you certainly have a way with cook! She saved you a huge piece of apple pie. Want a cup of coffee to go with it?"

Mr. Wakes sighed and raised his head from his hands. "Mary—" His voice was hoarse. "Mary. I guess you're right." His eyes pleaded as he folded and unfolded his old felt hat. "Guess you ain't the only one who thinks so. Didn't want to tell you, but today—today's my last day. Mr. Burton gave me notice two weeks ago. Gonna get a pension—retired." He shrugged his thin shoulders and stared down at the patterns on the linoleum. "Guess that's it, Mary." and he whispered harshly to himself, "Yeah, that's it!"

Later that afternoon Mr. Wakes cursed himself for that scene. As he stared at Billy's rear jogging up and down he thought, "Sam Wakes, this is

your last day. You were going to make it your best, and now you've ruined it!" Billy's tail twitched spasmodically. "Sam Wakes, you're a damned fool! Didn't have to make Mary cry like that. Goldurned scene-making!" Why couldn't he be calm and reasonable? He had been that day in Burton's office—that day a couple of weeks ago.

Burton had been quick about it. His words had been clipped and business-like. "Mr. Wakes," he had said—"not even a friendly "Sam," as his old boss had always called him. The old man snorted indignantly and fumbled with the reins. "Mr. Wakes, the board of directors met today—and well, well, they decided—Wakes, you know you're past retiring age. We've kept you on because you've been here so long."

He had mumbled, without looking up. "Yes sir. Yes'r—bout twenty-eight years."

Mr. Burton's eyes had shifted uneasily over the dejected figure before him, the lowered head with the fringe of grey hair, and then he looked away. "The board has decided, not me, you understand, the board thinks it's time for you to retire, Mr. Wakes."

Mr. Wakes had nodded numbly, scarcely hearing the rest—a jumble about being eligible for a company pension—enough to live on—two weeks notice—arrangement to give you the horse and wagon—nobody else—use of it. "That was one thing," Mr. Wakes mumbled, slapping the reins against the palm of his hand.

Yes, Mr. Wakes had been calm that time. He had wanted to cry out, to shout, "But that's my life! Can't you see, you're taking away my folks! These people ain't just customers. They're a part of me—the only folks I've got! My whole life!" But his lips hadn't moved. He had only mumbled, "No sir, no, nothing else. I understand," and had walked stiffly toward the door.

He straightened up angrily on the hard wagon seat. "You're a fool, Sam Wakes! A fool. Letting a young whipper-snapper get the best of you!"

Suddenly he realized that Billy had stopped and was pawing the road impatiently. He hesitated and whispered viciously. "Okay, Sam, do your stuff! These are your favorite folks, and you can't let them know a thing."

His face brightened as he looked up at the small house. The greyish white paint was peeling off and the porch was sagging. He jumped down eagerly, started to pick up the usual five pound block, and then stuck the tongs in a much larger piece.

Mrs. Brown met him at the door,

drying her red hands on the front of her dress and pushing back a grey whisp of hair to the tight knot on the back of her neck. Her face was lined and colorless, but she smiled heartily. "Good afternoon, Mr. Wakes."

"Howdy, Mrs. Brown." He sauntered in familiarly. "Brung you some ice." He opened the small brown box with the syrupy looking water oozing down the bottom corners. "How's our boy this morning, Mrs. Brown?"

"Oh, Mr. Wakes, you'd never recognize Johnny. He's so much brighter today!" She whispered excitedly. "And Mr. Wakes, he's drawing again!"

He tiptoed behind her through the dingy hall, and peered into the tiny bedroom. The boy's face lit up when he saw him. "Hi, Mr. Wakes!"

The late afternoon light came through the window, making him look frail and small, and it gave a reddish orange color to the cast around his leg. Johnny shoved the drawing board which he held before him toward Mr. Wakes as he exclaimed, "Been trying to draw Billy and the wagon." He laughed, "Can't quite get Billy's blinkers on straight."

Mrs. Brown moved closer with a tremulous smile. "Don't you think it's right, Mr. Wakes? Look at the letters on the wagon."

He held the drawing up to the light and exclaimed enthusiastically, "Goddurn it, Johnny, if you haven't got it! Even got that spot on his left leg right."

Mr. Wakes smiled, "Say, fella, shore will be glad when you can ride down the road with me again. Maybe you can go a little further than you usta—down to the next corner maybe—soon's you get up! Kinda lonesome by myself." He reached into his pocket, and as if by mistake drew out a candy bar. "Well, I'll be durned. I'd forgotten I even had this. Here, Johnny!"

He was whistling as he turned into the driveway at the ice house. He

straightened his shoulders and waved to young Bob Thomas on the loading platform. Why he had worked with that kid's grandfather!

Mr. Wakes walked in a little too fast, sauntered nonchalantly through the room where the other deliverers were sitting. He was still whistling. As he hung up his tongs by the row of others he hesitated and looked at them quietly. Then he turned with a smile and went out, closing the door behind him.

Sam Beard

(Continued from page 9)

"Please play 'Moonlight and Marshmellows' for my BF and me." Sam rarely fails them.

The second group includes the vociferous "college-spirit" men who take Beard a bit too seriously. It would be amusing to quote them, but the Magazine reaches a coed audience. Even these letters and postcards usually end up with a request for a record and The Beard plays those too. "They're just misguided," he philosophizes.

Beard's peculiar ability to sound tired and nasty at one and the same time, plus a barb-filled brain have made him one of the best-known record merchants in the South. Students cleave to, or cleave over, his program with amazing displays of fervor.

The boy who started it all is much



younger than his voice. Sam is still in the middle-numbered twenties, although his Moonglow personality sounds like it was cultivated by decades of boredom. In all events, Beard is still young enough to receive mid-program phone calls from women who must remain nameless here.

The night that we visited with Sammy, he was relieved of most of his duties by a broadcast of a basketball game. "Looks like I'll only have 15 minutes of Moonglow. I'll show those kids, I won't play a record, I'll just talk. That'll get them good and mad. After 15 minutes of straight insults, I should get a hundred curse-worded protests tomorrow.

"Oh hell, it's too much trouble. I'll play records."

JUD KINBERG



"I got damn tired of that cold weather all the time!"

32 Years Serving

Carolina Students

Ford — Goodyear — Esso

Strowd Motor Co.

Chatham
makes good
blankets!



Chatham Manufacturing Co., Elkin, N. C.

EASY TO SEE

why Chesterfield is by far
the favorite of Hollywood Stars

Virginia Mayo - ONE OF THE STARS IN
"THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"
DRESSED IN THE NEW CHESTERFIELD PRINT



A B C
BETTER TASTING
ALWAYS Milder
COOLER SMOKING

ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD

RIGHT COMBINATION · WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS · PROPERLY AGED

CAROLINA MAGAZINE



April, 1947

**EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!**

A record catch! Sixty-nine pounds of the rare yellow-bellied cobia. Landed in 35 minutes by Mrs. Dorothy Newstead in the Gulf Stream.

From the rivers of Georgia, Mrs. Dorothy Newstead has followed the trail of game fish to the Atlantic and Pacific.

Mrs. Dorothy Allan Newstead
Holder of the International Women's All-Tackle Record for Cobia

**EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER...
IN DEEP-SEA FISHING...
IN CIGARETTES TOO!
CAMELS SUIT ME TO A T**

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

Remember? You stood in line to get cigarettes...took whatever you could get. That's when millions learned Camels suited them best.

Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality!

• Mrs. Dorothy Newstead speaking: "During the war shortage, I smoked many different brands. That's when I found Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"
You and millions of other smokers, Mrs. Newstead.

Result: *Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before. But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:*

Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

YOUR 'T-ZONE' WILL TELL YOU...
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a **T**

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE CAMELS**
than any other cigarette

• Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors — in every branch of medicine — to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.

you'll find the Scotty label and medallion on every genuine ROTHMOOR

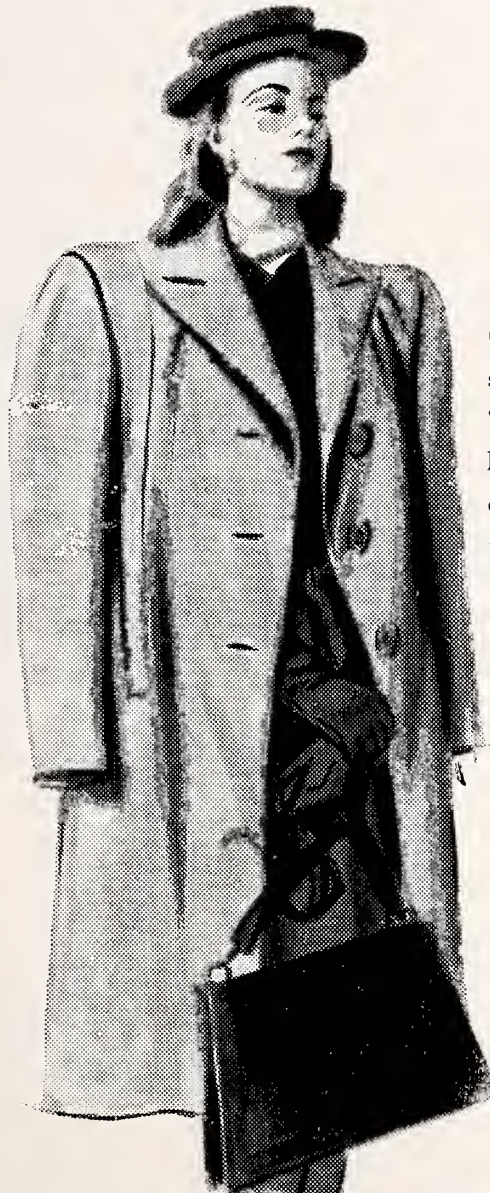
ROTHMOOR*

*gives you classic coats of
rich butter soft woolens*

Be sure

it's a - - -

**R
O
T
H
M
O
O
R**



Gentle in line but
sturdy to survive a
"casually country"
life, this ROTHMOOR
combines superb
tailoring with lux-
urious fabric.

\$65.00

Exclusive
with Efird's
in Durham

Phone
J-7961

Efird's
DEPARTMENT STORE
DURHAM, N.C.



IF IT'S STYLISH It's From Kapp's

Durham's Newest
Men's Shop . . .

We carry a complete line of **Belmont
Clothes** — the odds-on favorite for
high-style!

Sweaters
Shirts
Suits
Socks

Slacks
Ties
Shoes
Underwear . . .



KAPP'S MEN SHOP

"The Shop for Style"

107 E. Main St.

Durham, N. C.

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Periodical of Campus Life
Published Since 1844

April, 1947

EDITOR: Fred Jacobson

MANAGING EDITOR: Jud Kinberg BUSINESS MANAGER: Ben Perlmutter
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: John Sink LITERARY EDITOR: Dick Seaver

FICTION

| | | |
|-------------------------|----------------|----|
| THE AUSTRIAN | John E. Sink | 6 |
| SO SHALL IT GROW | Dick Seaver | 9 |
| THE CONQUEROR'S BARGAIN | Wyat Helsabeck | 10 |
| MY KINGDOM COME | Eleanor Ponder | 11 |

FEATURES

| | | |
|----------------------|------------------------------|----|
| PLAY FOR PAY | Eddie Allen | 5 |
| SPEAKING OF PICTURES | Carolina Photographers Guild | 12 |
| CAROLINA PARADE | Jud Kinberg | 16 |
| MAG MAN OF THE MONTH | Larry Kent | 18 |
| HOTDOGS 'N' HORSES | Croner, Conrad, Kinberg | 20 |

HUMOR

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|----|
| ELECTIONS | Clyde Stallings | 8 |
| NO BUTTS ABOUT IT | Eddie Allen | 15 |
| COMMUNITY PROJECT | Alan L. Smith | 19 |

POETRY

| | | |
|----------------------|------------------|----|
| HOW SHALL WE ANSWER? | Vincent Williams | 11 |
|----------------------|------------------|----|

ART

| | |
|-------|---------------|
| COVER | Gerald Conrad |
|-------|---------------|

ART

Editor: WINKY ANDREWS

STAFF: John Davis, Allen Kaufman, Ben McKinnon, H. K. Privette, John Sink, James Somers, Clyde Stallings, Charles Nelson, W. Harrison

PHOTOGRAPHY

Editor: STAN CRONER

STAFF: Bill Ballew, Robert Reams, Gerald Conrad

BUSINESS

ADVERTISING LAYOUT: Melco

LITERARY

Rosemary Cleveland, Violet Fidel, John S. O'Neill, William C. Parker, Paul Ramsey, Richard E. Stern, Margaret Whitney, John McDowell

STAFF: Barbara Biggers, Frieda Deans, Jean Eisenkoff, Charles Foley, Anne Hamlin, Marjorie Hollander, Florence Newman, June Sauer, Geraldine Williamson, Joe Foster, David Sharp, Jim Wolf

Copyright, April, 1947 by Carolina Magazine



According to the local custodian, Chris White's was the first toe of the 1947 spring season to ripple the lake. Gerald Conrad's camera recorded the event.

Entertaining no harm whatsoever we had only improvements in mind when we decided to print forty pages this month. The improvements are left to your much respected judgment, but the additional amount of trouble was left to us with added pages and an unproportionately greater amount of advertising. If the Magazine did not gain anything else in the final outcome, at least it gained weight—a sign of health in any case.

Determined to wring some humor out of the campus, which authorities have claimed to be in abundance here, we hoped to get a feature to accompany two excellent cartoons dealing with the intolerable "No Smoking" rule . . . Having obtained no printable effort through ordinary procurement channels the frustrated editor locked five of the cleverest campus writers into the Magazine office, humored them with beer, and hoped for the best. Unfortunately the effort turned out to be unprintable when sober eyes judged the masterpiece in the morning. With another full day's work we reached our goal as seen on page 15.

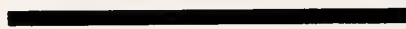
We hope that the Humor Magazine will have considerably less trouble in procuring its material. Technically they could hardly experience more trouble than we did this issue. Having learned by experience we suggest benevolently a large provision for beer in the Humor Magazine budget. That might at least prove an incentive for people to work, if not to produce. In any case, lots of luck and long life to the Humor Magazine!

¶ Published monthly during the school year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina. ¶ Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. ¶ Address all communications to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial. ¶ Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. ¶ Subscription price of \$2.00 per year. ¶ Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.

Hollander dyed or blended

FURS KEEP THEIR

Beauty LONGER



A. Hollander & Son, Inc.

NEWARK, N. J.



THOSE same observers who heralded in silvery words the coming of the second great post-war era in American sport, along with those harassed unfortunates whose duty is to supervise its amateur phase, now debate pro and con that constant poser: "Should college athletes be paid?"

Even more than before, those who look better than astigmatically at the problem will admit that for practical purposes it already contains much more "pro" than "con." To attempt to rationalize it along moral lines is to put on blinders and to lose sight of its aspect of cold practicality.

First, let us say that the current extent of "paying" college athletes—principally football players—has been too often exaggerated. There was once a cynic who commented that the only difference between an amateur and a pro was that the pro was paid by check. An obvious overstatement. As a general rule the college itself offers no more than the legal limit of the scholarship. The true "pay" comes



PLAY for PAY

by Eddie Allen



from well-heeled alumni, whose activities are clearly immune to any new crusade for "clean sport."

This writer does not approve of "paying" college athletes in that sense. But as for any financial help the college might give—in some cases an education is small enough payment for the services, both tangible as in upped gate receipts and intangible as in publicity, a star player renders—then I say:

"Pay" college athletes, on a sane and by all means uniform basis. Discard absurd conference rulings which have served only as laws made to be broken and which have been at the root of many malpractices. Discard attempts to "clean up" sport, accept things as they inevitably will be, and in that manner take governing codes out of the class of something to be laughed at—and evaded.

American collegiate football as it stands is far from pure. It has its abuses by the score, some of which will be cited in the following paragraphs.

But practically everyone of those abuses have been caused by the refusal to recognize commercialization and to control it.

No section, no school has been completely immune from the uninhibited rush for football gold. This school has seen its share of it. Look at things as they are, and then note how control is the only answer. It's not always a pretty picture . . .

Just as there still may be with us those who have not noted the unbelieved demise of the old college try, there may remain an uninformed minority who fancy that a football coach's work ends with the last punt of autumn.

Actually then, temporarily doffing the direct light of the sports pages and figuratively donning dark glasses and sneakers, the entrepreneur of any school in which the grid sport has been modernized on a corporation basis performs his most important job.

(Continued on page 38)

The



Austrian

by John E. Sink

DURING the afternoon an American soldier had discarded a long cigarette butt in the convalescent yard of the Meran General Prisoner of War Hospital. Now, at sunset, Kurt Mannz sat on the edge of his bed breathing its pleasure into his hungry lungs. When the butt grew short enough to singe his fingers he carefully snuffed the ember, deposited the few remaining strands of tobacco in a small tin, and flipped it away. But, with his hands unoccupied, Kurt found it impossible to continue sitting quietly. He got up and started pacing the long aisle that ran the length of the ward between beds. From practice he knew that it was exactly fifty-two medium-sized steps from wall to wall. When he got to the window he stopped . . . how many times in the past hour had he done this?

He would have to be more careful. Fate had been extremely kind to him, but he would have to do *his* part well too. Nothing, save his own stupidity, or cowardice, could spoil it now. God was with him. God *had* to be with him. If he doubted, then God was not obligated . . . but he didn't doubt. If your faith was strong enough, God would take care of everything. He had held on to that belief through the worst this world could impose, and now he would be rewarded.

Kurt looked out at the last piece of orange sun settling into a dark V where two mountains joined. Night was now only a matter of seconds. Beyond those mountains, Switzerland had a minute or two of daylight remaining. But to the north, in Austria . . . his part of Austria, night would come the same as here, for this was almost home. True, it was Italy, but it was also the Tyrol, and the Tyrol had existed long before they put the boundary up at Brenner. Let the politicians create boundaries and foment wars . . . they couldn't change the Alps out there, and the sunsets, and the good smell of home in the air. And even if this were China he would be joyful tonight . . . for God had moved a mountain.

And now it was dark outside.

Feigning nonchalance, Kurt pulled the belt of his robe tight and walked out into the hall. Half way to the stairs a nurse passed him coming from the opposite direction. But it was all right because hallways weren't off-limits until ten o'clock. Down the stairs he encountered no one. The ground floor appeared deserted and no one saw him slip into the service room.

He was out of bounds now, but if he were apprehended he could say that he had left his pipe in here this morning while on clean-up detail and had come back to look for it. After he had struck a match he could see the door on the opposite wall. He started toward it but forgot to cup the flame and it was extinguished by the draft from his movement. Almost simultaneously his shoulder bumped a mop-rack that was loosely attached to the wall. For a second, fear crawled around his heart; then he realized there had

(Continued on page 30)





So Shall It Grow

by Dick Seaver

Literary Editor Dick Seaver's excellent short story which won third prize in the recent New Republic fiction contest.

THE WAVES slapped the hollow cans in monotonous succession, but the deep echoings inside the barrels that supported the dock sounded pleasant to Rocky Norton, lying there watching the tiny fish move jerkily, nervously along the lake bed, and feeling the summer sun warm upon his bronze-brown back.

Behind him, from inside the cottage, he could hear his mother's voice humming some tune he didn't recognize. He couldn't hear it all, only notes now and then when the wind was in the right direction and when the noise of the lake against the dock wasn't too loud. He smiled as he listened and remembered how he loved to hear his mother sing and how he'd tell her "Oh, what a beautiful voice you've got, mother; please sing some more," but he thought perhaps he'd outgrown that now and maybe his father was right that a boy of eight should spend his time more usefully than listening to his mother sing, but still he liked to listen to her and see her lovely white throat and the lips that smiled when she sang and quivered when she reached up for the high high notes. And then if he closed his eyes, the singing seemed very far away, and he would dream up all sorts of fairy kingdoms where he was king and performed every kind of brave and hard and noble deed, while all his subjects and friends watched and whispered "oh" and "ah" when he did something very difficult, especially when he battled the great ogre of the land, who looked very much, he suddenly realized, like his own father, except that the ogre was hairy all over and even bigger and his teeth were pointed at the ends.

Rocky wondered suddenly, opening his eyes, why the ogre always looked so much like his father. He had never thought anything about it, but now he wondered why. He looked at his father, tall and big and brown, lying asleep at the other end of the dock in only a pair of trunks, breathing heavily, with his hands folded across his chest. He loved his father, he knew he did. But it wasn't like the way he loved his mother, because she understood him and loved him at the same time. But mother always said how much his father loved him and he must appreciate what a good father he had and

that all young boys weren't as lucky as he was; and he *did* love his father, like he loved God, because his mother told him to. He didn't understand God and he didn't understand his father. Maybe his father was God: he was big enough and his voice was deep and booming and strong like God's must be. And he was afraid of his father like he was afraid of God; not really afraid like he was going to hurt you, but afraid that if you didn't do what he wanted you'd better watch your step.

"Rocky," his father called, "it's about time we were getting started. You want to get those muscles loosened up if you're going to try to make it to the island with me this afternoon. It's a long haul."

His father was standing over him now, smiling down and talking in his boom voice. Yes, he must be God.

Rocky looked across at the island, green and rising from the blue, oh, very blue water of the lake. "It does look awfully far, sir," he said quietly without looking up. He could hear nothing now except the slap-slap-slap. He wondered what his father was thinking. He was sorry he'd said anything.

"If you'd rather not try it . . ."

"Oh, no sir. It isn't that. I want to go."

"That's the way to talk, Rocky. You're a son to make your dad's heart glow. Hop in the water while I get your mother."

Rocky walked to the edge of the dock and stood there looking into the water. It *was* good to swim, he thought, especially to get down under water and move along with your eyes open feeling the cool goodness of the lake and watching the dancing specks of dustlike something floating there and sometimes getting on the bottom and watching the fish move by or feel them nibble at your toes. If only father wouldn't make him swim so far and long, because then he couldn't think of anything except how much his legs and shoulders ached and how heavy he felt and how his father's face would look if he thought he was giving up, and so he would go a little farther until he couldn't go any more and his father would grab him as he gave up and hold him high and safe and say "That's O. K., Rocky, you did fine. In a little



Illustration: Allan Kaufman

while you'll be taking that in your stride as though it were nothing," but he knew how disappointed his father was that he hadn't done better.

Rocky remembered the last time it had happened, several weeks ago, when they had tried it to the island. Rocky knew he wasn't going to make it before they ever began, but he had tried hard, awful hard. His mother had been down on the dock to watch them start.

"Watch our smoke, Frannie," his father had said. "Rocky and I'll send you a postcard from the island."

"You both be careful," she had told them. Then turning to his father she had whispered, "Remember, Tim, the boy's only eight years old. You can't expect him to do all the things you do. Give him time to develop as he should." She thought he hadn't heard her.

And then his father had replied something about nonsense he loves it, and had dived into the water, calling for Rocky to follow.

Rocky looked up at his mother. She caught his hand and squeezed it hard and smiled. "Try hard to please him, Tim. He's so proud of you." He liked to hear himself called Tim, not Rocky like his father called him.

"I'll try, mom," he told her, "but you won't mind if I can't quite get there, will you?"

"You do your best; that's all anyone can ask," she answered, squeezing his hand again.

"Quit babying the boy, Frannie," his father called up from the water. "C'mon, Rocky. Let's go."

Rocky dove in and swam underwater for some yards, coming up and shaking

(Continued on page 37)



The Conqueror's Bargain

by Wyat Helsabek

UGUEDA ULANDAY had never quite lost the remarkable carriage she acquired while peddling with the monkey-catchers in the Pangasinan barrios. Bearing flat bamboo baskets of bananas and nip shingles on her head had trained the slovenly habits of a carabao shepherdess into erect, graceful movements which the Abogado of Dagupan adored in his wife. Even at forty-two, she had not begun to stoop conspicuously, but the activities of the Spanish soldiers in conquered Lingayen terrified her and made her realize what disaster would attend the loss of these aristocratic features, now that the hot-headed Abogado had been taken in the streets of Dagupan and put in irons in the dungeons of Intramuros. In spite of the hatred she bore for the arrogant Spanish soldiers, she could not afford to play the patriotic fool and get herself burned in the public square before the cathedral. She wanted to remember it as a place of festivity, not torture—a place where she had whirled in many a native folk dance.

The Abogado's fine home was full of soldiers, only one room left to Ugueda. Though she wanted to escape in the

night and burn the house over their heads, reason moved her differently. "I am looked upon as a great lady," she thought, "even by these filthy foreigners. I am the Abogado's wife, and the people will expect me to act wisely. I must go to the Constabulary and propose my bargain. Perhaps they will listen to me." She was remarkably equipped, despite her age. Years of grubbing for a living in the slimy green mud of the barrios, and scrubbing the hides of the filthy carabao, and peddling in the swarms of people at the fish and snail markets had bred in her a spunk and cleverness which a union with the Abogado and his professional class had strengthened.

In the spirit of the young, dark-eyed ragamuffin of the streets and the rice fields, she stepped into the dirty constabulary and stood before the commandant, who was perspiring and fanning flies and shouting commands at a group of ragged Filipinos taken in the street for some trivial offense.

He stopped swearing, turned to stare at Ugueda, then

(Continued on page 26)

My Kingdom Come

by Eleanor Ponder

Bright greetings and blown kisses float on the perfumed air. First names and nicknames, with clasping of hands and slapping of backs, are bridging the chasm of fifty people and five years.

The class of only five years ago has a reunion. Is five years so long?

There is great laughter, and introductions fly. "My wife." "And my husband."

Abruptly, everyone has met. There is no one else. But there must be someone else! Some, here and there, start to speak, hesitate . . . then ask, because they must, "But, Jack?"

"Oh. The war. Navy flier."

"And what about Alice?" Hushed, they are asking. But her husband isn't doing so well, you know. And of Richard? Too busy to come perhaps, someone replies. Of Arthur, no one knows.

Too many people missing . . . the voices, the laughter, are lower now, but going valiantly. The voices tell of "things we used to do" . . . and think, and feel, and laugh at.

The fifty do some of the things they used to do . . . the Barber Shop Four and the Magician. They laugh at the jokes they laughed at. And of course, they think and feel the same as yesterday. Of course!

The perfume is heavier in the air, suspended on smoke. The smoke stands shoulder-high, weighted down above by silence. The silence that is broken determinedly now and again by a lame "do you remember . . ."

The fifty laugh then, relieved, too loudly. And there is silence again. Desperately, those who were always the leaders consider the peace, or inflation, or the strikes, but nothing in their high anticipation has prepared them for such talk at their reunion.

There is nothing any of them could say.

Where once each belonged in one kingdom, now each has a province of his own. Time, too many places, younger memories, own a chasm too wide for bridging. The fifty are strangers with a common past.

They say goodbye, clutching with trembling faith that common past . . . jealously, jealously, guarding the memory of a happy time and happy people in a world not so long . . . oh, really, not so long . . . ago.

But the light by the door is too bright to be kind. The fifty look, each at each. The wit much famed among them talks too loudly and too long, and the blue serge suit of the genius is too shabby now at seat and sleeve. The presidents are pompous . . . were they always so? The friends are not familiar, and the early loves no longer fair.

The past fades and is lost with the blue smoke curls by the open door.

In fifty hearts so lately gay with expectation is the hollow ache of a lost hope.

But they are reasonable people, unaccustomed to grief. They speak inside themselves with firm voices.

"I am happy now. I have everything. I would not go back even if I could. I have my kingdom now apart. It is enough. I do not miss what was before! Why should I?"

They wait for release from vain regret.

Then, desperately, "It does not matter! Does not matter! Now, *Now* is mine!"

But "the heart has its reasons that the reason knows not of." The aching and the emptiness remain, and the heart is a waste of declarations of possession.

Men weep for what can never be, for *never* is a weeping word. For what was once, they cry, because it cannot come again.

They sigh because they know, and will not know, that what is now shall soon be never too.

How Shall We Answer?

By VINCENT WILLIAMS

Three trees in a field there stood
And I a passerby.

Three gnarled old monks
In winter habit,
Contemplate.

The journey of the day,
The purpose;
These are forgotten.
I stand, I behold.

Slender grotesque patterns,
Three unities organic
Of each the secret unrevealed
Since God upon the third day
Wrought.

Three trees,
Solemn in this field
Hushed by winter from the summer
song,
Contemplate.

I stand, I behold.
These,
God's gift to me for this moment.
God's canticle of love.

My soul, how shall we answer?
This tongue cannot pour forth
A magnificent.
These hands cannot fashion
A crown for God.

My soul how shall we answer?
This question engulfs me.
It will ambush my soul deep in the
night
Until we answer.

Will it be enough, my soul,
To tread the earth in pilgrimage
To seek and praise this love?

Seek it,
Yes.
Praise it.
Yes.
But how shall we answer it?

Wind stirs,
And three lyres intone
The lonely chant of winter.

The notes are lifeless,
They sound akin
To my barren heart.

I stand, I behold.

That I could use these lyres
And sing as David.

My soul, how shall we answer?

(Continued on page 39)



MOTHS AND GLADIOLA

Wallace Patterson

Camera artist Patterson instills the feeling of action into this still-life of two preserved moths on a flower background. Taken on Panchromatic film.



ROAD OF EAGLES

Bill Webb

Speaking of Pictures

CM Selection of prints from the recent Carolina Photographers Guild exhibition.



DAWN SOLITUDE

Stan Croner

The early-morning boatman blends with still-dark dawn in this dramatic study of light and shadow taken on T.V.A. Lake Santeetlah in North Carolina. Shot at 1/50th second on Super XX film.



REFLECTIONS

Bill Webb

A small sailing vessel in San Diego harbor becomes the dramatic subject for this excellent photograph by Webb. Reflected in the shimmering water, the boat takes on life of its own. Done with Super Pancro Press film.



KOREAN TEMPLE

Wallace Patterson

Fascinating legend surrounding this temple is that it was originally in Burma, was disassembled and brought to Korea piece by piece by the natives. The photo was taken on captured Japanese film.



RUINS

Bill Webb

Novel approach makes a striking picture of these ruins of an abandoned Spanish mission which has surrendered to the power of the Guatemalan jungle. Webb used Super Panco Press Film for the shot.

MR. WILKINS

Wallace Patterson

This study of a Durham "character" reveals Patterson's camera sensitivity, fine eye for detail. Excellent tone qualities give it warmth and life. Picture was taken while on assignment for Durham newspaper.



MYSTERY LANE

Bill Webb

Night and the excellent camera angle combine to lend a sinister character to this Guatemalan thoroughfare. Picture was taken with only natural street light on Super Panco Press Type B film.

No Butts About It

by Jud Kinberg
and Eddie Allen

Dean Scarlet Fever (that nasty red) tiptoed out of his office, looked furtively to the left—only—and approached Dean Nickie O'Tine, Keeper of Women.

"Ya got a butt, Nickie?" he whispered.

"SIR!!" she fumed.

"Aw, c'mon off it, Nick. We're on to you. I saw some in your office that were so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy . . ."

"Sir," she refumed, flame pouring from her dentures, "are you referring to my charges?"

"I don't know what you're charging. I'm talking about your cigarettes."

"Don't mention that word. You must be having a pipe dream. You know damn well that fags are finished at UNC."

"I don't know about that . . ." ruminated Fever, looking hard at the Dean of Dames. "I'm not asking for much, I'd pick up any old fag."

Not waiting for more, Dean O'Tine raced down the hall with Dean Fever in 100° pursuit.

* * *

In classrooms and offices throughout the Carolina campus, this scene was re-



Can you make that out from here?

enacted time and time again, as UNC went into its fifth week of "No Smoke—That's No Joke." Students tightened their T-Zone and girded themselves for smokeless weeks that lay ahead.

Firechief _____ of the Chapel Hill Fire Department retired the day the smoking ban went into effect. Said Chief _____, "The old firehouse ain't what it used to be. Can't fool them pyromaniacs. Where there ain't no smoke, there ain't no fire."

Said Carolina student Chester Field, who learned his ABC's in Durham, "I'm just *not* satisfied. My throat is so red that I'm being investigated by the Raleigh legislature—but that's all Walter under the bridge."

Cut off from all cigarette-sponsored radio shows, students, faculty and administration joined in a mammoth mass meeting on Pall Mall, a king-sized coliseum. Representatives from all major fag firms were in the pack, twenty strong—one from every concern except Lucky Strike which insisted on "Two to One" attendance.

As the first speaker was about to mount the rostrum, the cry of "Fire!!" rang through the coliseum. Five members of the Anti-Fumation Goon Squad raced down the aisles with fire extinguishers at the ready. In a minute, the culprit was discovered, trying to puff a butt he had smuggled into Chapel Hill inside an innocent-looking packet of opium.

"I gotta have it, I gotta have it," implored the student when he was extricated from his perch underneath one of the seats. "I haven't had a smoke in so long that my teeth are turning

strange colors. They're almost white!! My girl won't neck with me at night. She says my teeth shine in the dark and scare hell out of her."

The protesting undergrad extinguished, the meeting went ahead with a representative of the tobacco touts pole-vaulting to the rostrum on an old cigarette, cork-tipped that is. Holding up a red-tipped Marlboro, he screamed, "Smokers of the World Relight!!"

Three students and two minor faculty members tried to follow his advice and were promptly put out in the Old Well. The disturbance over, a second speaker padded up to the front, disembarked from his Camel, blew a smoke ring and said, "This smoking ban must end. If Carolina stays off the Old Gold standard, Philip Morris will have to sell his uniform. Why, it's getting so bad that the boys are drinking their Apple Honey. Lucky Strike can only bring you the top *five* tunes."

A Pall hung over the Mall as the faculty spokesman got up to present the administration's case for keeping the ban. "We were forced into this move by the Federal Aeronautics Board. It got so smoky in one of our classes that Eastern Airlines thought it was Alemeta and two DC-3's, a Pipe—er Cub and a White Owl landed in Sociology 45 before we could close the windows."

This gag dissolved the meeting and as the 8,000 people slowly Winged their way home, a frustrated sophomore was heard to say, "I'm just as happy the way it is. I think them coeds only smoke cigarettes for protection—and I've got the burns to prove it!"



CAROLINA PARADE

Welcome, Stranger

Students who had quick-stepped through winter cold slowed their pace. Coed sweaters were no longer hidden by winter raiment as the Carolina ladies swivel-hipped to classes. In the Arboretum, business as usual was once again in full swing, and on many a weekend evening the SRO sign was hung up over every grassy spot and bush.

From open windows of dormitories came incoherent, soothing ebb-and-flow of voices. An off-key ukelele and husky baritone bounced off red-brick walls of Fraternity Court. At Alderman, Spencer, and McIver more and more windows were filled with body-beautifuls.

Even Daily Tar Heel columnists felt it, as the intensity of their venom and heights of their indignation slackened. Cokes and milkshakes came into the classrooms.

Chapel Hill was on the verge of its months of warm, heady lushness. Budding trees and bushes knew it; so did the student body. After losing two preliminary bouts with sleet and cold, cricket-filled spring was here.

Platforms or Kindling?

Egged on by insistent Daily Tar Heel demands, Carolina's three campus political organizations came through with pre-election platforms. Mixed with chaff were many proposals of vital interest to all students: such as University printshop, a student bank.

DTH spotlighting of University, Student and Campus Party platforms may serve to put successful candidates on a spot they have never been before. Whether they recognize it or not, all electees are bound by pledges of their parties. In the school year to come, citizens of the collegiate community may call upon their representatives to fulfill stump-speech promises.

Publicity given to the platforms brought re-examination of past ones, showed that a majority of the timber that went into them was quietly cut up for scrap-wood once votes were counted in May. It is evident that in the past, UNC's political groups have constructed platforms merely because they felt it "the thing to do."

If parties aspire to more than transitory worth, their leaders must consciously seek "partisan politics" of the



BALLOT BOXING
They will tell the story.

best sort. Just as in national spheres, the party sending most men to office must be held responsible for a conscientious, courageous application of campaign promises. Only by this method can continuity be given to political organizations which all too often have served in the past merely as convenient vehicles to glory for power-bound individuals.

Rinehart, Rinehart

To many harried campaigners, a well-worn politicians' gag seemed like the answer to the cipher for success in coming elections.

Story has it that a most unpopular Harvardeer, Rinehart Rinehart, decided to campaign for student body president. To spread his name throughout campus, he had his one friend consistently call him on the house telephone. Young Rinehart answered the call, then went outdoors to yell long and loud, "Phone for Rinehart Rinehart." This ruse diligently carried through for a week resulted in the by then well-known Rinehart's election.

A story to the wise . . .

Golden Era

Unnoticed by many, UNC's Golden Era of sports has arrived. Sparked by activities of the Education Foundation, Inc.—whose members will get first crack at alumni-section football tickets for next year—Carolina's football team rose to high ranking in the United States last season.

In sports of less potent national interest, teams with the made-in-Chapel

Hill trademark were also doing amazingly well. After mid-season, the only basketball aggregation that could down the White Phantoms was the imported-from-Indiana freshmen flashes of NC State. And they had to ride the breaks to do it in Southern Conference tournament finals.

Last month in the Florida Relays, a small UNC track team walked away with just about everything but the cinder track. Dick Jamerson's swimmers proved their superiority in the South by impressive wins last quarter. It is still too early to make a final survey of baseball and tennis, but barring the untoward, they too should be tops in Carolina and high-up in national standings.

This year, (Bull) Durham's Duke has ceded sports leadership to Carolina. With such men as Snavelly in control, present glory promises to be far more than transitory.

It's an Ill Wind

The wind of Sound and Fury blew fitfully for three months and then died once again last month. In the Winter Quarter a new regime of S&F hopefully launched "Dear Congress," which it believed would be the first full-sized musical comedy of the group since dog-days of war-depleted companies.

First rehearsal perusal showed that the idea was not hackneyed, the book was funny in more spots than not, music and lyrics were excellent. Direction and management seemed to be on a par with the best the group has ever had. But somehow the new show never started rolling.

Perhaps some of the "wheels" in it were square. Far more likely: "Dear Congress" is another casualty in the war against wide-spread student apathy towards extra-curriculars. The only sound from the organization this month was small talk of an "intimate revue," quite a comedown from first plans.

Wellwishing bystanders cheered when S&F rolled out of the doldrums to present a pleasant revue, titled "What a World." A mild mixture of madness and mirth, it could not substitute for full-scale musical comedies. S&F hopes: it would bring more interest from the student body, provide casts for future blue sky enterprises.

CAROLINA PARADE

Booming Baritone

Graduating Senior Lee Zimmer has boomed a resonant baritone into local success eclipsing even campus biguys. Like many others who have since gone on to post-collegiate fame, he has stepped out of the crib league of campus activities into the tougher one of professionalism while still attending the University.

Today, as announcer and major-domo of a Durham radio station's Chapel Hill auxiliary, he does a Monday-Friday two-hour trek through the ether, and does it for pay.

When Zimmer "studied" at UNC in pre-service years, he showed only mild interest in infant Carolina radio. In ether plays-for-no-pay he took a number of parts but seemed to develop little. Most appropriate title for him came from tag line of Count Basie's "Harvard Blues": "Get three C's, a D, and think checks from home sublime."

Then, in 1943, the NROTC sent him to the fleet as an Ensign before he could complete college. Assigned to a responsible post as skipper of an LCT—smallest of the small—Zimmer took his ship into Beach Red on D-Day in France. He had his full share of leaves, an average share of combat duty. Upon redeployment he had boosted his one stripe to a stripe and a half, had properly tarnished the gold.

Returning to Chapel Hill in Fall 1946, he speeded his study plan to achieve June 1947 graduation. Although his interests were all in radio, Zimmer decided to stick to his original Political Science major, because a switch would have cost extra quarters. With his one year of college conditioning left, he sought any and all experience in broadcasting.

Last quarter, WTIK's afternoon disc jockey was seduced by marriage and demanded a week's vacation. The fill-in job went to Zimmer on the strength of announcing done for such low-voltage UNC programs as the Glee Club concert.

Zimmer's one week led to his choice for the announcing post when WDUK's smart directors decided to skim the cream of untouched Chapel Hill radio advertising. Into a curtained-off rectangle in Strowd Motor Company's showroom went a radio control panel and a chair for guests. From this makeshift setup, Zimmer broadcasts every afternoon from three to five.

With his heavy delivery and clear enunciation, he hopes to continue walking with success after June. If he is to run with it, he must enliven a delivery that is precise but at times too pontifical. This will come with experience. For the present, he has already lapped the majority of June graduates who will have nothing but a sheepskin to speak for them in job-hunting.

DTH Plunges

A Daily Tar Heel which has taken much warranted and unwarranted criticism plunged into two important student-service plans last month. First, DTHed Bill Woestendiek sent his publication into radio for the first time in history. With the opening of WDUK's Chapel Hill Annex, DTH columnists and staffers took over a daily five-minute news program. The result was campus news while it was still in the making.

Then, together with Magazine Managing Editor Jud Kinberg, Woestendiek fathered a novel plan for establishment of a "column syndicate" which would bring collegiate opinions from eleven other campus daily newspapers to readers of the Daily Tar Heel.

If there is anything to criticize in the DTH, and no newspaper is without its detractors, it is certainly not initiative. These latest moves put Carolina's daily far in advance of similar publications throughout the nation.

Tight Corner Ahead

With the stitches already knocked out of its many seams by overample registration, Carolina's administration looks ahead to Fall with foreboding. Even conservative estimates predict an enrollment which will send UNC into the middle seven thousands.

But if UNC's physical plant is taxed, its mental one is far overtaxed. Still unable to compete financially with also-mushrooming northern colleges, Carolina finds itself hard put to merely maintain its teaching staff at a time when it should be expanding rapidly. The pinch will become even tighter when the flood of large-class General College students bursts into hitherto-small advanced classes.

Today many courses which should have small enrollment are bulged far beyond best teaching size. UNC will find this problem increasingly difficult to remedy.



ZIMMER

"every afternoon from three to five"

Mag Man of the Month

A Clean Sweep

by Larry Kent



Photo by Conrad

FOR JOHN MCJONES to be selected Man of the Month came as no surprise. "It shoulda happened long ago," he said when informed. "I probably carry more weight around the campus than any man I know."

McJones, composite campus janitor, has been carrying trash from the University's buildings for more than twenty years. He is colored, thirty-eight, married, and has five children. When he came to Carolina in 1933 he hardly knew how to mop a floor. "I thought it was easy," he said. "The way I figured, all a fella had to do was throw a little water around and start mopping, but I learned different, brother. I shore learned different." How he learned was not disclosed.

Unlike previous Mag Men of the Month, McJones gets no praise. "I can't even sing while I work without waking up at least a half a dozen students," he said. "And I don't really start working until late in the afternoon."

Janitors like nightwatchmen have a way of becoming philosophers, and McJones is no exception. While instructors learn to judge character through students' grades, janitors study the condition of their rooms, and according to McJones, learn even more about human nature. "Some students wash their faces and leave their socks dirty, while others wash their socks and forget the face, but the kind to watch are the ones who never buy a cake of soap."

A typical janitorial day begins at five thirty, when the alarm clock rings in his Carrboro home. After washing both his face and his socks he climbs into his 1929 Ford, then climbs back out and pushes the car to the campus, where work begins.

Here the experienced janitor immediately distinguishes himself from the beginner by the song he whistles as he sweeps down the halls. The older, hardened men will whistle "Oh Lawd, Please Take My Weary Bones," while the apprentice usually starts with "Cement Mixer" and ends with "Dust-Pan Boogie." No janitor has ever been known who didn't whistle at six o'clock in the morning.

After two hours of broom pushing and whistling, the next step in McJones' "My Day" is a brief rest period. This rest lasts until noon; then comes lunch. After eating two ham sandwiches, an apple, a piece of cherry pie, and drinking a pint of milk, McJones takes mop in hand and begins the singing portion of the day. "I Feel Like a Motherless Child" is considered THE song by enterprising janitors. There is no reason behind the choice. "It's just the thing to sing, that's all," McJones said with professional pride. "Who ever heard of singing anything else?"

Following the sing-and-mop period comes the stand-and-think hour. During this time McJones leans against the rail on the outside steps and watches students come in and out the door.

"You might not think that's very important," he said, "but take my word for it, just standing there means everything. Getting the dirt out of the way might seem like the most important part of my job but it ain't. For example, say I sweep the hall today, and really sweep it clean too, then what happens? The next day I come back and the hall's dirty again. See? That part don't mean nothing. What really matters is my standing there, on the outside, and letting people see me and having visitors say what a nice place Chapel Hill is because janitors are here and not up at Duke or someplace like that."

McJones is not a drinking man, he says, and one of the points about UNC that he likes best is that his work places him in contact with absolute teetotalers. He is never

(Continued on page 30)

Community Project

by Alan L. Smith

STELLA had a baby. They didn't even know she intended to. She was rather plump anyway, and had been home for the past two months, so it was quite a shock to everyone when she walked in with a child in her arms. Especially after Mrs. Connell announced that one of the boarders was the father.

Tired from the long bus ride, Stella took the baby right to bed. Previously her bed had proven life for Walter, been one more port for Dick, and furnished a place of diversion for Mr. Aberdene. But a baby was unique.

The three men had settled in the living-room at Mrs. Connell's request. After making the young mother comfortable, she stormed down the hall with the menacing look that usually silenced complaining boarders.

"Well, who's gonna marry her?"

The bachelors were even more shocked than at Stella's dramatic arrival. It was quite possible that the girl could have a baby—let her have several if she wanted—but that Mrs. Connell thought that one of them should marry Stella was beyond comprehension.

"What?" was the best that Walter could think of, while Dick and Mr. Aberdene remained silent and bloodless.

"Somebody's got to marry her, and it'll have to be one of you three."

"Us?" Dick asked meekly. It was rare that he was meek, but he'd been taken off guard and Mrs. Connell was a formidable woman.

"Oh don't think you men have been foolin' me none. I've seen you sneakin' into Stella's room nights, the three of you and that Mr. Nichols upstairs."

"But—" Walter attempted.

"Now don't tell me you been playin' cards. I got the whole story from Stella."

"Ah hope you don't have any wrong ideas about mah relations with Stella, Mrs. Connell." Mr. Aberdene had taken a firm grip on himself.

"Don't try to lie to me, Mr. Aberdene. Stella told me all about your relations with her."

"That ends all arguments," Dick said bitterly. He had completely recovered himself.

"What makes you think we're the only ones?" Walter persisted.

"Stella told me that too. She kind of considers my boarding-house her

second home, and wanted to keep it all in the family. She was rightly shocked when I mentioned there bein' someone else."

"I'll put money on Nichols," said Dick.

"Yeah, he's been married nine months and has a year-old kid. Lightning could strike twice in the same place." Walter spoke figuratively because he was the only college student.

"Well, he can't marry twice, so it has to be one of you bachelors."

"Damned if I'll marry her." Dick was a Lieutenant in the Navy and always used damn for emphasis.

"Damned if I will either." Walter used damn because he would have liked to have been a Lieutenant in the Navy.

Before Mr. Aberdene could include his "damned if I will," Mrs. Connell clinched her argument. "You gentlemen may not know it, but Stella is only seventeen."

"Seventeen!" Mr. Aberdene was dumbfounded, but then he'd been a farmer all his life.

"She told me she was twenty-three," Dick pleaded.

"Ye Gods, statutory rape!" Walter was still the college student.

"That's right, and if one of you gentlemen don't marry her, I'll prosecute the lot of ya." Mrs. Connell strode from the room. She had spoken, and her words had left a deep impression on three disconcerted bachelors, or maybe Mr. Aberdene couldn't be considered a bachelor since he had already buried one wife. The technicality made him feel no better, however.

Nobody said anything, because there was nothing to say. Each was lost in his own bewildered thoughts. Life with Stella didn't appeal to any of the possible grooms, and life with Stella and the little bastard looked positively disgusting.

Among the sad fathers a ray of sunshine, a large ray, pushed its bulk through the front door.

"Stella back yet?" It was Eddy Mae. She roomed with Stella.

Someone said yes. Eddy Mae did not pursue the subject until the baby howled.

"Nichol's brat down here?" Eddy Mae lacked the maternal instinct.

"No," Walt answered.

"Well, what's that?"

(Continued on page 23)

Illustrations: Winky Andrews



... Dick swore he wouldn't take a wife from any "lousy little hick town" ...



... Mr. Aberdene had all the marriage necessary for one man in a lifetime ...



... and Walter objected on the grounds that that woman was too dumb ...



Hotdog



Self-help was the style for the hot-dog and horse men. Chris White, petit Washington, D. C. Junior, gives date Larry Johnson of Aberdeen, N. C. vocal encouragement as he tries to throw a saddle on "Blackie." After a minimum of "horsing around," the party was ready for the trail.

The end of the ride which took the picnickers over the hill to the lake. Liz Petesh, Senior from Birmingham, Alabama, led the way up the trail when her dappled pony "Spot" showed that he'd "been here before" by forging out in front. Next to her is Wally Abston of Henderson, North Carolina, with Chris and Larry in the rear.



Carolina spring, sunshine, coeds and a canter. crew series. To shoot it, the Magazine put photo to follow the picnicking party of Chris White and

Easiest riding of the day was that done by car the Durham road. Stable manager Murray Fri- nent characters. A political science student at UN enough to look over the rail at a racetrack. "The refused to have his picture taken. It seems the the California Jockey Club.

Impressed with the amateur standing of all o saddle up horses that would have made Grandmo crystal-clear and cold lake was "right over the hi hill seemed like 609 to the riders before they cra are no photographs of the operation because pho attached to the pommel of the saddle.)

Horses hitched to trees, frankfurters and mus the rickety pier, water-logged boats and rugged women and even the photographers got their f at the foot of the dam.

As the group broke out the hot dogs and mov account of rain." But the gods were good and t bring the perfect ending: the boys with the girls

Photos: Conrad and Croner



Larry obliges in the boot department as the couple prepares to cross the stream at the foot of the dam.

Liz and Wally are content to stay on the safe side and watch the rushing water from the vantage point of a jutting rock.



Horses

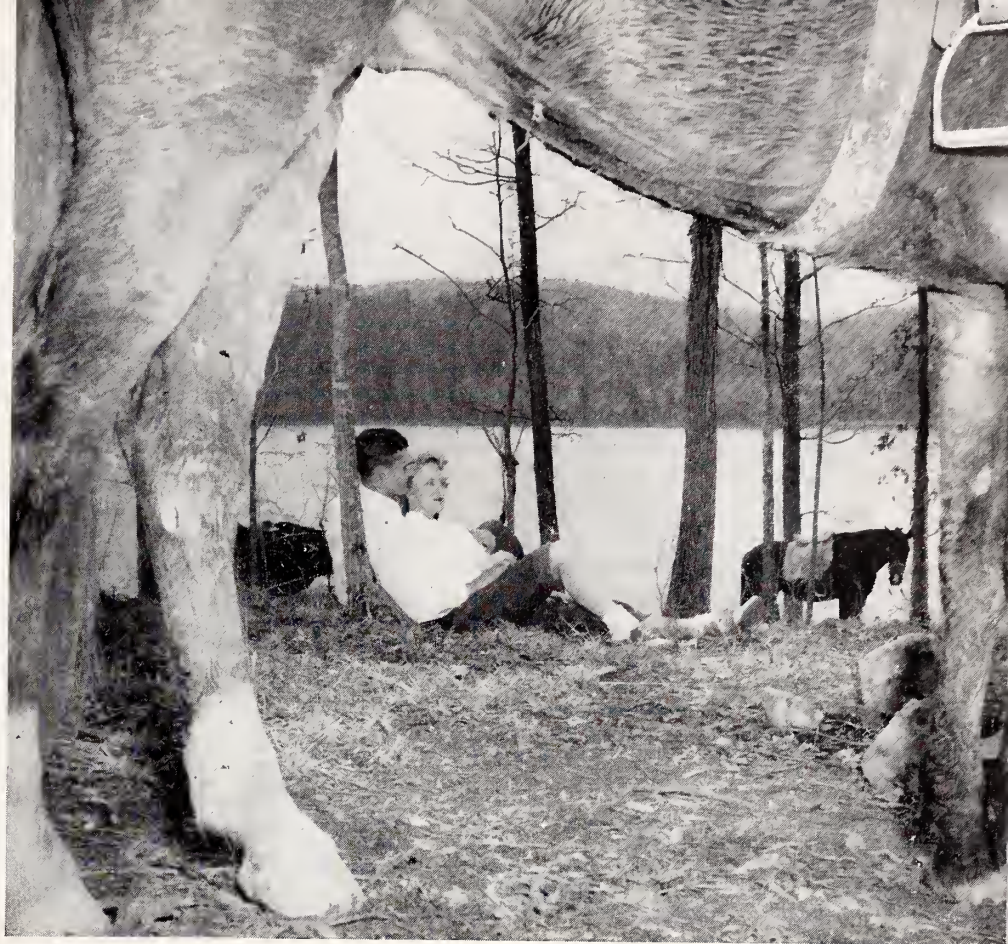
at unbeatable combination is this month's camera-
 phers Gerald Conrad and Stan Croner on horseback
 e Larry Johnson, Liz Petesch and date Wally Abton.
 the Carolina Stables, just Brady's and-a-bit out on
 nder turned out to be one of Carolina's pre-emi-
 he has followed the gee-gees since he was big
 ek," as he is nicknamed for no apparent reason,
 s still an outstanding argument between him and

erned in the "picture-picnic," Murray managed to
 feel safe in the saddle. The picnic site, with its
 according to the diminutive horse merchant. That
 l through the last branch and bramble. (There
 raphers Conrad and Croner had both hands firmly

l safely grounded, the couples started out to explore
 ntryside. The fast-flowing dam fascinated the
 wet following Chris and Larry across the stream

o the fire, clouds threatened to call the picnic "on
 storm threat only cooled the evening, helping to
 their arms.

Text: Kinberg



Framed by one of the horses, Liz and Wally take time out to catch their breath before exploring the slopes and hills leading to the base of the dam. Liz seems to fit naturally into her escort's arms. The couple refused to answer whether this knack had come with long practice.



Height of the man-made dam can be seen in this angle shot of Liz and Wally on the pier, taken from hill-bottom.

The first frankfurters are always the best, as Larry, Liz and Wally prove by their expressions.



Chris strikes a Cleopatra pose for Larry as he augments the Magazine photographs with one of his own. Scene is the grey-boarded pier built out from the stone dam. In the background is the natural forest which circled the lake, giving the clear water a pictorially-beautiful coronet of green leaves and brown bark.





It's informal follow-the-leader for Liz and Wally as they teeter-totter their way across a fallen tree. The area had many a well-ringed old-timer cut down by the elements.



The sparking fire became the lodestone for all activity as night isolated the little clearing in the woods. Chill April air moved the two couples close to the burning logs for warmth. The last of the hotdogs were speared and slowly baked over the wood fire until they were ready for roll and mustard. Chris, Larry, Liz, Wally felt the tangible quiet of the night, broken only by wind in the trees, occasional shuffling of a horse.

Firelight outlines Chris and Larry as their faces meet for a final kiss before starting back the trail towards the end of their day together. Right after this, the fire was stamped out, horses untied and the two couples picked their way slowly on horseback to the stables.



Chris grits her teeth as she swings a pitchfork like an expert. Larry adamantly refused to aid her in this final chore of feeding the horses. It seems the animals prefer hay to hotdogs.

Project

(Continued from page 19)

"A baby."

"Whose?"

"Stella's."

"Stella's!" Eddy Mae chased her curiosity in a clumsy trot to Stella's room. The quavering floor brought the trio back to the realization of their unstable position.

"It just so happens that I can't support a wife on 65 bucks a month." Walter was earning his degree at government expense.

"Don't worry, pal, they'll bring it up to ninety just for having a wife," said Dick.

"Why, son, we'll even pay for the license and the preacher, and give ya a right big send-off party," said Mr. Aberdene coaxingly.

"We'll even sponsor the honeymoon. Just think—Niagara Falls," Dick added in a low, sensuous voice.

"Steady men, steady, I'm not taking her." Walter would have liked very much to have been in Niagara Falls at that very minute, not because he cared for splashing water, but because it was a long way from Stella and any possible connection.

"Why don't you marry her, Mr. Aberdene?" Dick was looking for a new out. "You could take her back to the farm with you. Must get lonely out there away from everything."

"To tell ya the truth, son, that's why I like it. Been livin' there all my life an' am damned proud of it." Mr. Aberdene was always ready to tell anyone at anytime that he was "damned proud" of being a farmer, although he had been rooming in the city for over a year. "Besides ah've already had one wife, an' ah'm not goin' through the whole thing again."

"I think you'd make a perfect couple," Walter said. "Stella needs a man of experience."

"Ah'm afraid ah'm not really with you boys on this. In spite of what Mrs. Connell said, Stella an' I were just friends."

"Weren't we all?" Dick asked sarcastically.

"So ah'm packin' an' leavin' for the farm tomorrow. Ah wish you boys the best o' luck."

"Not so fast, friend. Suppose we ask Stella just how intimate your friendship was?" Dick asked.

"Suh, things like that just aren't discussed."

"I think in this case they would be."

"Better not disturb the poor girl. You can take the word of a Southern

gentleman our relations were purely innocent."

Walter was a Yankee. "If we found out from her after you leave that your friendship wasn't all platonic, what's to prevent us from claiming that you were the father. You won't be around to disprove it."

The farmer's forehead was wet. "Now wait a minute, friends, you wouldn't do that. After all, what's a little fun amount to—?"

The baby began to wail again.

"That," said Dick.

"Still with us?" asked Walter.

"As a gesture of mah friendship, ah'll stay an' help you work this thing out. But ah lost mah first wife, and ah'm gettin' too old to take anothah."

Tim Nichols came home from work. He had started up the stairs before he saw the three menacing expressions.

"Hi, fellas. What's wrong?" Tim hadn't heard. The baby was still exercising its lungs. "Oh damn, my kid's howling again." Luckily he ran upstairs.

"I never did like that guy," Dick sneered.

"Maybe we could get Stella to go into a convent," Walt suggested moodily.

"With a baby?" Dick was still practical.

"I wouldn't care if she took a whole football team."

"Ah'm afraid Stella would insist on

a football team." Mr. Aberdene shattered the whole idea.

Eddy Mae bounced into the room with the source of trouble held against her mammoth bosom. The prospective fathers crowded around the cause of their dilemma.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" Walt asked.

"A big, beautiful boy," Eddy Mae told him. Now that she had a tiny human being in her arms she felt more motherly.

"I always hoped to have a boy of my own someday," Walt said.

"You can have this one cheap." Dick didn't dare be uncynical.

"That's no way to talk about a baby. He didn't have anything to do with it." Eddy Mae considered it a woman's duty to protect the young from the brutal males. It was an evolutionary instinct.

Mr. Aberdene distorted his face and made unintelligible noises at the infant, which he presumed was baby talk. The child screamed with fright.

"Hah! He doesn't like me." Mr. Aberdene beamed.

"Well, after all he isn't used to seeing men make fools of themselves." Eddy Mae had scored a vicious point for her sex.

"I'll bet my father was shocked when he first saw me," said Walter.

"Frankly, he'd probably be more shocked seeing you right now," declared Dick.

(Continued on following page)

Election Notice!!



Hallie Dockery for student body!



ON CAMPUSES everywhere
Beech-Nut Gum is a favorite

Everywhere it goes the
reputation of Beech-Nut
for fine flavor goes with it

Beech-Nut Gum

"But now that you mention it," Mr. Aberdene observed, "there is quite a resemblance. Eyes are about the same color—"

"Now wait a minute, you aren't going to frame me. He doesn't look any more like me than he does the rest of you."

The front door opened and Mrs. Wilson came in with her coat pulled tightly around her thin, aged body.

"It's getting colder and colder—why, what's this? A baby? Oh, isn't he cute!" She chattered at it in baby talk. This time it didn't cry. It seems that women are better at that sort of thing.

"Whose is he, yours?" she asked Dick.

"Please don't say that." Dick flinched.

"Well, who does the 'tittle fng belong to then?"

"Stella," said Eddy Mae.

"Stella? Why, I didn't even know Stella was married."

"She isn't." The men slunk to a far corner of the room.

"Well, my land, how did it happen?"

"In the usual way."

"Why, that's sinful."

"The baby didn't know." Dick had come out of his corner.

"Who's the wicked father?"

"That's something that's been bothering us too, Mrs. Wilson." Walter joined Dick in the middle of the room.

This was almost more than the sweet old lady could bear. "How awful! One hears so much about sinful things in the papers, but it's terrible to find that things like that can happen under our very noses."

"It was a surprise to all of us," said Dick.

"Undoubtedly an act of God to show Stella her sinful ways," Mrs. Wilson went on.

"I wish you could prove that," said Dick.

"I'm going to do what I can for Stella before her sinful soul is doomed to eternal hell." Mrs. Wilson started up the stairs.

"Whar ya goin', ma'm? Stella's in there," Mr. Aberdene pointed.

"I'm going up to get my Bible," and Mrs. Wilson disappeared up the stairs.

"I hope she's made you men feel ashamed of yourselves." Eddy Mae was enjoying herself thoroughly.

"Ah felt ashamed the first time that little red thing yelled."

Eddy Mae returned the damp baby to its mother. Mrs. Wilson marched down the stairs in true Christian soldierly fashion with a large Bible in

her hand. Without a word she went directly to Stella's room.

"Ah don't know why," said Mr. Aberdene, "but when she came down the stairs ah felt just like singin' a hymn."

The night passed slowly. None of the bachelors would give up his freedom for the responsibility of a family. It wasn't that they were all against marriage, it was just that each wanted to begin a family independently, and no one wanted Stella. Mr. Aberdene insisted that he'd had all the marriage necessary for any one man in a lifetime. Dick swore he wouldn't take a wife from any "lousy little hick town," and Walter objected on the grounds that the woman was too dumb, all tactfully avoiding her promiscuousness.

As a colorless morning came into full being, the three men were lounged on the couch in a semi-awake condition. A mound of cigarette butts had grown from the floor. Eddy Mae left for work with a cheerful 'good morning.' She received three grunts in return.

Mrs. Wilson had gone up to bed as the new sun sent its first sliver of cold light through the venetian blinds. She had read almost a third of the New Testament to Stella.

"Could she understand it?" asked Walter.

"I could hardly believe it, but the poor girl had never heard any of the Bible before except the twenty-third Psalm."

"I'm not surprised," said Dick.

"I feel so sorry for the girl I could cry. How can anyone expect her to do good when she's never had the chance to learn the wrong from the right. She actually thought that Christmas was Santa Claus' birthday."

"I'm afraid she believes a lot of foolish things," Dick said.

"Poor little pagan," commented Walter.

"She comes from way up in the hills. They don't have a single church for miles. I'm going to take her with me every Sunday as soon as she gets strong again."

The morning became inconsiderately bright. The men closed their eyes in self defense and immediately dropped off into a dreamless sleep. They were abruptly awakened by Mrs. Connell, who had come in to clean the living-room. She had seen the discarded cigarettes. She was mad.

"Look at what you've done to the floor! You've burned holes in my nice new rug. I'll see that you pay for it."

The bachelors were unimpressed. They were still groggy from their

short nap. Mrs. Connell decided to wait until they were thoroughly alive before presenting them with an exaggerated bill for the carpet. Instead she went into Stella's room to see how the young mother had slept. Seconds later she rushed back.

"She's gone!"

"Who?" yawned Dick.

"Stella! If you men have done anything to her—"

They were all very much alive now.

"Stella's gone?" exclaimed Mr. Aberdene. "What about the baby?"

"It's still here. What did you say to Stella?"

"We didn't say anything to her, Mrs. Connell. Mrs. Wilson's been reading the Bible to her for most of the night," Dick explained.

"Maybe she just went out for breakfast," suggested Walter.

"She wouldn't run away without the baby," Mr. Aberdene hoped.

Mrs. Connell was suspicious. The police were notified and the hospitals and morgue checked. No suicides were reported during the night and the morgue had only one unidentified body that wouldn't do at all.

At noon a policeman arrived and received an accurate description. The men were very helpful. Mrs. Connell was able to find several posed photo-

graphs of Stella in a bathing suit. Before the officer could leave, the missing woman appeared at the front door. He went without returning the photographs.

"Where have you been?" Mrs. Connell felt she had a right to know.

"I got married."

"You did what?" It was a triple question.

"I got married."

"Well, where's your husband?" Mrs. Connell was obviously disappointed.

"He's out paying the cab. It's a boy I knew in Beaverdam."

She nonchalantly went to her room as though she hadn't done the most wonderful thing in three men's lives. The men themselves stoop gaping until a heavy youth in well-polished hair and a Sears-Roebuck suit came through the door.

"Congratulations!" shouted Dick.

"Congratulations!" echoed Walter.

"Ah wish ya'll the best of luck in the world, son," came from Mr. Aberdene.

"Yeah, ah shore am lucky," said the youth. "Guess ah got 'bout the mos' wonderful li'l gal in the world."

"How's it feel to be a father?" Dick felt perfectly safe.

"Shucks, I ain't no father."

(Continued on page 39)

UNIVERSITY SERVICE STATION



Odis Pendergraft, Prop.

When You Buy A Diamond...

Wentworth and Sloan

167 East Franklin St.



When you buy a diamond, buy the best. We have the exquisitely designed 'Art Carved' solitaires and wedding rings by J. R. Wood and Sons, Inc.



Bring your date—for breakfasts, luncheons and teas to

**Danziger's Famous
Vienna Strueberl**

"Where cooking is a science and conversation is a pleasant pastime"

WE

- **REPAIR**
- **RESOLE, REHEEL,**
- **RESEW, REBIND**
- **SHINE SHOES**

College Shu-Fixery

BULL'S HEAD BOOKSHOP

Bookshop and Rental Library



Ground Floor, University Library

Large variety of books: Fiction,
Non-Fiction, Plays, Poetry

Buy, rent, books old and new.

Bargain

(Continued from page 10)

called a guard to take the offenders away. "What do you want, woman?" he said, frowning and wiping his face with a great white handkerchief.

"I am the Abogado's wife," she said, struggling to be calm.

"Come, come! There are many Abogados—all scoundrels and rebels. We've fed a hundred to the crocodiles already, woman!"

"But not mine," said Ugueda. "He is in Intramuros. He is the Abogado of Dagupan."

"And you intend to bore me with pleading for his foul hide, do you?"

"I have a bargain. I do not beg, senor."

It was incredible yet, this bargaining with a conqueror. Perhaps the perturbed old commandant was surprised to find courage in a woman. He was a great sportsman, he said, and would relish the idea of beating this frail little woman at her own terms.

A sleek little island pony stood ready before the constabulary. It was fanning off flies with its tail and pawing disapproval of the harness and the glittering gold bearings of the cart which would take the Abogado's wife out of Dagupan. The two soldiers appointed to make the journey grunted in their noonday siesta against the wall of the river; across the road, the white herons fished in the rice ponds and several mud-soaked carabao wallowed in bowls of greenish mud no bigger than their bodies. Idleness struck at activity everywhere except in the Abogado's house. Ugueda moved quickly. She realized she must not let the danger of the adventure confuse her. She went to the bamboo pen and called to the sleek-headed Pampanga rooster. His long, thin spurs sparkled in the sunshine, and he came out clucking like a hen, ready to spur the devil himself. "What a magnificent bird," she thought as she stroked the colorful feathers. "We shall both see the Abogado, and God willing, we shall bring him home again." She trembled, feeling the strength in the firm little body. It was like holding a dagger in her hands. She visualized a monstrous likeness spurring down the walls of Intramuros. Putting him gently into a bamboo cage with a handle, she carried him up to her room.

There were her best provincial dresses, elegant with their stiff butterfly sleeves, embroidered like golden wings. She felt them. She liked the sharp edges of starched cloth—so knife-like. The Abogado's wife was a lady of esteem. She must not soil the dignity nor mar the excellence of posture which marked her as a woman to respect in rivalry with rough-witted men of arms. She took the lavender dress with silver-tufted butterfly sleeves and quivered into its stiffness. Then, with her silver combs stuck above the ball of her greying hair, she took the excited little rooster down to meet the two escorts who had finished their siesta and were coming to call for her. "I shall have strange weapons," she thought. "I shall cut their hard hearts with the elegance of my dress and they shall know they are not dealing with peasants."

She was ready. The rooster stood up in his cage and crowed, flapping his wings against the bars. One of the men knocked on the bamboo, stuck his finger in at the thin spurs, and drew it back with an ironic jerk of fright. "What a plucky little devil you are!" he laughed.

Ugueda ignored the mumbled oaths in Spanish. She walked before the soldiers to the cart and knew that she

looked fine and haughty with the silver butterfly sleeves standing stiffly correct on her shoulders.

The men were dirty, rough, and sarcastic. "The senora is not only a clever bargainer. Gran Dios! See how beautiful she is. Like a senorita. What a pity she belongs to the Abogado." One of them took a great breath and smacked his lips.

Ugueda climbed silently to the leather seat of the cart, set the cage in her lap, and sat erect, waiting for the noisy soldiers to step to their places and be gone. Only once did she speak. If they had understood her Tagalog, she would have had a sword through her stomach. "Filthy, stinking afterbirth of a carabao," she had called them, and it made her feel uncommonly courageous to be able to express her thoughts in a strange tongue.

As the pony clopped along beside the ravel wall, past the cathedral, and out of the squalor of Dagupan into the flat, watery stretches to the south, Ugueda sat up straight, watching the patterns of rice fields and fish ponds slip by her. She tried to take into herself some snatch of the indifferent attitude of the carabao, which lay under bamboo clusters with white birds pecking at their hides. But Pangasinan's pastoral idleness was poor armor against the ordeal to which she was riding. She felt the heat inside the stiff dress and found herself wishing she were again the dirty little urchin skipping gaily along the streets with a basket of bananas balanced easily on her head, smiling at the crinkled old women at the market stalls.

When the long and tedious way to Manila lay behind her and the queer, colorful markers of the Chinese cemetery came in sight, Ugueda knew that Escolta and Intramuros were not far away. She had hardly closed her eyes; they ached dreadfully when struck by the hot tropical sun. Rubbing them and shielding her face from the glare did not clear the foggy conception of quivering buildings and unshaved soldiers with apparent fits of St. Vitus dance. Dust clung to her eyebrows and sifted over the fine texture of her clothing and powdered her hands when she felt the top of her head. "My hair—all stringing and filled with dust," she thought, depressed. "Now it will have to be done over, and the lovely ball I had prepared so carefully for the Abogado." Even the rooster sounded hoarse, as if dust were stuffed into his beak and lay too heavily upon the tongue.

"I am thirsty," she told the soldiers penning her in the leather seat. "My mouth is full of dust." The man on her right licked his lips distastefully, took a small canteen of water from a pouch on his belt, and drank in noisy gulps. Then he handed it to Ugueda without speaking. Coughing to clear some of the dust away, she took the canteen and tasted the stale water. It gave her a feeling of nausea, but she drank it without breathing; of her hand she made a dirty little cup, poured some water in it, and held it up to the bars of the bamboo cage. But the soldier swore and jerked back the canteen and slapped the water from her hand. The little rooster's beak stuck forlornly through the bars. "Never mind," said Ugueda, rubbing her finger under the red neck feathers. "You can fly over the walls and drink from the river. The water will taste better than this filthy scum. And there will be no one there to bother you." She spoke in Tagalog again, feeling defiant because the men could not understand her.

When the cart rattled down the long road beyond the river and stopped at the thick gates of the fortress, the man who had jerked the canteen away from Ugueda took hold of one of her butterfly sleeves as if to hold her up for exhibition. "The Abogado's wife," said he, carefully

**A BIG
HAND...
IN ANY EVENT**

When you reach
for a Pepsi—you're
getting the tops.



**Plenty of flavor
IN THE
BIG BIG BOTTLE**

PEPSI-COLA CO., Long Island City, N. Y.
Franchised Bottler: Durham Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co.

enunciating. "Sound the trumpets, man. Fall on your knees. Would you dare hold the gates against the Abogado's wife!" Ugueda gritted her teeth as all the men bowed in mock oriental style, then threw back their heads and laughed like inn-keepers drunk on their own foul nipa wine.

At last the heavy gates grunted together behind them, and the Pampanga pony was trotting down narrow, stingy streets, his clopping hooves picking up echoes high up among the queer arches of the Moslem temple and in pigeon roosts among the hollows of overhanging buildings contrived in grey stone. Everything existent within the walls was as compact as the gregarious nipa huts in Lingayen's Tonton district. Along each single street, doors and windows bulged in strict regimentation; a thief might easily have reached a hand from his bedroom window and snatched the peso bag from a passing stranger without ever being apprehended. Ugueda searched the open ones suspiciously, as if she expected to spy the Abogado within, squirming to free himself of his chains.

Soldiers who idled in alleys or sat cross-legged on doorsteps polishing their swords exchanged familiar salutes with the men beside Ugueda and rudely let the sun glance off their glistening blades into her stinging eyes. A group of young Filipinos came running by, spilling their baskets in the street and screeching in panic. Ugueda looked ahead and saw that an alligator had broken out of the aquarium; several soldiers with ropes were shouting and trying to drive the monster back from the streets. She could hear them swearing many blocks away, as she approached a long chain of doorways, sticking out their stone tongues to lick up the stagnant water standing in the gullies. A whimpering Filipino no more than twenty years old, was sitting in a doorway crying. Other women appeared here and there,

all sad-faced or scowling, and stood with arms folded, watching the strange cart go by. Suddenly she hated all foreign men. "Filthy, stinking afterbirth of a carabao!" She wanted to shout it over and over again and a hundred times louder, until the words vibrated into the very walls and made them crumble down like crackers into heaps of polluted rubbish.

One of the men nudged her in the side. And the cart stopped. Dropping down lazily to the curb stones, spluttering in a puddle of water, he gave a broad sweep of the arm and looked at Ugueda. "What do you expect, woman? Vamos! Vamos!"

The desire to spit in his ugly face made her quiver to hold herself back. "Don't play the fool, senora," he snarled. "Your sleep will not be disturbed. No one would touch one of your age—no one but the Abogado. And he shall not, unless the governor has turned soft-hearted on us." The driver joined in the laughter and gave Ugueda a push, impatient to have her out of his way and off the streets. She stepped down angrily and disappeared through the doorway without turning her head. Inside, she heard the pony snort impatiently; and then the clop-clop, clop-clop died away, and dogs began to bark and whimper in the streets.

2

When Ugueda stepped through the doorway again, darkness had crawled inland from the bay, gulls were screaming far off over the sea and the city, and the moonlight quivered on dark grass spread over the roof of the dungeons. On the top of the wall, which stood higher up at the end of the alley of the slave women, two sentries in black outline passed each other in their patrols. At the other end of the street where the buildings wore broad-brimmed hats pulled uneasily down over their faces, she saw the same

Time out for Coke



COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO., Durham, N. C.

four fireflies of light that had hovered about the dark doorway late in the evening. They were dog eyes, she thought; two of the underfed curs had stood hesitantly with their paws on the steps, sniffing but afraid to cross the threshold. They had been frightened away by soldiers whose heels clapped on the stones as they stepped from the street into dark doorways.

She had brushed away the dust from her clothing and pinched her butterfly sleeves until they stood up stiff again. Her face and hands were clean and cool and her hair and combs neatly arranged as they had been in her house in Dagupan. She went quickly over the details of the evening. The commandant of the garrison had promised to bring the Abogado to the gardens on the dungeon roof. That was to be the meeting place. Ugueda would have climbed the stairs by seven o'clock, ready to begin. And the bell in the Moslem temple would ring on the hour, to summon all within the city who wished to see the wife of the Abogado of Dagupan bargain in her own way for the life of her husband.

That great bell was tolling now; its echo gurgled far off over the bay like a ship's bell returning the signal. Ugueda stood quivering in the dark street, counting the tones of the bell. The seventh sounded. Then the tiny spark of light in the tip of the tower flicked off. She stood watching the sentries cross again at the patrols over the dungeons. For a moment only a carabao lowing somewhere outside the walls disturbed the stillness. Then she saw torches moving across the roofs, and women's voices came to her from the street shadows. There was no turning back now. Somewhere among those torches at the top of the stone stairway was the Abogado, wondering if his wife really was in Intramuros or if this was the hour of execution and he should be burned at the stake on the highest spot in the city, to warn all Filipinos forevermore against insur-

FOWLER'S FOOD STORE

**ALL KINDS FRESH MEATS,
GROCERIES AND
COUNTRY PRODUCE—**

**FISH AND
OYSTERS IN SEASON—**

FOWLER'S FOOD STORE

Phone 4416

FOR PERFUMES THAT ENCHANT...



Hook that man by hook or crook. A lovely perfume will help to capture him. We offer the best:

- Elizabeth Arden
- Matchabelli
- Chanel
- Weil
- John Frederics and others

SUTTON'S

rection. She hugged the bamboo cage in her arms greedily and slowly ascended the stairs, where several torchbearers already waited to light her way, even in the clear moonlight.

At least a dozen torches were fixed in apertures, bound to hibiscus bushes, or suspended on the branches of a warped old tree. Soldiers were coming from all quarters and squatting or stooping in a circle, the gaps of which filled quickly with curious Filipinos, jabbering impatiently and pointing to the bamboo cage in Ugueda's arms.

The commandant stepped into the circle with a heavy-combed white Spanish rooster and motioned for Ugueda to come forward and open her cage. When she stooped and lifted the slatted door, the sleepy little fighter staggered out, ruffling his feathers in protest. But as soon as the two birds were left alone, beak to beak in the circle of firelight, they bristled with hatred and darted at each other with ferocious spur stabs. The two heads swayed up and down and around like cobras. And the shadows leaped and spurred and fluttered fiercely at their feet, mocking the deadly conflict on grass and fallen calasuchi blossoms. Hysteria seized the spectators; Filipinos and soldiers alike jabbed at the firelight with their fists, played tomtoms on their knees, and hissed and cheered at the plucky little fighters. Cruelly-sparkling eyes waited eagerly for the first spurt of blood. Time after time the birds withdrew, quivering for breath, and then leaped back together again, jabbing out with their spurs and falling back overbalanced to the grass. Ugueda stood beside the big burly commandant under the torches in the tree. The butterfly sleeves were trembling from her frantic heartbeats; she bit her lips till they hurt and squinted eagerly from face to face in the circle and into every niche on the dungeon roof. The Abogado was not there. She feared betrayal, after all this torment she had undergone. Terrified, she peered into the face of the commandant, but he was too delighted with the fighting cocks to take his eyes from the circle. She touched his arm; and when he turned scowling at the interruption, he merely pointed indifferently toward two figures sitting higher up on a projection of the roof, their shadows merged with the hibiscus. Oh, if she might only see the faces! If she could only see the Abogado's expressions as he watched his brave little rooster fight for his master's life! "Oh, if I could just climb up and sit by him and squeeze his hand while our little fighter is tearing the Spanish one to pieces!"

Suddenly a wild cry went up from the spectators. Blood

trickled over white feathers and shone in the firelight. The Spanish rooster staggered, then collapsed and lay still on the grass. Ugueda was whimpering with joy as she bent down and took the little conqueror in her arms. He was half dead himself, the tired heart pounding under wet feathers, the beak standing open in exhaustion. She ran toward the figures on the projection, holding the rooster up to the Abogado with both trembling hands. She could not utter a word, for so smothered with prayers of thanksgiving were all her senses that she felt her heart would never thump again if she moved.

The moon hung like a yellow halo behind the Abogado's head, and Ugueda was standing in his long, lean shadow. The Spanish soldier looked down at her and smiled triumphantly, then slowly got to his feet and walked away without speaking. For a moment or two the Abogado did not move. Then, as if the man in the moon had blown his breath upon the still figure, it fell forward and toppled into the hibiscus bushes, a noose dangling from the broken neck.

The Austrian

(Continued from page 7)

been little noise that would carry through the thick walls of the room. The second match was going strong when he got to the door, so it was unnecessary to strike another in order to manipulate the latch . . . a lot of good it did them to lock it from the inside. He teased it open just enough to peek out.

All was as he had anticipated. There, in the dog-house by the gate, were the American guards with their pistols and telephone. They were hardly thirty yards away. Kurt tried to imagine what they were saying as they talked and laughed in a language he could not understand. The great light up over the gate illuminated the whole area, throwing a long shadow away from the high cement-wall which imprisoned the hospital. In that shadow, across the street, and directly opposite the door from which Kurt peeked was another door . . . a door cut through the cement-wall, which opened into a storage shed on the other side. Kurt had been in there on work details many times during the past few days. It was such a very perfect arrangement. For a moment he wondered why some other prisoner had not discovered it before him. Then he remembered that this

IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY ---

But you'll outshine him a mile—

And put a gleam in his eye ---

In an outfit for any occasion, from

Raleigh, Wilson



Winston-Salem

was God's special favor to him alone and he made a quick apology.

Now, he had but to wait until a truck or an ambulance came to the gate. While the guards were occupied with checking it in, he could slip across the street unnoticed. To attempt the crossing at any other time would be suicide because part of the street was flooded with light. Then there was the constant danger of a roving patrol coming up on his blind side, but observations from other nights had indicated that they were seldom around.

It was rare when more than five minutes elapsed without a vehicle coming in. Kurt didn't have to wait that long. When the large van rolled in he refused to think; he didn't look right or left; he didn't even pray; he just held his heart in his throat and slithered across the bright spot into the protecting shadow that hid the shed-door. Then he opened the door immediately, so that its squeaking hinges would be drowned out by the roar of the truck motor.

Once inside he paused and listened intently, but all he could hear was his own heart beating in his throat. Then he realized that they would have already started shooting had then seen him. The interior of the shed was heavy dark except for the light spot in the ceiling on the far end. He dared not strike a match now, but he had prepared a path through the debris that afternoon. He groped until he found an orienting shovel handle and moved slowly over to where the light shone through the ceiling. The large sack of lime was still directly under the hole as he had left it. No one had bothered anything.

Standing on the lime-sack, his fingers could just barely reach the rafters overhead. Half a dozen stars winked down at the opening, and the night sky looked more blue than black. Kurt flexed his biceps, pulled his head and shoulders up through the roof and knew for the first time what a toll his long hospitalization had taken. There was an even more grim reminder as he attempted to draw his wounded leg through the hole. With no little difficulty his entirety soon emerged on the top side of the shed. The roof was slanted so that it could be seen only from the third floor of the hospital. Kurt flattened and rolled over the edge as quickly as possible. When his body came to its full length, hanging, so that his hands just clasped the tapering roof, his toes were less than a foot from the ground. His bad leg suffered little when he dropped into the soft dirt of what proved to be a ploughed field.

He was now definitely on the outside . . . and suddenly it was the most beautiful night he had ever seen. Certainly, it was the lightest. The moon had never been fuller, nor had there ever been more stars showing. Then he saw the most beautiful star of all . . . a flashlight, perhaps a hundred yards away, behind one of the houses out on the avenue. Had the night been darker he would have seen it flickering on and off as he climbed up on the roof. So his last message had been delivered and all was in order!

In his restiveness Kurt almost set forth on a straight line dash toward the light. Instead, he plodded to the side of the field where he found sounder footing and the protecting shadows of trees and shrubs. There was still danger. He might well have been seen there in the moon-lit furrows from one of the other houses and his convalescent's robe would have been a damning signature.

As Kurt drew near the house he observed that the flickering light emanated from the foliage of an apple tree which grew just inside a shoulder-high wall that enclosed the back yard. On the field side of the wall, opposite the tree a plain wooden chair had been propped. There could be no misinterpreting its purpose. Yet to Kurt, as he surveyed the abbreviated dimensions of the wall, it appeared wholly

We Print Them:

Dance Invitations

Dance Tickets

Calling Cards

Weekend Party Programs

For fine, impressive printing, come to the
best, come to

The Village Printshop

Next to Porthole

Phone F-3216

APTER'S KOSHER DELICATESSEN

Try Our Delicious Meals
We Specialize in Cold Cuts and
Delicacies for All Occasions

121 E. Parrish Street

Durham, N. C.

PHONE N-4371

We Appreciate Your Business

WOOTEN-MOULTON



PHOTOGRAPHERS

Chapel Hill
North Carolina

STATIONERY

School and Office Supplies
Sheaffer Fountain Pens
Greeting Cards for All Occasions
Sunday, May 11th is Mother's Day

A complete line of Mother's Day Cards on display. Remember her on Her Day with an appropriate card.

LEDBETTER-PICKARD

ridiculous. This gesture was *not* the product of a masculine mind. And with the thought a warm glow filled him. Then the light went out and he heard his name being spoken, ever so softly . . .

"Kurt . . . Kurt . . . over here."

So there it was . . . just as it had been on the field of bell in the lull between bursting shells, just as it had come to him through the discordant clatter of metal wheels rolling on metal tracks, just as it had drifted into a cafe over the noise of a vulgar piano and the grating warble of a foreign woman vocalizing in a foreign tongue. There it was . . . Minna's voice . . . clear, innocent, yet rich with a strange music. And now so very real!

Kurt was on the chair and over the wall before Minna could get down out of the tree. In another second he would have gone up after her, but just then her legs descended one after the other out of the foliage and he was so abruptly awed by their loveliness that he could do nothing but stare and marvel. Could this be his very own? The last branch before the ground was level with Kurt's chest. Minna came onto it in a sitting position and Kurt only got a glimpse of her tear-stained face as she slid into his arms, knees first. He held her tight, burrowing his face against her waist, then against her breasts, and finally into her hair as her feet came to rest on the ground. Their embrace was long, silent, and intensely frantic. Kurt had a million words of adoration racing in his brain but his throat was so choked with emotion that he could not give them a voice. He was still marveling . . . the warmth of her face now raised against his own, the steely strength with which her fingers grasped his shoulders . . . seeming so alien to her petite, fragile stature. Then he kissed her lips, and when it was over she pressed him toward the house. The strange silence persisted as they entered. As soon as the door was

Best Quality

Steaks

Chicken

Tasty, juicy, top-grade
Western Steaks and
the finest in Chops and
Chicken.

Chops

UNIVERSITY CAFE

Next to Post Office

closed Kurt kissed her again. When their lips parted, Minna quite simply said . . . "Kurt, you're thin."

This brought Kurt back down to earth with a smile, a genuine smile, the first since they had parted many months ago. It was so typical of Minna. Another might have said, "I love you," or "I've missed you terribly," or "Were you badly hurt, is your leg going to be all right?" But Minna said, "Kurt, you're thin" . . . which meant, "Darling, I'm still your adoring wife, and as such, serving your body is my chief concern. It has not fared well without me, but now that we are together I'm going to make it strong and happy."

Kurt kissed her ear, then whispered into it, "Frau Mannz, I had forgotten how wonderful it is to have a wife; I promise I'll never forget again."

"Oh Kurt, we've had so little time together. Now that the war is over will it be different?"

Kurt tried desperately to sound assuring. "It's already different, darling. We're together now, and that's the way it's going to be from now on. Already they've started sending our soldiers home. It can't be long. A month, maybe two . . . and until then I'll be seeing you like this real often."

Then a door clicked open nearby and Kurt instinctively jumped.

"It's all right, Kurt," Minna was quick to soothe him. "It's only Mrs. Zimmerman. You'll like her. She's been like a mother to me since I've been here."

Kurt had not noticed until then that they were standing in an unlighted hall. There were several doors on either side, one of which stood quarterly open. From this opening a grinning, middle-aged face peered out. Kurt didn't have the opportunity to either like or dislike Mrs. Zimmerman, for just as he was about to get acquainted the face recoiled and the door clicked shut.

"She's terribly bashful," Minna explained, "but you needn't worry. She lost her husband in the last war. I guess that's one reason she wants to help. Wait 'til you see the room she's given us . . . come."

Minna, with her arm around his waist, guided him down the hall. Before they entered the room, Kurt said: "Just one thing, Minna. I can only stay a little while . . . not more than an hour."

Minna turned, buried her face in the collar of his robe and whispered, "Oh Kurt, my darling . . . it will be the happiest hour ever."

PPRIVATE FIRST CLASS JACK MARSHALL was nineteen years old and he didn't think it was right that he should have to go overseas at the end of the war, but he enjoyed being a Military Policeman. He liked the feel of the .45 slapping against his hip as he walked down the street because he knew it set him apart from the rest of the soldiers in Meran. They had their combat to brag about but he had the immediate authority.

He was definitely top man right now, and that was as it should be, he figured, because a lot of that stuff about combat was strictly the bunk. He had handled plenty of Krauts in the past month-and-a-half and they didn't look like they had even been able to give anybody much trouble. All that he had seen, he would be willing to take on three at a time with nothing but his bare fists.

Another thing he liked about being an M.P. was the way it helped him get along with the civilians. Most of them knew what that arm band stood for and the girls especially weren't going to be too unfriendly with somebody who was packing a pistol. Of course, he wasn't the sort of guy who would actually use it with a girl, but just having it saved a lot of bother with going out rounding up candy bars and spending a lot of money. These women over here were only good for one thing anyway . . . and speaking of women.

Jack emitted a long, low whistle. He had just turned onto the boulevard, and up ahead was one of the best figures he had yet seen in Meran. She probably had a face that looked like hell. That's the way it was with these foreign women. Usually the faces and the bodies didn't match. But that shape up there, the way she walked, and the blond hair bouncing on her shoulders . . . that was class. Probably belonged to some officer . . . but she hadn't met Jack Marshall yet.

In another minute he had overtaken her. Not being able to think of anything original, and not being able to speak Italian well enough to translate what he might have thought of, he said simply "*Bon giorno, senorina.*"

The girl turned her head the least bit, but said nothing and continued walking . . . perhaps a little faster than before. Jack had been wrong. The face was every bit as good as the body. He couldn't afford to pass this up.

"*Bon giorno, senorina,*" he repeated.

This time the girl answered, "*Bon giorno.*" That was all. She kept going as if he no longer existed.

Jack decided it would be good strategy to ask her how to get somewhere. That was always good for getting a conversation started.

"*Un momento, senorina,*" he commanded, touching her shoulder at the same time to make certain she would understand he wanted her to stop. She had seen the arm band . . . she stopped.

With much labor, Jack pieced together a sentence in Italian which was designed to sound like he wanted to know where he could find the *Bozenstrasse*. It was a street that really existed, because he had helped put up some "off limits" signs on it. When he had finished, the girl only

Chapel Hill's Premier

CLEANING AND PRESSING SERVICE



113 N. Columbia

Telephone 3531

looked perplexed and said that she did not understand.

"Not understand" was one phrase in Italian with which Jack was thoroughly familiar. But he was glad to hear it now because it gave him the opportunity to talk with his hands and face. He had practiced before a mirror, developing his art to the point where he could be sure of gaining a smile from the very coolest *senorina*. So he reconstructed his sentence, this time punctuating it with his best gesticulations.

As he finished, he figured he was doing all right because now she was following his contortions with an amused expression. Her answer was something that sounded like she wasn't familiar with that street . . . but that couldn't have been right because anybody who lived in Meran would know where the *Bozenstrasse* was. Then it occurred to him that she had said that because of those places they had marked "off limits." Of course that was it. She knew all right. She not only knew where it was but also what kind of places were over there and everything. This baby was plenty wise. He had caught on to that innocent act. That called for his reproachful expression. He flashed her his best rendition and told her that she *did* know where the *Bozenstrasse* was. Then to his great delight she said "si," and colored it with a deep blush.

Jack didn't mind that she had started walking again because now he was making time. He was about to ask for her name when somebody else took care of it for him. It was an old woman, with a basket under one arm, standing in front of the house they were passing.

"Minna, Minna," she screeched, and followed up with a lot of stuff he could not understand, except that it was German . . . so her name was Minna and she was a Kraut. He should have known that Italians didn't grow that kind of blond hair. Damned if there weren't more Krauts around

here than dagos. He couldn't understand it because this was supposed to be Italy.

After she had said something back at the old woman, she walked on to the next house and started to open the gate which set in a shoulder high wall that came up flush from the sidewalk. Jack grabbed her bare arm, whirling her about so that she faced him.

"So you're a *Tedeschi* . . . eh *Minna*?" He didn't mean to scare her. He put a grin on his face so that she would know it really didn't matter to him that she were a Kraut. After a quick glance around to see if anyone were coming he crushed her between himself and the gate.

She turned her head as his lips sought hers, but it wasn't a struggle. His second attempt was successful . . . successful in as much as their lips touched. For a moment he relaxed his hold on her, thinking he would try again from a different angle. In that moment, the gate opened and she was gone.

He wondered if he should follow up. When the door closed behind her he decided not to. It could wait. This was going to be worth a little waiting. He had her figured out all right. She had liked it. A woman wasn't put together like that for nothing. He knew his women. Sure, she was playing hard to get, but she would come across . . . by damn, the dirty little Kraut had better, or he would make her wish the hell she had!

FOR MINNA, the past two months had been gloriously happy. She thanked God that He let her live through the war.

When her mother and father were killed in one of the Innsbruck bombings she had felt that life was no longer worth holding on to. It would have been different if Kurt had been there, but that was when they all thought he was



UNIVERSITY CLEANERS

Across from Post Office

STEP OUT WITH CONFIDENCE

- - - in clothes that are spic and span, fresh as a daisy. We'll dry clean and press your clothes — make them new looking again. Send your clothes to us. You'll be satisfied.

dead. They had gotten her to thinking that way too . . . wit her mind at least; yet there had always been the faint tinge of hope, deep inside, which kept saying it couldn't be possible. She supposed that was the thing that saw her through.

Then came the long awaited, almost forsaken letter from Kurt saying that he had been a prisoner of the Americans, and that because he was wounded he had been returned through the lines in exchange for some wounded Americans. With the news she was born again and she had set about immediately trying to find out where he was so that she could go to him. But he wasn't allowed to say, and it was always the same story when she went to the authorities . . . "He is on the Southern Front, sorry, no civilians permitted to cross the border." She had finally forced herself to abandon the idea and be content with corresponding.

He had written frequently and all went well until right before the end of the war. Then his letters stopped again and no one knew what was happening on the Southern Front. She had not been as despondent this time because she knew he was not fighting, and no Austrian any longer believed what the papers said about Americans bombing hospitals. When the war ended she knew that she would hear from him soon.

Sure enough, a letter came . . . not a regular letter, but a note brought by a person who had been where he was. Kurt had written that he was in Meran and that she should come quickly while they were still permitting civilians to cross the border. Fortunately, she could speak enough Italian to pretend that Meran was her home. The courier had given the address of a Mrs. Zimmerman who had a house close to where Kurt was interned. Any further messages would be delivered through her. She had a nephew who worked at the hospital . . . That was so like Kurt, she thought. He had always befriended people easily. The trip across the border proved simpler than she had anticipated. Mrs. Zimmerman had turned out to be a lovely woman in every respect. Then there were Kurt's notes, the planning, and finally the glorious night when Kurt himself came. He had been terribly nervous that night. He was different. She had never known Kurt to be afraid of anything, but that hadn't caused her to love him any less.

She wondered if it were a sin to love anyone so much. If it were she wanted to be a sinner, no matter what happened to her after she died. These two months alone, seeing him every night, had more than compensated for the misery during the war. It had been more like a dream than reality. But it was real because she had dreamed too . . . every night after Kurt left she dreamed of him and the beautiful life they were going to have together in Innsbruck. Then she would sleep the whole morning so that it would not be long until he was back.

Kurt was getting more like his old self now too. Last night he had laughingly told her about his uneasiness the first night he slipped away from the hospital. Kurt liked to tell stories on himself, even when they made him look bad. Maybe that was why people always liked him. He never pretended. She wished she could be that way too. She tried to be, but she had to do a little pretending with Kurt because there was something bad about her . . . or else she wouldn't affect men the way she did. She was always having to run away from men in Innsbruck after Kurt left. Now, even here so close to him, it was the same way. She was so desperately afraid of the American policeman. She wanted to ask Kurt what to do about him but she knew it would only make him worry. After the first few days in Meran she had gotten used to the way the American soldiers always whistled and winked. She didn't

think they were really bad. They were more like a lot of happy little boys, always laughing and making noise . . . but this policeman; he was different. There was something about him, something evil that had made him seek her out.

She had tried to ignore him when he started following her the other day. He persisted and she had been afraid not to stop because he was an official. She was ever so relieved when she realized that he only wanted to know how to get to the *Bozenstrasse*. However, she didn't know where that street was, and after she had told him so she realized that he might guess she was not from Meran. Even now, she couldn't understand why he had laughed and insisted that she *did* know where it was; but she was glad for the opportunity to cover up the slip. She had said "yes" and tried to get away.

After that, she had thought the American would leave her alone. Instead, he came back worse than ever, and she *had* to let him kiss her. He was so large and official it would have been ridiculous to resist . . . it also kept him occupied while she had eased the gate open.

When she got inside she thanked God that he had not followed her into the empty house, and she had prayed that she be forgiven for whatever it was that had attracted him to her. Then she had used up her last bit of soap trying to wash the feel of him off her body. She had scrubbed her lips until they were nearly raw. Later, Kurt wanted to know why they were so red.

That was the worst, but not the last of the American. The next day she had seen him outside the house. He had called her name several times and finally left. He had come back like that the next two days, but he didn't appear yesterday or today, so maybe it was all over now. Perhaps she could tell Kurt about it . . . but not tonight. She had something far more important to tell him tonight.

(Continued on following page)

We Feature:

Hollingsworth

Pangburn's

Bale's

CANDIES AND CHOCOLATES

Exclusive with us!

Carolina Pharmacy

Rexall Drug Store

Spring's Here

And Berman's and Florsheim
have a spring shoe collection
here too. Come in today!

BERMAN'S



TRY OUR

Special Pound Cake a la Mode
with Chocolate Sauce

**CAROLINA
COFFEE SHOP**

We Serve the Best
in
Regular Dinners

(Continued from preceding page)

KURT FELT that his nightly excursions over the wall had been a great help in restoring his courage and giving him a healthy outlook on life. He was improving physically too. The hoist up through the hole in the roof had become almost trivial.

This was another one of those exceptionally bright, Alpean nights. It might well have been that other night two months ago. The moon was just as full and there may have been even more stars showing tonight. Of course, the flashlight no longer flickered from the apple tree. They had dispensed with that long ago. But there was the chair propped against the wall. Minna would be right on the other side. He had good news for her; they would soon go to Innsbruck.

From somewhere out on the boulevard came the merry tinkle of an orchestra striking the first bars of a Viennese waltz. Kurt stopped and looked off in that direction. He wasn't searching for anything in particular. Just a quick glance at the domes and spires, the steep angles and S curves of the Austrian architecture silhouetted on the starry sky. That filled out the mood of the music. That was home.

He decided to surprise Minna. She hadn't seen him yet or she would have spoken. Very cautiously, he stepped up on the chair and slid over the wall.

With that movement, Kurt's world . . . the new world he had so bravely started reconstructing . . . collapsed about him. There was just a moment of coherence before his brain was devoured by a rage greater than all the sin of hell. He saw, and understood, that Minna had not yet succumbed. The American had not yet won. Then hate was all over him and the only thing that mattered was to get his hands on the big American.

He advanced. The American said something . . . there was a roaring flash. He heard an awful scream leave his own throat. The ground hit him. It was agony to get up . . . had to get up. Another roaring flash . . .

Jack Marshall didn't really mean it when he told her he would kill the Kraut . . . God, make her stop that wailing. He was only trying to make her see things his way. The Kraut could have saved himself if he had been willing to play ball. They could have struck a deal. That sort of thing didn't make any difference to these Europeans anyway. But the Kraut kept coming at him with that crazy expression on his face. Well, he had only done his duty. He was in the clear . . . but God, he didn't know dead men looked like that!

Later in the night Minna's hysteria spent itself. There wasn't another tear left in her. There would never be any more tears. She didn't know what they would do with her now, but it would be months before the baby came. Kurt's child would not be born in jail. If they didn't let her go she would find a way out before then. Life was worth living, worth fighting for; she had a son to bring up. He would be as strong as his father, but in a different way. She would see to that . . . he would kill lots of Americans . . .

Janitor

(Continued from page 18)

troubled with sweeping out empty liquor bottles because nothing alcoholic is allowed in University dormitories. "Once I thought I smelled some liquor in one of the rooms," he said, "and I ran in quick to catch the fella, but my faith wasn't lost, because it turned out to be only after-shave lotion."

(Continued on page 40)

So Shall It Grow

(Continued from page 9)

his head hard.

"He does swim beautifully," his mother thought as she watched them moving away from the dock with smooth, rhythmic strokes. "Maybe Tim is right about it. I wish I knew for sure."

She watched them until their heads were only specks bobbing on the water, and every time they turned over on their backs to take a rest she waved to them and called out their names.

Rocky saw her waving from the dock and with tired legs kicked up some spray as a return signal. His arms ached and throbbed and his chest felt like a balloon all blown up and ready to burst and he was breathing hard and fast now.

"Let's turn over and make some speed," his father said.

"All right, sir."

His stroke was sloppy now and his kicking legs would hardly break the surface of the water. Pull, down, back, out, pull . . . down . . . back . . . out . . . legs kick . . . arms move . . . breathe in . . . breathe out . . . tiredoh-tiredoh-tired. Just a little farther now . . . just a little farther . . . just . . .

He glanced at the island and suddenly it seemed very far away. Its closeness had been the hope keeping him afloat and now it was gone and he was gone. He floundered and felt himself going far away and his father's hands were around him pulling him to safety and then they were lying on the beach of the island that had seemed so far away.

"Swallow any water, Rocky?" His father's face was serious now. "You should have told me you were that tired. We could have rested longer."

Rocky didn't answer him. He didn't understand; no, he didn't understand. He saw the disappointed look there, but he also saw a new look, puzzled, frightened.

"You're all right, son?"

Rocky nodded his head.

"We won't say anything to your mother. Don't want to disturb her. The truth, though. You decided it was a little far and I carried you in."

Rocky nodded again. He wanted to cry and he felt sick and weak and he wished his mother were there. He closed his eyes tightly.

"We'll try it again when he's had a little more experience. He got a little tired and we made the last few yards together," his father told his mother as they rowed into the dock.

"You're all right, aren't you, Rocky?"

she asked. "You look a little pale."

"I'm all right." He tried to smile at her, but it was hard to when you felt so sick underneath. "I'm fine."

And here was today and another try. All morning long he'd thought about it and he knew he wasn't afraid, only unhappy.

He dove neatly, his slim young body hardly raising a splash. The water felt good and cool and wonderful and his eyes were open and watching the swirling bubbles of the dive rising around him and the sun in the water and the fish along the bottom and then the sand soft under his body. With a quick upward shove, he moved to the surface.

"Did you see him playing under water, Frannie? A regular fish. He'd probably forget to come up for air if I didn't remind him," his father said proudly.

"Do you think you should try to swim that far, Tim? Remember what happened last time. Wouldn't it be better to swim around here than make an endurance race of it?" She looked anxiously at Rocky who was now holding onto the dock for support.

She knows. She understands.

"Don't be silly, Frannie. You don't want to make a sissy out of him, do you?"

Never. Never! A sissy was the worst thing you could ever be. Like Marty Adams next door. Skinny and frail and weak and he wore glasses and never played with anyone. Oh, not a sissy!

His father was beside him in the water now, his large, handsome face close to Rocky's.

You ready, Rocky? We'll try harder to make it this time, won't we?"

Rocky looked above at his mother and above her the sky and behind the green woods and he shook his toes as the minnows nibbled at them, and then he looked down into the water, away from his father, and said:

"Yes, sir. We'll try awful hard this time."

IT'S FRESH DAILY

—o—

Doughnuts
Cookies
Cakes
Pastries
Pies

—o—

If it's fresh, it's delicious.
And who doesn't like a
tempting, mouth-moisten-
ing bit of pastry every
day?

—o—

HILL BAKERY and PASTRY SHOP

124 E. Franklin

*If Your Hair Is Not Becoming to You—
You Should Be Coming to Us.*

THE UNIVERSITY BARBER SHOP

145 E. Franklin St.



SPECIALIZED FOODS

Mrs. Thurston would like to see her Student and Faculty Friends from the University of North Carolina at the Marine Room.

Serving Hours 11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.
5:30 P.M. to 8:00 P.M.

Meals from 65 cents to \$2.00

For Reservation phone Durham F-9493

Fountain hours 7:45 to 5:30 P.M.

Pay 'Em

(Continued from page 5)

The finished product of September, the performance of the team itself, is but the result of what can be advisedly called a year-around business. Knife, fork and portfolio in hand, the coach hits the off-season circuit, in the dual capacity of impressing prospective talent and cajoling old grads into providing the wherewithal for the heavy op-

erating costs of that talent.

It was at one of those January soirees, attended by tired but moneyed businessmen of a large town in this state, that one of the guests of honor took the microphone. He was a former All-American, settled then as line coach at a school at which bigtime football had caught on.

The bromide he dispensed was traditionally supposed to be funny. The grads laughed, at any rate. "Some of the boys (they liked that inference) have been complaining to me that I can't get my line over at Southern college to charge enough," he deadpanned. "I told them, hell, they're charging us more than we can afford already!"

The college men of another day laughed, but later they paid the fee for the chuckle—paid it, semi-willingly, into a fund which might be styled the Education Foundation. Even with the dignity of such a name, that fund would eventually go for the purchase of prime, ration-free beef for fall consumption in the school's massive concrete outdoor showplace.

Thus greenbacked, the coach would take the next step in his manufacturing endeavor. The blast furnace phase of that process might appropriately be done in the steel and coal centers of Ohio and Pennsylvania, where strong-sinewed young men would learn the advantages of a free southern education which might incidentally include football.

Direct scouting is one means of acquiring talent. The coach may be tipped off by a loyal alumnus or a high school mentor (and a successful college coach has many of the latter category in his acquaintance) that Pete Prep, end, 190 pounds, might look well catching passes for Mouthwash U. In which case the

coach will come to town, feel the boy's biceps, have supper with the family, and paint him a pretty picture of why M. U. is the only school for him.

A more complete, systematized operation than such recruiting could not be imagined. In the coach's office is a voluminous card index of every likely upcoming player within the radius of a B-29 of the school. On the card is listed everything short of the religious preference of his maiden aunt. And if that will help in getting him, that will be listed, too.

Once sent along the right path, the young hopeful will be endowed with one of the 25 or 30 scholarships provided for by the Education Foundation pool or from a separate fund contributed by well-wishing college club alumni from his home town.

The boy might be promised tuition, room, board and books and—depending upon his knack at applying the principle of block and tackle—some "further considerations." The catch, and there often may be one, is that he first must prove his talents against some 100 other hefty hopefuls at the school's late summer "tryout camp." At some institutions, fulfillment of promises would not depend on his ability to make the first three teams or whether he is lucky enough to escape injury or scholastic bugaboos. At others, hearts might not be so soft.

Personalities, past performances, often count little. On performance—present tense—the payoff is made, for there is where the payoff must come all along the line. Memories are short. A football player is but a check on a roster.

Last fall, at a school in this state which shall charitably remain unnamed, two former stars of pre-war

Expert:

Watch Repairing

Crystal Fitting

—●—
Godwin
JEWELRY COMPANY
Under Sutton's

years returned after service hitches. They were not as quick in regaining form as they might have been, and were somewhat lost in the shuffle of new faces. They fidgeted out the opening game on the bench. The ensuing Monday there was posted a list of players entitled to training table privileges. It did not include their names. They were told, in effect, "Start producing again and you can eat." They quit the squad.

There have been other returnees who, returning to their colleges, found that they had to prove themselves again before their scholarships were restored. It rankled them, as well it might, to be told that since they were now receiving GI Bill benefits, some of their former promises such as books, etc., would not be returned. This, however, is but a by-product of a system, which, having become big business, must be operated as such. By not making the GI Bill good, colleges have an opportunity to preserve and add to talent-buying fund pools conservatively estimated to approximate, in some cases, \$80,000.

The foregoing represents some of the many undesirable facets of the system as it now stands. Actually the fundamental fault does not lie in the actual subsidization of athletes. It

rests in the esoteric technique of operation, which is not justified by its universal use by all those large schools not crying that wail of the loser, "de-emphasis."

There have been periodic moves to "give the sport back to the boys," but all have approached the problem from the wrong angle and have thus failed. There was the Graham plan, a well-meant, ill-fated idea which hit the Southern conference 12 years ago, and which perished because it overlooked the fact that such an increasingly profitable activity could not be pushed out by utopian, elastic legislation.

Latest wearer of the rose-colored spectacles was the National Collegiate Athletic association, which "resolved" early this year to clean up college sport and to keep coaches in their own back yards as far as talent-hunting was concerned. The toothless resolutions got what they deserved—a laugh—and as yet no one has heard of any coach changing his plans because of them, despite recent jealous sectional word exchanges.

The question of whether college athletes SHOULD be paid is really no question, but whether they WILL be paid is answerable in two words—Of course. There is no authenticated report of any college athlete's having become rich off his university gratuities, and even the most dogmatic moralists and supporters of the sometimes farcical "amateur code" could hardly deny that scholarships are not only admissible but JUST!

The game has been taken away from the boys. For that shed a crocodile tear.

The game has assumed a near-professional aspect. For that, within reasonable grounds, accept the only non-hypocritical salvation and MAKE SUBSIDIZATION LEGAL.

Project

(Continued from page 25)

"Don't you know Stella has a son?" Walter was still worried.

Stella appeared in the doorway with the questionable infant.

"Oh, I told him all about that. It was an immaculate conception."

Mrs. Connell, who is known to have one of the strongest constitutions in possibly the entire world, fainted. The three bachelors were too stunned to pick her up.

Answer?

(Continued from page 11)

This hour will be put away,
Another completed.
I will proceed,
And yet always
At my side
Will be the question.

How shall we answer?
My soul, how shall we answer?

Along this road, myself, a passerby,
A monarch in my eyes.
These three monks,
Divine thieves,
Have stripped me
Of eminence self given.

My soul,
Awake,
Now as a beggar
Pleads in humility.

Three trees in a field I saw,
And for a moment
I stood and I beheld,
Then journeyed on,
A child.

Lovers, like all people who are blind,
develop a wonderful sense of touch.

Remember

MOTHER'S DAY

MAY 11

**Rehder's
Florist
Shop**

Opposite Post Office

Phone 4851

Recently

REMODELED!

*Foods with that palate-
tickling flavor.
For that late snack*

Marathon

Janitors

(Continued from page 36)

He further added that if he ever did hear of any liquor drinking going on in his building, he would quit immediately, because "when students get to drinking they get to singing, and when they get to singing they get to yelling, and pretty soon they get to fighting, and the first thing I know they is breaking windows and spilling blood and making an awful mess. Thank God they is nothing like that going on around here," he said.

Like Carolina teachers, competent broom-men have had their share of tempting offers, too. A recent survey shows that eighty-seven percent of the local mop-jockies have received offers from other universities with promised salary hikes ranging from twenty-nine to forty-six percent increase over their present wage. Many janitors have packed their soap and dustpans and headed for more lucrative campuses, but the majority, like McJones, have refused to have their loyal heads turned in the direction of money-greener pastures.

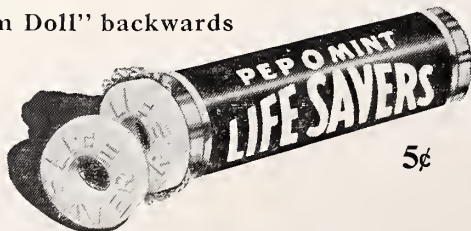
"There's something about the Old Well at sunset and the Bell Tower at dawn that gets into a man," McJones said, "but I ain't no poetry man. All I know is that I like Chapel Hill and, what the hell, money ain't everything." He paused for a moment, looked in the direction of the Old Well, then the Bell Tower, and added, "damn near, though."

Are you a
*Llod maerd**



Does your poise rate zero when you hear "hubba-hubba"? Do you look over-anxious when the stag line stares? That's no way for a dream doll to click! Relax, instead! Munch on a yummy Life Saver. They're such wonderful little tension-breakers. They keep your breath sweet, too.

* "Dream Doll" backwards



"Is your roommate broadminded?"
"Say, that's all he thinks of."

KEEN LARSTEN, Box 717
Send in your jokes for contest.

WE DON'T EXACTLY ADVISE THAT YOU LIVE ON A HORSE...



... however, we do think you'll find frequent riding
at the CAROLINA STABLES a pleasant break
from classroom routine.

- Horseback Riding
- Riding Instructions
- Hayrides
- Horses Boarded

CAROLINA STABLES

10 minutes from Chapel Hill on Durham Road
by car or bus



Your Shopping Center for
Swim Wear and Play Clothes of Distinction for College Men and Women

Varsity

Ladies' Swim Wear — Second Floor

Men's Swim Wear — First Floor

VOTED TOPS!

CHESTERFIELD
THE LARGEST SELLING CIGARETTE
IN AMERICA'S COLLEGES
(BY NATION-WIDE SURVEY)

*- Yes we're up
on our **ABC's***

A ALWAYS Milder
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING

Always **B**uy **C**HESTERFIELD

ALL OVER AMERICA - THEY'RE TOPS - *They Satisfy*

Copyright 1947, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

CAROLINA MAG

—ESTABLISHED—
EIGHTEEN FORTY-FOUR



Contributors:

B. Payeff

J. Shumaker

E. Allen

A. Coed

C. Ossinsky

T. Hodgson

B. Carmichael

M. Tully

J. Beavers

C. Joyner

and Others

25 Cents

MAY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

He's one of America's polo "greats"—Texas-barn Cecil Smith. Veteran of many a famous international match.



Cecil Smith
FAMOUS
INTERNATIONAL
POLO STAR

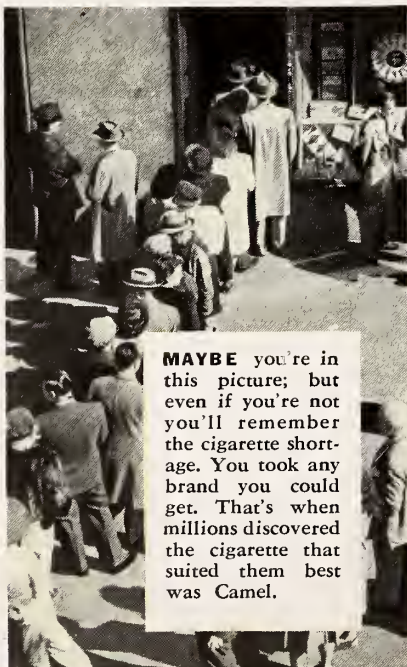
Cecil Smith practically "grew up" with horses; and he's as sure-seated on a pany as he is a sure shot with his mallet.



**EXPERIENCE IS
THE BEST TEACHER**
IN POLO...AND
IN CIGARETTES!
CAMELS SUIT ME
BEST!

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality.



MAYBE you're in this picture; but even if you're not you'll remember the cigarette shortage. You took any brand you could get. That's when millions discovered the cigarette that suited them best was Camel.

LET POLO STAR Cecil Smith tell you in his own words: "That cigarette shortage was a real experience. That's when I learned how much I really appreciated Camels!"

Yes, a lot of smokers found themselves comparing brands during that

shortage. Result: Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before in history. But, no matter how great the demand:

We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.



**YOUR 'T-ZONE'
WILL TELL YOU...**

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a 'T'.



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



Dance Under The Stars!

The TERRACE VIEW SUPPER CLUB presents its magnificent Roof Gardens—bigger and better than ever before with new modern conveniences.



The management presents for your entertainment
NORMAN DELANCY and his all-star
quartet, featuring:

Bob Farris, piano

"Stoop" Benton, drums

"Hoss" Hinton, bass

Harry Shipman, saxophone

Notice: The main dining room will be available for private parties every day except Friday and Saturday.

Fun — Food — Service



Terrace View Supper Club



Route 54

Couples Only

Greensboro Highway

Hands Across The Typewriter

by MARCUS TULLY

SINCE this is supposed to be a humor issue of something or other, we have decided to include an article about the most subtly humorous publication in the world—the Carolina Mag.

Almost everyone gets a big laugh out of the Mag, and we can see why they do. Capable, efficient, hard-working Editor Fred Jacobson is just about as subtle as they come; while Jud Kinberg, the capable, efficient, hard-working Managing Editor, is even subtler.

These two fine humorists, together with their capable, efficient, hard-working staffs, have certainly done an outstanding job on the Carolina Mag this year.

Last year, the Mag was totally defunct; but when Fred Jacobson came into office last September, he girded up his capable, efficient, hard-working loins, and went right to work. Being subtle by nature, as we have already intimated, Editor Jacobson announced to the breathless Daily Tar Heel staff that he was going to put out a magazine of exceptional literary and artistic value. The Daily Tar Heel staff congratulated Fred, and Fred graciously returned the compliment by congratulating the Daily Tar Heel staff.

At this touching union of the two groups of literati, Editor Bill Woestendiek of the Daily Tar Heel was heard to say: "I am very happy."

Fred complimented Bill on his happiness and sunny nature. Bill complimented Fred on putting out a magazine of serious literary and artistic value. That night they took tea together.

The months passed and the DTH's and the Carolina Mag burned steadily in the fireplaces of the local fraternity houses. Campus barbarians were not so lucky however, since their dormitories were not equipped with fireplaces. Despite this fact, the ingenuity of the Lower Quad residents came to the fore, and the two superb publications were utilized in a manner which brought much praise from the numerous Sanitation Inspectors who passed through Chapel Hill from time to time.

Realizing that their publications had reached the supreme pinnacle of subtle humor; capable, efficient, hard-working Editor Fred said to capable, efficient, hard-working Managing Editor Jud: "Congratulations, Jud."

Jud, visibly moved by this justly deserved praise, answered: "Congratulations, Fred."

That night they took tea together.

The next day, capable, efficient, hard-working Editor Bill walked into the Mag office. Everybody stopped what they were doing and congratulated Bill on general principles. They asked Bill if his staff had cleaned up any more international issues, since they worked out that mess in the Balkans so well last week. Editor Bill said no, but that there was a good possibility that he would figure out the Atomic Bomb question anyday now. Editor Fred and the rest of the hard-working, capable, efficient Mag staff congratulated Editor Bill. "You're a good editor," they said.

"Thanks," answered Editor Bill. "You're a good editor too, Fred."

"I'm a good editor too, fellows," echoed capable, hard-working, efficient Roland Giduz, the DTH managing editor.

Everybody congratulated each other, and exchanged their copies of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Then, they had a beer party and issued each other publication keys.

By this time, the fame of the Carolina Mag and the Daily Tar Heel had spread far and wide. Editor Fred sent fifty copies of the Carolina Mag to the editor of the *Police Gazette*. The editor of the *Police Gazette* was so pleased with them he wrote Editor Fred a letter which read like this: "Thanks for the fifty copies of the Carolina Mag."

Overwhelmed by such effusive praise, the Carolina Mag staff held a banquet and invited the Daily Tar Heel boys. Everybody congratulated Editor Fred, and in the next morning DTH was his picture. Gosh, but the capable, efficient, hard-working members were happy!

When the campus elections finally rolled around, the Carolina Mag was more subtle than ever and the DTH was knocking off difficult international problems right and left.

The Ladies Golden Rule Social Uplift Society of Dubuque, Iowa sent Editor Fred a tract on "The Evils of Strong Drink." Editor Fred showed the tract to Editor Bill.

"You've gotten national recognition, Fred," said Editor Bill.

"You're a good editor too, Bill," replied Editor Fred.

Managing Editor Roland didn't like being left out. He said: "I'm a good editor too, fellows."

That night, they all got together and had staff meetings.

The DTH staff said, "We endorse Editor Fred."

The Mag staff said, "We endorse Editor Bill."

Then everybody endorsed each other for all sorts of things. Most of all however, they congratulated Editor Fred on being such a fine humorist and Editor Bill for solving all those nasty international situations.

Now the moral of this story is that if everyone were as friendly as Editor Fred and Editor Bill, there would be a lot more subtle humor in this world. Oh yes, we forgot to mention. Managing Editor Roland is a fine editor, too.

2 Brew Bin Atem

by CHARLIE JOYNER

2 Brew Bin Atem (his imbibing cease!)

Awoke one night from a stupor of PEACE,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,

Making it reek like a barkeep's tomb,

A pink elephant writing on a long black scroll:

Exceeding booze had made Bin Atem bold,

And to the Thing in the room he said,

"What writest thou, Bub?" The creature raised it's head,

And with a look which struck Bin Atem dumb

Answered, "The names of those who love their rum."

"And is mine one?" said 2Brew. "Nay, not so,"

Replied the gremlin. 2Brew spoke more low,

But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,

Write me as one who loves his gin!"

The gremlin wrote, and vanished. The next night

It came again with a great wakening light,

And showed the names whom love of booze had banned,

In bold print was, "2Brew—CAROLINA MAN!"

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Established 1844

May, 1947

EDITOR FOR THIS ISSUE: TOOKIE HODGSON

Editor ex-officio: Fred Jacobson

Business Manager: Ben Perlmutter

Associate Editors: Proff. J. Shumaker

Dr. Bill Payeff

Hon. Clyde Stallings

Rt. Rev. J. Ryberg

Mdme. C. Ossinsky

Art Editors: G. Conrad, Tom Wharton, Clyde Stallings

Technicians: J. Kinberg, Peter Gerns, Marcus Tully

Moral Advisers: B. Woestendiek, F. Jacobson



Let's Go, Carolina!

One of our sometime correspondents reports that an article appearing in the National Association of Brewers' periodical of a few months ago, dealing with the per capita consumption of the "Golden Goodness" at American colleges and universities, listed Carolina as second from the top.

Only the effete country clubmen of Princeton can boast of having swilled more brew during the past year than the local malt-lovers. Virginia, M.I.T., and Wisconsin, although high on the list do not even come close to Carolina's enviable record, while Duke, being prone to "Pink Ladies" and other such alcoholic trivia, is not even in the running.

Now, we are not sure what stand Old South will take on all this business, but nevertheless, we wish to take the lead in embarking on a campaign of some sort. We most heartily suggest that all thirsty Tar Heels adopt the battle-cry "Beat Dook and Princeton. Enough said! Brew lovers, man your mugs!

Strictly Moral

In accordance with the wishes of a few deans and the Chapel Hill Watch and Ward Society, we have kept this issue strictly moral. This was not easy, as a number of local coeds turned in material which turned our ears a flaming vermillion. We have, however, resisted the offensive females to a remarkable degree, and we can state here and now that *anybody's* sixteen year-old daughter can read *our* magazine without the slightest danger of having the popular and beloved theory of the stork explode in her face.

With the aid of several people, especially chosen for their rigorous morality, we have come upon a highly satisfactory method of separating the filth from the pure and unsullied. All material is submitted to a lovely young coed. If the coed likes the stuff, we burn it and scatter the ashes. If the coed is non-committal, we type the stuff out on tissue paper and surreptitiously sell copies to poolroom habitués. If the coed is frankly bored by the material, we go ahead and print it, making sure that our valise is packed and a getaway car is in constant readiness. After all, no system is fool proof!

Fetzer, Take Notice!!

"Little Jack Stallings took first place in the sophomore intramural mile event at Durham High yesterday morning with the time of II seconds. This was the first event of the Bulldogs' Spring intramural program."

... PAGE THREE

"Make That Two Lumps Of Sugar Please"

by EDDIE ALLEN



STRAW-skimmered Maurice Chevalier, the Gallic grandpappy of swoon crooners, still wows audiences with a dulcet little ditty that proclaims, "Paree, capitale du monde," which freely translated means that Paris is one helluva town.

Meanwhile, still chanting an anglicized version of that tune are University adherents who made last January's memorable trek to New Orleans' Roosevelt Bar, French Quarter, and—oh, yes—Sugar Bowl game. I say still chanting, because for reasons known best by Coach Carl Snavely, they cherish hopes of going again, come next New Year's, to that Gulf wonderland of exotic women, imitation absinthe and classic football struggles.

The now-forbidden roses of California are red, but for ambitious collegiate grid teams, Sugar—Louisiana brand—is mighty sweet. So sweet that no team has yet been given the pleasure of going bowling in New Orleans two years running. But Carolina bon vivants, who dearly love to take their autumnal sport with ice and gingerale in thermosed form, are seeing—with reason—a repeat performance for the even-stronger UNC footballers.

There was no justice in New Orleans Jan. 1, 1947, when Official Gabe Hill failed to play drop the handkerchief on cue and thus handed Georgia a 20-10 victory on a tarnished platter. But there will be Justice, he of the Biltmore, N. C., Justices, back in the Tar Heel lineup should Carolina pull a MacArthur.

There are a few catches to realization of Carolina's moonings. Ten, to be exact—ten possible detours over one of the most rut-studded schedules in the school's history. First it's Georgia again, those redshirted and red hot Bulldogs in an opening game to end all opening games in Kenan Stadium. Mr. Trippi, of sour memory (to us) of the season past, has since tripped on a Chicago Cardinal pro bank dividend and no longer will be mentioned for every All-American. But in his place is a piston-legged young man named John Rauch, and they say you can't notice the difference even with your bifocals.

Then after that it's across the alley from the Alamo for the Tar Heels, with a junket to Austin, Texas, for an intersectional bulldogging act against the University of Texas' Longhorns. The Alamo Alley in question likely will prove no Layne of tulips for the Blue and White, since a gent named Bobby Layne with a slingshot for an arm returns with a goodly number of last year's mastadons.

Following those two sturdy appetizers the gridiron menu lists Deacon Saute, Terrapin Sauce, Dandelioned Rube a la Cow College, Gator Souffle, Williamsburg Pudding, Volunteer Demi-Tasse, Devil Eclair and After-Dinner Cavalier. All of which is another way of saying, according to Chef Morty Schaap: Wake Forest, Maryland, N. C. State, Florida, William and Mary, Tennessee, Duke and Virginia.

Any lesser disciple of the stygian night than Coach Carl Snavely would have even now become a hospital case with such a card in prospect. As it is, the Fox is his usual grim and gray self, a sure sign that the clouds might have a silver lining, both the intangible sort and the kind that clinks melodically into the coffers of a winning football school. For with the first winds of autumn, any coach who holds his nose when prospects are mentioned usually winds up holding all the marbles when the November results are in.

Like the department store jobber, Mr. Snavely, there can be no doubt, will have the goods this year. Whether opponents will believe what they read in the papers remains to be seen, but Gridiron Gabe Heatters presumably will be mouthing "There's good news tonight," in referring to almost all of Carolina's Saturday soirees.

Alumni who plead for single touchdowns in the dark war year lapse will be satisfied with nothing short of national sunbeams this time out. The Tar Heels, to put it mildly, are on the spot. Yeah, like Johnny.

Sign in a Chapel Hill real estate office: "Get Lots While You're Young."

Hail, Alma Mater

Or: The True History of the Founding of Our Noble Institution

by JAMES SHUMAKER

TWO cigarettes and a bob due West of Carrboro, between two captivating mounds of clay and directly facing sometimes-sunny Carolina skies, lies a hole in the ground. This cavity has been the womb of many and a few sordid rumors; some are as earthy and red as the soil that spawned them, while others, lacking the vitality that lends credence, have gone the way of all other things lacking life. . .ugh. . .to the grave.

One legend that persists and taunts realness with its own reality is the story of the men who once worked this quarry, and the profound effect that they, quite unintentionally, had on history. The origins of this history have been for many years past shrouded and purposely obscured, but thanks to the indefatigable efforts on the part of an abstract group of chiropractors in unearthing this earth-shaking mass of data, the circumstances surrounding the true origin of our cloister can now be told.

The quarry workers, it seems, would fetch the rock from the bowels of the earth much in the same manner that one would fetch the wax from one's ear, and load it onto wagons to be driven to Durham, a grimy little hamlet some fourteen miles distant. Barely two miles from this quarry on the Durham road, lived a radically loose woman intimately known to the workers as "University." It was often necessary, when they had progressed the first two miles of the arduous journey, for the workers to take their ease in and about the place of "University." "University," being a highly industrialized female and something of an entrepreneur took it as her lot to feed the men and minister to their acute mundane needs. In these ministrations "University" was ably abetted by Saddlepants Prettyfew, a long time Hill resident, who would from the workers in a single line and at times direct wayfaring strangers. For these favors University and Saddlepants received a set fee of two blocks of gran-

ite per man per month. The years passing, University and Saddlepants noted that the rocks were beginning to pile up, so in a moment of desperation, University unloaded her rocks on a state senator who happened to be vacationing at Hogan's Lake with his red-headed secretary. Later lapsing into sobriety, the senator cannily decided that the state was badly in need of his rocks. At great sacrifice to himself and imbued with a deep sense of public service, he in turn unload-



ed his rocks on the state for a paltry seventy thousand dollars and retired with his secretary to South Georgia.

For years the rocks remained unnoticed, used only by a roving band of mongrels led by a dapper animal named Dan as a retreat when in heat. This may in part explain the presence of certain ogres even now roaming "Tradition Lane," long considered extinct by the civilized world. As fate would have it, University and Saddlepants were later indicted by the N. C. State Supreme Court for misappropriating government assets when they stoned a touring medicine man with the state's rocks. The eyes of N. C. and the nation were focused on the rise between Carrboro and Durham throughout the sensational trial in which University and Saddlepants were instructed to stack the rocks in neat piles as retribution for their crime.

A second senator enroute to Hogan's Lake (but he with a lady osteopath from Frog Level) perceived the ladies' handiwork and straightway decided that it would be an ideal spot to hide his simple-minded son during the coming campaign. This inspiration caught fire immediately and soon the little hill was swarming with grinning idiots from all over the state. As the community mushroomed, it was hit upon to designate certain elderly men, who had been a trifle touched in their youth but whom senility had tempered as they approached the winter of their life, as councilors. These aged men later came to be known as professors.

University and Saddlepants sensed the trend and after wisely considering the unlimited possibilities offered by this little community of nit-wits, began to direct their attention to the councilors and their wards. At first the quarry workers grumbled about their unprecedented lack of attention, but as the profits began to come in University would sponsor one worker at a time in any business of his own choosing with the one stipulation that it would be located on the little

(Continued on page 19)



H.K. Private

Really, Marc Antony, I'm not prone to discuss politics.

Atmosphere

by JAMES L. BEAVERS II

THERE was a loud, hollow *tok* as McSweeney clouted the oak tree forehead foremost. Farragut helped him up. "What the hell was that damned tree doing in the middle of this damned walk?" McSweeney demanded, pushing Farragut's assisting hand away from his coat-sleeve and brushing himself dazedly.

"That makes for atmosphere," replied Farragut, who had been on the campus long enough to know better than to get out at night without a seeing-eye dog. (When caught without a dog handy, he crept across the campus stiff-arming the oak trees.) "It creates campus atmosphere or village atmosphere, or some damn thing. I forget."

"Atmosphere my navel!" exclaimed McSweeney, sniffing the night air contemptuously, though somewhat experimentally. There was nothing to distinguish it from any other air except a permeating aroma which clearly established the presence of squirrels. "You can buy this kind of atmosphere in croaker sacks at the farmer's market. And *without* oak trees." Snorting explosively, he stalked down the path toward the lighted thoroughfare. Farragut hurried after him.

"You oughtn't to feel this way, McSweeney. These people love their oak trees. They love them squirrels, too. It all gives a sort of ivy-colored atmos—a ivy-covered *air* to the place."

McSweeney merely snorted, so Farragut continued. "This is a communal meeting-place of the state's great intellectuals. These people are artists, scientists, great social thinkers. Why, we have some of the state's pettiest politicians right here on the campus!" Farragut announced proudly. "And with you just coming out of the Army and starting your college life afresh, like it were, you should make an effort to adjust yourself."

"I am still having trouble adjusting my head to fit that oak tree back there," McSweeney said dryly, "let alone adjusting myself to every crackpot in this here sheepskin emporium." At this point, the two friends found themselves in front of a popular local bistro. "Let's get a beer!" said McSweeney. "You talked me into it," replied Farragut.

They stepped over several second-year men lying athwart the doorway and fought their way through successive layers of smoke until the indistinct outline of the counter became visible. Farragut enterprisingly forged ahead to the bar and shouted "Two beers!" over the din. A form reacted in the haze, moved about briskly, causing swirls in the overcast, and two frosty bottles materialized in front of him. Farragut tossed thirty-six cents into the nearest cloud, and a cash register opened somewhere. He came about, took McSweeney by the arm, and they made their way to a booth that was vacant except for a couple who were exploring each other's esophagi.

"Let's sit here," said Farragut. "We can talk privately here."

"What about them?" asked McSweeney, indicating the couple to his right.

"Oh, they won't bother us," Farragut demurred. "He's so busy trying to—to make her acquaintance that they will never know we're here." McSweeney shrugged, swallowed half his beer in one gulp.

"Is this all that people do here?" he queried, glancing around the room with a look of incredulity. "Don't they ever study?"



"I beg your pardon," Farragut said politely, leaning over the table, "I didn't quite catch that last. What was that last word?"

"Study."

In a flash Farragut climbed over the table and placed himself between McSweeney and the couple. He glanced around furtively and practically climbed into McSweeney's ear. "For God's sake!" he whispered hoarsely, "don't ever say that aloud around here! What do you want to be taken for—a reactionary?" Then he clapped his hand over his mouth and looked around frantically—wild-eyed.

"Reactionary? What's a reactionary?" McSweeney demanded in a loud, annoyed voice. Farragut scaled up the side of the wall in sheer horror. The noisy room had become deathly still in one instant. All eyes turned in their direction. In the back of the booth just in front of them, two wisps of smoke arose, and to McSweeney's total amazement, holes appeared, behind which was a pair of inflamed eyeballs. Even the two lovers broke apart, after some difficulty on the part of the boy in disengaging his lower lip.

The silence was deafening. Farragut released his clutch on the molding and came crashing down on the table. His face was paste-white. "Comrades," he began, "this man did not know what he was saying. He is one of the uninitiated." He was pleading. He dropped to one knee. "My comrades, he does not know Lenin from a table-cloth. He does not know a proletariat from a (ugh!) capitalist. He does not know his class from a hole in the ground. So soon yet, not from a hole in the ground, already." Farragut sobbed brokenly, bowed his head on his knee, clasped his hands before him. "Spare him," he muttered in a voice choked with emotion.

A seedy-looking individual wearing a blue workman's shirt with a green tie that had big, slanting red stripes in it looked coldly at Farragut's dejected figure, then at the amazed McSweeney. "Ptui," he said. He gave McSweeney a long hard look, then turned and spat in the rubble on the floor.

McSweeney downed the remainder of his beer, arose quietly. He looked at the individual who had spat. He was wearing a battered tweed cap. McSweeney grasped the beer bottle around the neck with his right hand, and conked him with the bottle. Still looking coldly at McSweeney, the individual with several new herringbones evident in his tweed cap, slid fluidly down beneath the table. Grunts of

admiration arose throughout the room. Somebody brought McSweeney another bottle of beer. The juke box blared out "Come to Me My Liberal-Minded Baby." Farragut leaped to his feet atop the table, put his hand inside his coat, and pulled out the American flag on a shade roller. There was a rousing chorus of "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" and McSweeney felt someone trying to lift him shoulder-high. He looked around. It was the girl who had been involved in the zoological field trip in his booth. "Let's go out and see if you're really a conservative," she murmured. McSweeney grasped her about the girdle and made for the back exit, but Farragut intervened and pulled him back to the booth. The girl shrugged and turned back to her erstwhile partner, who was nervously trying to stuff his lower lip back into shape. He shrieked and cringed as the girl approached him, but his knees wouldn't support him and he fell into her arms. She chortled evilly and had at him. The din resumed and reached an even higher pitch. Clouds of blue smoke rolled over the floor.



Farragut sat with his chin in his hand, nursing his beer and shaking his head in absent reflection. "The canniest political move I've ever seen," he said finally, smiting the table with a clenched fist. "With one simple little gesture like bashing somebody's head in, you've cleared the political scene completely. Your action has swung the liberals and the reactionaries into the same line, presenting a solid front against the Super-liberals. They cannot stand."

"Cannot they?" asked McSweeney mildly. "Who cannot stand and why?"

"Can't you see it all?" demanded Farragut. "Your display of the fundamental weaknesses of the party heads—. It's so—. Well, they can't stand because you've cleared the atmosphere."

"Oh, that," McSweeney said in distasteful comprehension. "Hell, I can't stand the atmosphere either. Let's get out of here."

They got up to leave. McSweeney leaned over the osculating couple and nudged the girl. "If you're still interested, look me up in 309 Hives Hall." He winked knowingly. The girl tried to answer, gurgled, and nodded her head emphatically.

Arm-in-arm, having decided the political complexion of the campus for at least twenty-four hours, the two comrades walked boldly into the night over the quagmire pathways, each with one arm outstretched to protect them from the atmosphere.

Paging Terpsichore!



A few days ago, while perusing the society page of the Charlotte Observer, we came across a little social tid-bit which we think is deserving of some comment. The announcement, which was datemarked from Belmont, N. C., runs in part, as follows:

"The Sacred Heart College girls are planning a 'Ship Wreck' dance, it was stated by Sophomore Class President Dot Robbins. Carrying the theme of the dance in mind of "Come as you were when the ship went down," it represents a new trend in modern dances."

First of all, we want to get over the idea that we, personally, are all for these here modern trends. Fast automobiles, cocktails, modern plumbing, and canned beer, are as agreeable to us as anybody else. However, we just can't seem to get enthusiastic over this "Ship Wreck" dance. We have our reasons too.

For instance, we think of ourselves as singularly modest folk. It certainly wouldn't set too well with us, therefore, to show up at the Sacred Heart Sophomores' dance attired solely in a decrepit, old life preserver. For that matter, the scanty cover provided by our Sears-Roebuck nightshirt would not suffice either.

Of course, there are one or two things about this type of modern dance we sort of like. If the girls came as *they* were when the ship went down, we wouldn't object one little bit. Also, we can't think of anything more novel and exciting than to float into the Sacred Heart ballroom on a collapsible rubber raft. All in all, though, a "Ship Wreck" dance seems to us just a little slow. Why not have "Come as you were when the beer ran out" dance, or better still, a "Come as you were when we beat Dook" dance. Things would be just about as wet as in a shipwreck and you could wear all the clothes you wanted.

Pi Phi: "That's a pretty dress you have on."

Tri Delt: "Yes, I only wear it to teas."

Pi Phi: "Whom?"

ATO: "Is this ice cream pure?"

Waitress: "Pure as the girl of your dreams."

ATO: "Gimme a pack of cigarettes."

A modern boy is one who knows what she wants when she wants it.

The Dean's Edict

by TOOKIE HODGSON



THE membership of the Inky Dinkee Doo Fraternity was plunged into the deepest gloom. Never had the future of the fraternity looked so black. Truly, some insidious evil had infested the brother's usually hilarious spirts, rendering them apathetic to everything but gambling, drinking, dancing, and loose women.

A tenseness, accented by the crack of the pledgemaster's bull whip, pervaded the atmosphere. Low moans arose from the pledges grovelling on the floor as the whip cracked closer and closer to their elevated posteriors. The pledgemaster, sneering, drew back his brawny arm for a final, direct-contact blow. But before the eleven foot rawhide thong could descend and take its awful toll, a voice rang out—clear and authoritative.

"Aw lay off them punks, Chauncey. Whippin' them boobs ain't gonna help us out none."

"As you say, President Sinkhole," replied Chauncey, placing his bullwhip in a gold and morrocco carrying case. "But I think we ought to tie 'em up by their thumbs for a while, jest to teach 'em a little respect for us full-fledged members. Why, last night when I took over one of the pleges's dates, the punk acted downright resentful about it!"

A horrible gasp arose from the membership in protest at this unprecedented display of impertinence by a pledge, but with a wave of his well-manicured hand, Seymour Sinkhole XIII, President of Inka Dinka Doo, quieted the passions of his flock.

"I admit that a grave injury has been done you, Brother Chauncey," began Seymour, "but I feel that we must con-

sider at this time a problem of a much more serious nature—that of the Dean's drastic curtailment of fraternity social functions."

"What the hell has that feller gone and done now?" exclaimed Moneybags O'Toole, the fraternity treasurer. Everybody looked at Moneybags. They always looked at Moneybags. Any day now, they suspected him to depart by plane for Mexico City with the Chapter's exchequer.

"An awful thing," responded Seymour in a majestic voice. "The dean has issued an edict which seriously endangers the personal liberty guaranteed to us by the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights. Aided and abetted by the campus communists, that foul fiend in Old South Building has limited us to twelve formal dances, six houseparties, twenty-two receptions, and fifty-four beer busts per quarter!"

"No! No!" cried the Inkie Dinka Doos, rolling their eyes, tearing their hair, and beating their heads against the floor in anguished protest.

"Brothers!" shouted Gladhand McSneard, the politician of the chapter, "This is a matter of the most momentuous import. Shall we, the fairest flower of young manhood, become abject slaves to the totalitarian regime of Old South?"

"I objects to Brother McSneard's use of them big words. Jest because he's been a freshman nine quarters longer than the rest of us don't give him no leave to flout his eddication in our faces!"

"Hear! Hear!" responded the assemblage justly censuring the Chapter's politician for his unwitting faux pas.

"Brothers," exclaimed Seymour Sinkhole, who had again gained the rostrum. "It's up to us to appear before the Dean and demand our rights. Are we going to accept this arbitrary ruling and lose our self-respect!"

"Yes," exclaimed twelve brothers who were on probation.

"No," exclaimed twelve more brothers who had talked to the dean and knew they were going to be kicked out of school at the end of the term anyway.

"Well, well!" remarked Seymour. "I see that there is a tie vote here. That means we shall have to accomplish our plan by some other method."

"What about getting the Inter-Fraternity Council to intercede for us with the dean?" asked Hemlock Lumpump, the chapter secretary.

"We've been kicked out of the Inter-Fraternity Council," replied Seymour.

"Well then, how about getting the Pan-Hellenic Council to circulate a petition for us."

"Every sorority on the campus has blackballed us."

"Well, anyway, let's all go down to South Bldg. and see what's going on," wearily suggested Hemlock.

"We can't do that, either," answered Seymour. "The sheriff's outside waiting to dispossess us for not paying our taxes."

"Never mind," said Moneybags O'Toole. "We can go out the back door."

"The hell you say!" exclaimed Seymour. "Some girl's father is waiting out there with a shotgun!"

"Which girl's old man?" quavered Ambrosia Smithers, the impresario of the boudoir.

"Your girl's old man," Seymour Sinkhole stoically replied.

"Who here will be my best man?" moaned Brother Ambrosia, donning morning clothes for the forthcoming nuptials.

"Enough of this folderol!" quoth President Sinkhole. "We have work to do if we are to circumvent the Dean's insidious ruling. Now, as you all know, the Dean, like any other human, has a weakness. We must exploit this weakness if we are to have our way!"

"What is the Dean's weakness, Seymour?" chorused the membership, laying aside their strychnine capsules.

"I shall tell you," began Seymour Sinkhole XIII in an anecdotal fashion.

"When the Dean was a student here, he wanted more than anything else in the world to belong to the Pewter Potters, which is, as you well know, the leading honorary fraternity on the campus. Well, the Pewter Potters, being busily engaged in such eleesomynary activities as throwing free beer busts for deserving female juvenile delinquents and painting up Dook, took no notice of the Dean.

For many years now, the Dean has felt bitter about being left out of the Pewter Potters, and I feel sure that if Inka Dinka Doo could arrange it so that the old boy got a bid to that noble organization, he would feel most kindly towards us and would rescind his objectionable ruling.

"Here! HERE!" responded the brothers, hailing President Sinkhole as a true hero of the Cause.

"Tell me," asked Brother Gladhand McSneard, "how are we going to bring all this about?"

"It's really quite simple," replied Seymour. "All we have to do is to swipe a pewter bedchamber from the infirmary, send it to the Dean with our compliments, and sit back and wait for his reactions."

"Let's go!" shouted the Inka Dinka Doos, responding to Seymour's plan with alacrity unbeknown to common folk. And inside of a minute the entire membership had climbed the chimney, attained the roof, and jumped for safety to the ground below.

With great rapidity, they surged down upon the infirmary, seized a likely looking pewter vessel, and carried it over to the Dean's house.

The days passed all too slowly for the anxious fraternity men. Finally a letter arrived from the Dean's office. With trembling hands, President Seymour Sinkhole XIII opened the epistle and began to read. "My God," he exclaimed. "We have failed!"

"The Dean has turned down our cleverly-contrived invitation to Pewter Potter."

"Why? Why?" chorused the multitude.

"The Dean," solemnly announced Sinkhole, "is a man devoted to THE NEW SOUTH. In keeping with his sociological convictions, he has eschewed the use of chamber pots and outhouses for the more functional and sanitary modern plumbing. As far as the Dean and THE NEW SOUTH are concerned, pewter pots are out!"

A low moan arose from the brothers, as they began committing hari-kari all over the premises.

"All is lost" quoth Seymour Sinkhole, as he donned the sackcloth and ashes of a lower quad barbarian.

Thus it was, that aristocracy flew out the window when plumbing came in the door. The only moral to this tale, as far as we can see, is never start anything you can't finish.

The Fiend Of The Infirmary

A Melancholy Medical Melodrama

by BILL PAYEFF

LOCK the door, Chlodine, we got company!" giggled the two-headed intern, putting flannel pads on my wrists and ankles so that the cuffs would not cause any irritation. "Watch him try to tell us that he has a slight cold and can only stay a few days."

"Yes sir, a cold is what I have and I thought that—"

"Are you a veteran, son?" demanded both heads simultaneously.

"Why yes sirs I am and I—"

"Son, be sensible. You don't really think that the government is paying you sixty-five a month to think, do you? 'Course not, 'course not. And incidentally, Chlodine, put him down for an extra three days. That's the fine for diagnosing your own case. It's hard enough trying to get a patient up here to get a little practice, but then they try to tell you what's wrong with them. I'll have to write South Building about that."

"Sir," I began, "on this field trip in Botany last Wed—"

"Never mind, son. You're not yourself. In a few months you'll be up and around with your delirious rantings forgotten. Chlodine, notify the Veterans Administration that the lad is here and in safe hands. Also have his check transferred to the Infirmary. Hmmm. A most—most interesting case."

Chlodine removed her skull cap and rode me upstairs piggy-back, depositing me gently into an immaculately clean bed. Several other students were in the room, all asleep. One boy's bed was completely surrounded by a wire cage anchored securely to the floor with railroad spikes. Another bed near the door was likewise anchored to the floor and was minus the cage. There was, however, a deep moat with a drawbridge passing into the corridor near the telephone. Two huge guards stood at parade rest across the moat holding well oiled sub-machine guns. Several menacing looking dorsal fins sliced through the green water in the moat.

"Hemoglobin!" shouted Chlodine, and the drawbridge lowered, allowing her to pass over. "See you tomorrow, dearie! And don't try to get out of bed. Wilbur and Hugo are dying for some target practice. Dr. Eniru ain't so bad when he ain't havin' one of his spells. He's got two heads which makes it so's you don't need a consultation. No other intern can make that statement. Pleasant dreams, dearie, and don't try any funny stuff. I get tired of filling out accident reports and besides, it looks bad on the books."

"I have a little fever, nurse, and my . . ." Chlodine had vanished. Wearily I dozed off, only to be awakened suddenly by a terrifying scream. The boy in the cage bounced his water cup against the bars and laughed hysterically.

"That's Gertrude on the third floor. They tell her every day that those bars in the windows are electrically charged but Gertrude never seems to learn. She keeps telling 'em she's a visitor! Now ain't that silly as hell? Everybody knows there never has been a visitor up here since Dewey Dorsett sneaked in last year to campaign in the Spring elections. Go to sleep, buddy. I can tell you're new and you've got a tough grind ahead of you tomorrow." He curled his whiskers under his head and was soon asleep.

Me, I couldn't sleep. My tortured mind kept recalling the fateful words of my father on that eventful night be-

fore I journeyed up to Carolina. If only I had listened to Father! But I was so damned headstrong. That gentle old man, so cultured, so practical, so full of wisdom, so full of . . . ah well, why reminisce? A lump arose in my throat. How well I remember that September evening. It was approaching midnight and . . .

"You, my boy, are nine good reasons for Birth Control," screamed Father hoarsely, "and I'm not even thinking hard." He deposited his last quarter into the slot machine and optimistically removed his chartreuse beret.

"Stop throwing that half-raw meat into Sunstrom's cage, son," giggled Mother, "and pay attention to your father when he speaks to you." Sunstrom gnashed his teeth viciously and I shivered, thinking of the time when Mother had turned the switch opening my brother's cage thinking it was the one for Father's electric train. Perceiving the gravity of the situation, I coyly bit my lip and snickered into Mother's ear. I knew better than to argue with Father when one of his moods beset him. I know which side my punperrickle was buttered on.

Mother gave me a knowing smile and gurgled something that sounded vaguely like "Set 'em up in the other alley" and crept silently into the cellar. I haven't seen her since. My parents are such a strange combination. My father dominating, proud, my mother, shy and reticent. But Father never regretted his marriage. From some of the names he calls Sunstrom and me, I doubt if he ever went through with the ceremony. I checked my sundial. It was two minutes and fifteen seconds before midnight. Father and I synchronized our dials. Another Father to Son talk. How I loved those monologues.

"Step out on the veranda, Grotto," said Father, carefully depositing a slug into his pocket. I knew this was it because he remembered my name. "You're about to embark upon a glorious voyage my boy, a glorious voyage. Where is it you're going?"

"To the University at Chapel Hill, Father," I replied, reverently.

"Oh yes, yes. I recall receiving that check for twenty-five dollars from the Zoology department. I know you're going to make them an interesting specimen."

"You know I'll do my best, Father," I answered, placing my yo-yo on the swing.

"Well see that you do, son. When I think of Sunstrom I have the old urge to begin work again on that Infernal Machine in the cellar. Your Ma is due to stop pickeling in a couple of days. Well as I was saying, your brother only lacked one quarter hour to graduate. That was back in 1894. I remember the year because that very year I married your mother. A lovely girl she was. Well, Son, Sunstrom only needed a quarter hour of Hieroglyphical Statistics when this cold came over him. He was doing a research paper near Haw River. Poor boy wasn't as bright as some of the others and he damned near drowned that week he had to wade in it locating the correct data. Being level headed (Sunstrom could balance a two by four on his



head while running the hundred yard dash) he checked into the Infirmary."

"Did they ever cure his cold, Father," I asked wide-eyed.

"Hell no, son. The doctor couldn't find his stethoscope for a few days and by that time complications had set in. When he got out in 1917 on account of the draft, the University had discontinued the course. Well you know how that affected the poor boy. He cracked under the strain and hasn't been himself since.

"And just when he was going to be tapped by the Golden Fleece, wasn't it, Father?" I demanded.

"That's right, Grotto. The Fleece said they were going to tap hell out of Sunstrom the first opportunity they got. So remember, son, no Infirmary for anything short of leprosy, and even then drop me a line before you decide to go. I don't know whether you know it or not but your Mother is becoming fond of you. She told me so only yesterday. Keep that in mind." With these words our talk ended, and Father went out into the garage to retire for the evening. Sunstrom was busy at work in his cage. He was a brilliant lad in spite of his short comings. Only this February he had worked out the new registration system for South Building and now he was busy writing campaign platforms

for his political party back on the campus. I tip-toed by so as not to disturb him and climbed into my hammock . . .

I was awakened the next morning by the clanging of chains. Chlodine entered with what later turned out to be breakfast. Dr. Eniru followed closely behind, occasionally strumming his musical saw. I gulped down my last egg shell and Chlodine seized me, trotting into the examining room for a check-up. When I climbed down from her back she was breathing heavily.

"His temperature has dropped from 105 to 103!" gleefully exclaimed Dr. Eniru. "Why in a couple of months, son, you'll be as good as new. I turned my head and coughed. "A very fine specimen! A very fine specimen indeed!" he smirked, placing the bottle upon the shelf.

"I'm glad you liked it sir," I replied blushing.

"Son, I observed you last night in your sleep. I am convinced some sinister force has warped your brain to an alarming degree. You will be confined to your bed indefinitely."

"But sir, that's the normal shape of my head!"

"Unfortunate, I admit, but not necessarily conclusive proof. We scientists demand ultimate proof, my boy. I'm

(Continued on page 21)

Conversation Piece

A Discourse on Everything Under the Sun

YOU see, Gibbon, that is one of the reasons why I wanted you to come up to Chapel Hill so you could get the feel of things. I want you to get into the groove before you come to school next fall."

"Yeah, I know, Lar, but this is a mighty big place. I ain't use to nothing like this. You know I am only a farm boy, and it gives me the shakes to see all these big school buildings."

"Nonsense, Gibbon, forget all that stuff. This is the twentieth century. The age of the intellectual spirit. You were in the Army; surely you saw things bigger than Chapel Hill and the University."

"But, Lar, I never thought I'd be going to one of these colleges after the war. I just aimed to settle down on the farm and raise chickens and kids."

"Bosh! You don't want to get married. Why, you're on the threshold of an age of wisdom and art such as the world has never before known."

"What's all this wisdom you keep harpin' on?"

"You see, since I have been in school, I have begun to realize how beautiful life can be and what its hidden meanings are."

"How about letting me in on all the secrets that they've been handing out? What's hid about life?"

"I am trying to tell you about Verse. Poetry. You had it in high school. Doesn't it do something to your soul?"

"Getting through high school was rather soul-trying. But I guess I wasn't cut out for that stuff."

"No, I mean poetry. It does something to the human spirit, changes the whole perspective."

"What are you trying to say, Lar? Don't you feel well?"

"You see, Gibbon, since coming here I have been studying the Arts, especially literature. I am going to major in Poetry and make it my life work. That is my mission in life. I feel it my duty to go out and interpret the Great Works of the ages."

"Do you mean the Works Progress Administration? That is a pretty big outfit."

"No. I mean the masterpieces handed down through the centuries by the great artists and poets of Greece and Rome. You see, there is hidden meaning and thoughts in each of the great pieces of verse and I am studying in order to unlock these ideas and present them to humanity."

"Who hid them?"

"Yes, there are only a privileged few who have the skill and ingenuity to open these secrets to the world and I'm going to be one of those few."

"If you need a good locksmith—"

"The trouble is, there are too many people here on the campus who have the same idea as I. A pity too. Wasting all their time studying something they know nothing about. Seems as if everyone wants to be an artiste."

"Let's go eat."

"But you wait and see. I'm going to be different. I have that *touch*, that feeling which such men as Poe and Keats and Dick Stern have."

"You feeling sick again? You need something to eat. Let's get a hotdog and a Pepsi."

"Boy, you are stupid! I don't eat such trash. When I partake of a repast I select the food of artists. Hungarian

Goulash, fillet mignon, tuna salad a la Vienna, and café-coffee to you-at eleven cents a cup."

"I wouldn't mind a—"

"Yes, Gibbon, I know. A hotdog. But we mustn't let such material things as food interrupt the spiritual feeling we have developed here in our conversation. You see, I do a lot of reading and I read last week in a magazine about a woman in Europe who is applying poetry to mental sickness and neurosis. It was in Time Magazine. Ever read it?"

"Some time."

"This woman has a sure thing. Let me explain it. You take a mentally unbalanced person and study his symptoms, and then apply a certain piece of poetry to his particular case. It works on Berillon's theory of cerebral balance, which was also explained in Time Magazine."

"Well, tell me about it, Brain."

"It is simple. It is the principle of fluid, which always keeps level, no matter what."

"Fluid? You mean water?"

"I suppose so. This woman maintains that man's state of happiness in mind is based on the idea that a man has fluid equally balanced in each side of his head, so produces a condition of stability."

"I have an uncle who has known that for years."

"You have! Tell me about it. What are his ideas about it?"

"Oh, he doesn't have any ideas about it, except it gives him trouble in damp weather."

"What has damp weather to do with it?"

"This water head of his gives him a fit when the weather is damp. It swells—"

"Just think, the possibilities of such a discovery are unlimited. Any type of disease could be cured by it. Why, even here in this school, they are experimenting with the idea that algebra and trigonometry can be worked out with meters and iambics, instead of formulas. One radar has made great progress in the—"

"What do you mean by radar?"

"A radar is a person who is so far advanced intellectually that he is able to converse with other such persons by tuning in on the same verse frequency."

"Oh."

"Well, there is one radar, or rather radaress, who has succeeded in composing lyrics by use of the Pythagorean Theorem. They call her the 'Little Slav.'"

"Why do they call her—"

"There is some talk going around that they may combine the Departments of English and Mathematics under instructors in Physics as Heads of the whole department. They want to work out a plan whereby they may give instruction in first aid by the use of poems as constructed by the Greek scholars, and apply Roman prose to surgery practice and

(Continued on page 23)



Over yonder on the next page is a photo of Barbara Lynn, who is a Tri-Delt and a real purty gal. We don't like gals ourselves. WE run around with Dook coeds.



Carolina Fa

Across the way you see one J. Frank Alspaugh, dressed to the hilt in the latest of male fashions. Mr. Alspaugh sports a rather full-cut tan gabardine sack suit, augmented by a white oxford shirt with a wide swept collar and French cuffs, and a small figured red and green foulard cravat.

His shoes are the popular cordovan wing-tip, which though expensive, have the lasting value of the proverbial nine-lived cat.

Mr. Alspaugh sets off his sartorial splendor with a ghoulish smile.



Looking in the other direction, we see that our boy, J. Frank, has gone all out for Terpsichore and her Chapel Hill demi-goddesses. In other words, he is about to shake a graceful leg. His very correct attire consists of a white double-breasted linen jacket, black palm beach trousers, stiff-bosomed shirt and a snappy black bow tie. Black silk socks, black patent leather shoes, and a half-pint flask of mouthwash complete the gruesome apparition.

hion Parade



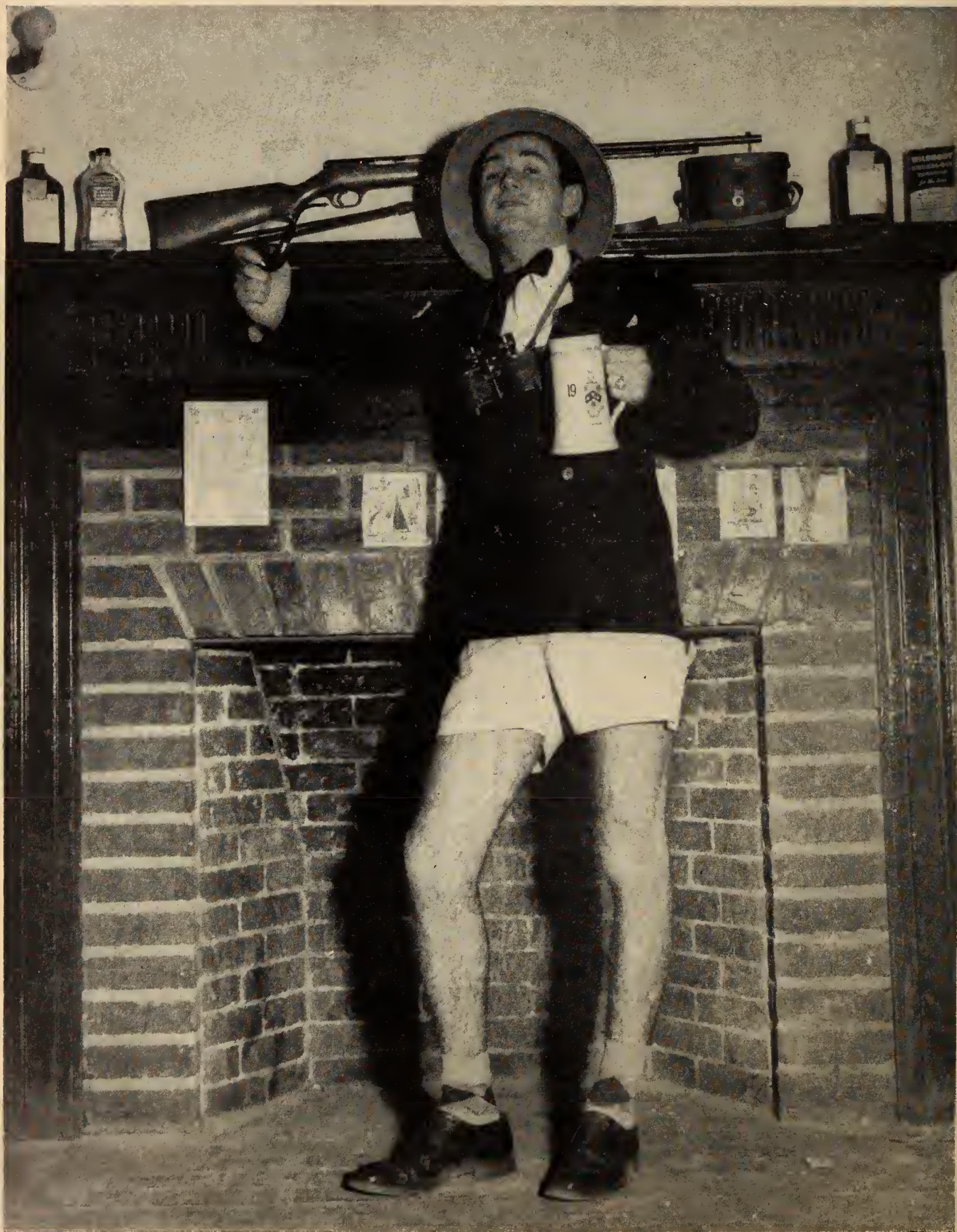
It a being a lovely Summer's day, J. Frank decides to go a-cycling. His sensible sports ensemble is dominated by a light-brown, loose cut jacket. A crisp white oxford shirt, dark brown gabardine slacks, and rubber-soled shoes of white buck, all admirably accented by a colorful mani-hued bow tie, round off Mr. Alspaugh's festive raiment.

In the last pichoor, Franklin is proudly wearing the official uniform of the Carolina student body. His tasteful foul-weather gear is augmented by an anchor and a very useful life-preserver. Floods may come and floods may go, but J. Frank Alspaugh lives forever, through the aid of both his uniform, and the signal flags and distress rockets which are secreted away in his pockets. Whether it interests you or not, the clothes for all but the last tintype were furnished through the courtesy of Julian's College Shop. The rain attire was loaned by the local chapter of the U. S. Navy, who are now accepting—but let's keep this thing clean!!!!



Man Of Distinction

F. Burlington O'Shaughnessy—Distinguished Squirrel Shooter



A Classification Of Wolves

by a coed who, for obvious reasons, remains anonymous

THERE are two major classifications of the American wolf: the *Immovable Object* and the *Irresistible Force*. The *Irresistible Force* may be an Apollo or may resemble a mud fence, since his ineluctable charm lies in his technique, anyway. The *Immovables* are not so. They have to be pretty good-looking bait, because their claims go absolutely unsupported by talent or guilt (except the psychological effect of being elusive.)

There is usually something the matter with the unobtainable man. He has something on his mind with a capital "S." It may be either too many women, one woman (a goddess he has lost or never found), or a cause (he wants to be the first to find just how many ovipositors the Acrididae grasshopper has.) Or he may just consider himself a man's man. In other cases, he is just plain dumb. An excellent example of this last is the *Delayed Reaction Type*. He makes intricate plans to call you three weeks from Thursday, by which time he may become engaged to his import, you may be going steady with his fraternity brother, or either of you may fall off Kenan Stadium and break your neck.

The *Flash Gordon Species* of *Immovable Object* is the idealist. For him, "Laura is the face in the misty light," and he has never seen her under the spotlights at a Beauty Ball or in the cold, scrutinizing light of the "Y." If he finds her, I want to see her. And I guess I will.

I would call the regular sailor type of wolf the *Butterfly*, because he certainly has the insect's flitting tendencies. He thinks women are wonderful. All of them. Perhaps the secret of moving this object is to dye your hair three different colors with a personality to match, and otherwise, stand on your head. I don't know. I have never tried.

The *Man's Man* possesses one of the most infuriating types of I.Q.'s. A certain proportion of baseball scores, hunting stories, and buddy-buddy is fine, but I wonder how long similar discussions of lipstick shades, sewing circles, and ballet by his date would go unchecked. The *Astronomy Student* is a little better. At least he realizes that the stars are out. Strictly for navigation lessons, you know. You learn all about Pluto, Aristotle, Aerophobia, or double-entry book-keeping, while he sits in one corner of the rumble seat and holds his own hand.

But the *Irresistible Force*. Ah.h.h! They are the spice of the entire order, making up for any bum steers a girl may have run across. They "can go" and, even peppered with some of the foregoing vices, are not too hard to take. At first glance we see (indeed, who can see anyone else?) the *Man About Town* known in our campus circles as the *B.M.O.C.* He is conspicuous by his broad shoulders, Jon Hall swagger, contemptuous smile, and general imbecility. Among his secret weapons is his liberal introduction of his girl to *People She Never Thought She'd Meet*. He has a bid to everything and a name that might as well be spelled "Open Sesame." He has more pins and keys than he can carry around, and, in an effort to share this burdensome difficulty, he generously distributes them.

The *Aisle Musing Wolf* is usually a veteran. He lays his cards on the table from the start. "Better not get mixed up with me," he says. "I'm going to get married." With or without swallowing your gum, you squarely face the devil in his eye and ask who is the lucky girl. "Dunno," he cracks, "I haven't met her yet."¹

Dear to our hearts, is the Man Who Will Always Be Around, affectionately known as the *Old Shoe*. Although it is not necessary that he live next door in the old home town, he usually does. He is the old military academy picture on every girl's dresser or the sailor who draws the remark, "Oh that, that's Johnny. How do you like the marine?" Statistics show that from coast to coast the *Old Shoe* type has the lead in filling Christmas stocking, mailboxes, and, incidentally, marriage licenses. Patience is his trump card, the corniest of all approaches, and womanhood will be long in admitting that it is a most profitable one. An objective research worker who recoils at the use of the adjective "sweet" cannot describe what it is like to own an *Old Shoe*. There are no other words. He is all wool and a yard wide.

I have saved the *Kansas Grin Wolf* till last, because he is my own particular meat. He is the shy boy in the corner at the fraternity houses, who tells you that you remind him of his sister, except that your eyes are bluer. A *Kansas Grin Wolf* leaves no traces. He forgets his old and current loves and makes you feel that he isn't "used to this sort of thing." Nothing would ever give him away if his every action weren't WISE. He dances with his eyes closed and hums in your ear. He waits until you are in a strategic position, before he reaches for the ash tray. He doesn't keep a little black address book, because he knows that it makes a girl feel special to take down her phone number on anything that happens to be handy. He needs no explanation. He needs no silver cigarette case. He is an integral persuasive personality, who requires no props. A *Kansas Grin Wolf* is a gently fascinating guy with a philosophy and a sense of humor. A *Kansas Grin Wolf* is great stuff!

¹Subtype "B" has been known to add, "I don't think."



I got classes I ain't never USED yet!



WHO, ME?

The Veteran

by JOHN SHEARIN

ALMA MATER

(Continued from page 5)

I was seated in my study, and my thoughts were running
bloody,
O'er a lewd and vicious novel out of Jeff and Aggie's store—
While I slouched there far from napping, suddenly I heard
a flapping,
As though some damn jerk was slapping, slapping meatballs
on my door.
"Tis some beefy hand," I sputtered, "slapping at my bath
room door—
Bloody fingers, nothing more."

This foul "square" was my lone room, study, bedroom,
telephone room,
But pay those in town who own room, and you're lucky with
a floor.
For with Chapel Hill inflation and this damn rent situation
It's a pretty strong temptation, to blast the landlord into
gore;
And clout him with my combat boots to even up the score—
(Blameless here, you horrid bore.)

This heavy handed knocking mocked me, shocked me, set
me rocking;
I reached down and grabbed my stocking, which stood upon
the floor.
I knew 'twas Bowler's butcher, with his bill—
O' golly wutcher, be a gent and let it suitcher, my meat bill
to ignore?
Be sweet to this poor Yorick, leave my bath tub, I implore—
(Zounds, I'm busted, evermore.)

For I'm just a sixty fiver, and at best I keep alive
A little longer, with the scraps I scrape from frat house
floors.
I can scarce pay for my "likker" and I often wish death
quicker,

When coeds begin to snicker, as I'm naked out of doors.
I debunk Darwinian doctrine and drop down upon all fours—
Stripped by Shylock clothing stores.

Even Itchy is agin me, but I shan't let that chagrin me
For I sold the fifty volumes from the campus Rook Ex.
store.
Those sorority kids were eager to learn "Wop" or something
bigger—
And they paid a handsome figger, for Boccacio's lusty lore.
Short cuts to being sexy, they wish to learn the score.
Quoth Boccacio, "Why shore."

Back to Aggie's, bleak and beery, passed Danziger's
slightly dreary
Crumpet hangout for the skeery, leery playwrights, ever-
more.
Eagerly I sought to borrow, beer to gain surcease of sorrow.
Downing ten, I thought tomorrow, surely Bill will give me
more.
With this 'holesome horsey liquid, I don't need no Damn
Lenore—
(Most dames are such a bore!)

rise between Carrboro and Durham. These businesses usually took the form of apothecary shops and taverns. One or two senators too objected rather mildly about the influence of the surroundings that had disrupted their families and homes during the infrequent returns of their sons, but on the threat of having their offsprings dismissed from the hill, and sent to their respective homes, it was generally conceded that University should have her own way. To be sure, the various fees and monies that were demanded of the lads were at times unreasonable and University would allow no laxity whatsoever in coming across, but the ever constant threat of having to face life with a constant reminder of his own idiocy gracing his hearth kept the majority of the senators writing checks with alacrity. Not to be outdone, the apothecary shops and the taverns also took their toll in making life as hard and seemingly impossible for the aliens as was considered good business. This practice became so unbearable that as a last alternative, the councilors and pledges alike finding it impossible to finance daily trips to The Place University, a system was devised that offered the aliens a few moments of delving into literature and such, as an unwelcome pastime for idling away moments between trips. Swamp Root Almanacs and several copies of Tourists' Views of Paris were made available through the generosity of one Chas. Mcglendingrum, a kindly northstate republican, and consequently, a bit of University's trade began to fall off. This did not set too well with University, as indicated by her own words, "This don't set too well with me." To offset the decline in her usual profits, she instituted a small book shop and left it to the care of a shady character named Luke X, who had a leaning toward pornography. The illustrated volumes went well for a time but it was soon learned that the pledges were almost totally unversed in medical terms. The professors, grieved over their lost youth, and the pledges, tiring of the pictures which though always eye-catchers finally began to grow dull, pressed Luke into admitting a trickle of various other texts which the school curricula did not at that time allow. These books did not in any way approximate the vigorous sales of their predecessors and because of existing laws, could not demand the attractive prices of Luke's personal selections. Rather than see her business go to pot, University and Luke contrived a scheme whereby all pledges in certain categories would be compelled to read certain books. These categories were decided as to extent of idiocy seniority, and probable income. This, too, proved a hardship on those concerned due to the ferocity of University's mercenary character that required each pledge to part with most of his ready cash each time a new shipment of books was received. Once in a while a ray of intelligence crowded the fettered brain of an old hand and he would get a rebate by selling his old texts to a newcomer, but University was no fool and found a way around that by changing the required texts each time one edition was sold out. Thanks to an agile brain and a deep understanding of the ways of idiots University was seldom, if ever, a wronged woman.

One day between rains on the rise, several pledges found themselves to be in the company of several other pledges and a councilor, all reading the same book. It was a good monthly check away before any of them would be able to indulge in the more fundamental pastime, so rather than bemoan their present misfortune, they all began to discuss, amiably enough, the book in question. The discussion was

(Continued on following page)

(Continued from preceding page)

beginning to wax fairly intelligent when another shower of rain started to fall causing them all to seek a convenient shelter. The shelter was an abandoned blacksmith shop which had formerly been used by a Lennie Murphy who had recently died from a fitful disorder of the liver. The councilor in the group was the only one lacking a seat so rather than succumb to the embarrassment of standing alone, he began an inarticulate chant about the book in his hand, that being his sole source of conversation. At the end of his tirade a few of the pledges set fire to their books and one or two were overheard using obscene language on the way out, otherwise it was deemed a significant occasion, and excused by the fact that the pledges were simple and the councilors were unable to enjoy youth, this sort of thing

tures here and there which she was forced to sell to the state, none other being able to meet her price. Book sales took a swing in the right direction; the buildings had brought a fantastic sum in profits, the senators were kicking in all along the line; University was raking in what she liked to rake in the most; the idiots thought it was charming and everybody seemed very well pleased at the way things were going. In time University added a dining hall which proved a godsend to her pocketbook, and Luke X. became so filthy rich that his slave-trading days were forgotten. It is small wonder then that University should have done what she did when she learned that the scar from her last operation was beginning to fester.

"Luke and Saddlepants," she said, speaking to Luke and Saddlepants, "I'm a dying woman and ain't no-



became quite the vogue. Murphy's blacksmith shop was enlarged and added to, and the comings and goings of councilors and pledges was viewed askance by University. Another barricade had reared its ugly head.

'Twas no easy thing for her to exploit this latest eccentricity of her patrons, notwithstanding the able abetment of Saddlepants, but with the true and discriminating eye of a starving wolverine, she saw that more buildings would be needed if this sort of thing, however abominable, were to take hold. So seeing, University set to building struc-

body on God's green earth can save me 'ceptin Doc Swatcher who is a dying man hisself, taken with the palsy and whatnot. I've lived a good life and anybody says I ain't is a damn liar. This place has been good to me, though I admit what with the idiots and their hifalutin notions about books, it has been irritatin' at times. They have seen me through some hard times and I gotta admit I've done the same for them off and on. 'Tain't right that the little devils should be left to face the world all alone so I'm gonna do a little some-

thing for 'em. I want you, Luke, to knock off two cents from the cost of every single solitary book in your place for two months; after that you can do as you damn well please. You, Saddlepants, see that every apothecary shop on the hill donates a free sucker to the pledges, with my name stamped on the wrapper. You can have 'em put 'In loving memory of University' or something to that effect. Everything else I'm leaving to Senator Ed McCurdle who I have loved for all these years."

University passed on nineteen years later leaving the little rise between Carrboro and Durham grief-stricken, to say the least. With the reading of University's will and after hearing of her dying thoughts of the community, the councilors and pledges were so touched that they deemed it only fitting to endow their little community with her name. So it was done and the rise that later rose to still greater heights was graced with her name.

Few indeed are the institutions that have roots so deep, ivy so clinging, sentiment so binding, tradition so steeped, or quagmire so deep. What is ours none can destroy, and the heritage which has forever been a balm to the souls of the great who have risen from this simple beginning may well and fittingly be attributed to this great woman whom they all knew and loved, University, ably abetted by Saddlepants, a long time Hill resident.

Grad: "You know, I like the way you dance."

Coed: "Yes?"

Grad: "You don't even blush."

—Varieties.

INFIRMARY FIEND

(Continued from page 11)

afraid you must see it our way. Both heads nodded at each other in a very self-satisfied manner.

"Dr. Eniru, is it o. k. if I call my roommate and have him bring over a few of my books, my tooth brush and . . ."

"You little fool! Oh you clever damned fool! You're not the first who figured on outsmarting us by contacting an outside man. Luckily I saw through your plot, Grotto. I'll admit you almost had me. Chlodine, see that the lad is orientated on the 'cans' and 'cannots' of this institution. I remember the day when a man wouldn't dare ask such a foolish question. I suppose it's the war and the coming election that's making them so reckless."

"I'm terribly sorry, Dr. Eniru, I guess I lost my head for a moment."

"I guess you did, son. Chlodine, put him down for three more days. We cannot tolerate insubordination."

"Shall I bring in the slide for the blood test, Doc," cackled Chlodine, wiping the foam from her lips with her slip and tossing the empty bottle of Schlitz into the moat which was soon gobbled up by one of the sharks.

"Slide hell, call South Building and have them send over a large window pane and charge it to his account. We can't cure the boy without a proper diagnosis and these small slides take too much time. Don't forget to put down a quarter for the telephone call, and for God's sake straighten your skull cap!"

"I burned his clothes just like you told me, Doc, just like you told me," gurgled Hugo, the largest of the guards. "I put 'em in the incinerator and they burned real purty like,

(Continued on following page)

Bill Allen '50

Tom Mitchell '50

Allow us to express our sincere thanks and
gratitude to all of you for your
kind patronage.

**THE COLLEGE
SHOP**

Milton Julian '39

Maurice Julian '38

It's no Joke but . . .

for Graduation we'll have the love-
liest of corsages and cut flowers.

UNIVERSITY FLORIST

Pick Theatre Bldg.

Phones 6816 — 9326

(Continued from preceding page)

Doc, kinda green and blue. I did it just like you told me Doc."

"That's fine, Hugo. Chlodine, that gives him only another year and a half of service, counting the hour we knock off for a job well done. Tragic case, Hugo's. Came in with an ingrowing toe nail back in '42 when he was in Preflight. After three months treatment and meals he found that his family and the Government couldn't pay his bill. Of course his father mortgaged his home but still couldn't quite dig up enough cash so Hugo's working it out. It was pretty hard arranging with the Navy for his discharge, but they finally realized that a rule is a rule and that we can't make any exceptions. As a matter of fact we can't make anything and none of your remarks, Hugo!"

"Soitenly not, Doc, soitenly not," cooed Hugo, drooling upon the stock of his gun, as Chlodine lowered her lashes upon her breast.

"But I can tell by looking at you, Grotto, that you're lousy with money," purred Doctor Eniru. "So under those circumstances, why don't you give Chlodine the money for your breakfast now?"

"Gladly, sir," I said, reaching for my wallet when the realization that it was in my trouser pocket dawned upon me. "My billfold is in the pocket of my trousers. If only you'll . . ."

"Dammit, son, I'd begun to like you. I thought you were going to make us an ideal vic— patient. Then you go and turn mercenary on us. You know very well, Grotto, that Hugo would have told us about a billfold had he discovered one. Did Hugo even remotely intimate that he had found anything resembling your wallet?"

"Yeah, did I even mention dat I found a black leather billfold with two fifties and three tens and a picture of a pretty goid and a driver's licence and a card with some holes punched in it and . . ."

"You blundering idiot! You know you didn't find anything in those pants!" screamed Eniru. "How would you like to take another swim in the moat, you fool?" Hugo trembled convulsively.

"Oh golly, you promised, Doc. You remember how you promised me, Doc! Oh golly! One of 'em nearly got me last time, Doc, so not the moat, huh, not the moat!" Hugo pleaded.

"Next time you might not be so lucky so watch your glib tongue. Three more months, Chlodine, and I'm letting him off light."

"You'll be late for your next appointment, Doctor," whispered Chlodine confidentially. "It's the amputation in Ward Three." Dr. Eniru's four eyes gleamed. "He tried to escape again, you know. Claimed he was going to the Latrine."

"Ah yes, I know the case. Same boy that tried to slash his wrists last week. Can't have that sort of thing. My conscience is clear. He was amply warned and he did sign the pledge. Perhaps you'd best stay here and fill out the necessary forms for little Grotto. Must get those things taken care of in case something unexpected comes up. Lower the bridge, Hugo." Dr. Eniru adjusted his straps and then skated out.

"Happy operation, Doc," screamed Hugo as Dr. Eniru disappeared around the corridor.

"And a plague take you, Hugo," called Dr. Eniru, deliriously happy with anticipation. Chlodine sat down beside me on the bed and pulled several forms out of her marble bag.

"First, dearie, you must sign the pledge," she giggled, chucking me under the chin. "That means that you promise

not to try to escape before you have been officially dismissed by the Infirmary. Clause Two also means that you grant the guards permission to take all necessary disciplinary measures to prevent same in case you do. And this little old thing here just means that you won't try to communicate with anyone on the outside under any circumstances."

"Do I have to sign these, Nurse?"

"Does Dan like fireplugs? Silly boy, of course you have to sign them! That's provided for in Clause Three. And although you don't have to, the Infirmary strongly recommends that you make out a will. That's in case anything happens on account of we like to be prepared even if it don't which it probably will. That's right, little man, now put 'South Building' in that blank there. That's right."

"Make him sign the poiple slip, Miss Chlodine, make him sign the poiple one!" roared Hugo. "Dat's da one I like's best!"

"Don't pay any attention to him, Dearie. That one is merely a formality. It states that the Med School gets your body in case you have an unsuccessful operation or an accident. Why everybody signs that old thing. Do you have a bank account? If so just sign a blank check. We will fill in the amount at the end of your stay. Dr. Eniru is a very discreet man. He realizes that the students aren't millionaires. Thank you, Dearie!"

"Miss Chlodine, I wonder if I could have a glass of water. My throat feels terribly dry and I think I still have fever."

"Any time you want anything, little man, just ring that bell and it's all yours. Do you want the large or the small water?"

"I think I would like the large, please, and an aspirin."

"I'll get you the water right now, Dearie, but you have to wait for the aspirin until we check your father's financial status. Reckless fool that I am, I brought your breakfast in this morning without thinking. You know the Uni-

(Continued on page 27)



CONVERSATION PIECE

(Continued from page 14)

psychology. Of course the courses would be subject to the approval of the Medical School."

"In high school I could do long division—"

"I can just see my great song leading the Hit Parade—"

"You mean the 'Square Root of Managua Nicaragua'?"

"Hush. If the 'Little Stern' can accomplish great things and if Stern can write poetry which can't be solved with a cyclotron, then I don't see why I can't drum up something which no one can read except upside down."

"I know a poem about Casey At—"

"Next semester I will take a course in Philosophy. That should enhance my standing around here."

"I took a correspondence course—"

"You see, Gibbon, the only way to get anywhere is to study intensely for the things which you will spend most of your time doing during your career. And—"

"They don't teach crop rotation here, do they?"

"Take the theory of relativity as worked out by Einstein. Why, with the progress they are making in physics, coupled with the advances on the atomic bomb, they should be able to interpret 'The Raven' and most of Alexander Pope's works, too, don't you think?"

"Yeah, they ought to find some way of feeding the bird."

"One of the first things a new student notices when he comes here is the smooth, effortless way in which college politics is carried on."

"Politics? You mean if I were to come to school here, I'd have to pay a poll tax?"

"No. Do you know why the student political parties operate so efficiently here?"

"Because there aren't any?"

"No. Because they apply the principle of Darwinism."

"So?"

"Darwinism is a theory which means that at one time Man was nothing but a monkey, and throughout the ages the monkey evolved from his original form and finally deteriorated into the form of man."

"Is that good?"

"Most people do not accept it, but here at Chapel Hill the students feel that since the place is an outcast of Society and is rather radical, they owe it to the world to accept it and carry out its principles."

"You mean they have a zoo here?"

"No. The student political parties decided that if they incorporated the Darwin theory into their platforms as a plank, there would be no limit as to how far they might go."

"You are right. They might go too far. Do they eat peanuts?"

"No. By taking the Theory and setting it to verse—some of the journalism majors did that—they thought they might emerge with a perfect political set-up, based on the idea that everything would rhyme with their principles and therefore all would be in harmony."

"What about the monkey?"

"You mean the guy who heads the party?"

"No. Darwin's monkey. How does it fit into the Administration?"

"SSSSHHH! Don't mention that word. You have it all wrong. The parties have nothing whatever to do with the administration. That is operated by some other people, so we will not discuss that."

"But what about the monkey? Where does it come in?"

"Oh, we will not go into that. It is too complex. Only the

(Continued on following page)

The Best Records in Town?

YOU BET!



CAROLINA SPORT SHOP

GRIN and BEER IT!!

at

HARRY'S



Meals — Sandwiches

(Continued from preceding page)

students who are working for their Masters degrees in Nuclear Politics know the secret of that."

"What's Nuclear Politics?"

"That is the study of the separation of power."

"Seems to me as if there are an awful lot of secrets around here. Won't they let you learn anything?"

"Gibbon, you just don't understand. You have not been out of the Army long enough. You must stay here for some time before you can get into the swing of things. When you begin to circulate, you soon become eligible for membership in some of the more exclusive organizations which operate here at Chapel Hill."

"Such as?"

"Well, there is the Humane Welfare Socialists For Southern Comfort, which has done a fine job of meeting several times a week and discussing various things which it could do, or which other organs have done. And there is the Semper Phi Del Fraternity whose motto is: 'That which I have come unto is mine; how are ye faring?'"

"Do you belong to any of these outfits?"

"You do not call them outfits. They are organs."

"You mean like—"

"Quiet. No, I do not belong to one of these institutions yet. You see, I have been here only two years and that is not long enough."

"Like not having enough points to get out of the Army, huh?"

"I suppose I just don't know the right people. The whole truth of the matter is, I haven't contributed anything really great and revolutionary to the various campus publications. But someday I will become a true attic genius with all the atmosphere of the Viennese coffee shop hanging about my

shoulders; everywhere I will spread my incomparable writings."

"Like Kilroy."

"No, Gibbon. You just don't appreciate College. You should be grateful for the opportunity which this country has offered you. Don't you wish to get anywhere? Wouldn't you like to be like Thomas Wolfe? Everyone else does. Why should you be so different?"

"Oh, it ain't that. I'd just as soon be Tom as anyone else. Who is he?"

"He is one of the greatest writers this country has produced in modern times. He is the inspiration of everyone who wishes to be a literary figure."

"I didn't even like to write letters when I was in the Army."

"That is just the trouble with you. Just one of the mass. Don't you wish to rise up from the crowd and accomplish great things?"

"Yeah, I know all about that stuff. I rose up from the crowd too many times in the Army when they asked for volunteers and I always ended up on the latrine detail. Lar, why are you looking at me like that?"

No wonder bees buzz—you'd buzz too if somebody took your honey and nectar.

—Sunshine.

Protect the birds. The dove brings peace and the stork brings tax exemptions.

—Voo Doo.

WOOTTEN-MOULTON



PHOTOGRAPHERS

Chapel Hill
North Carolina



"To hell with Coca-Cola! This is the pause that refreshes!"



"I take MY shooting quite seriously!"

HALT!

A wise girl is judged by the company she keeps from making love to her.

—Flambeau.

If you are caught in hot water—be nonchalant, take a bath.

—Confucius.

Spencer: "Don't you love driving on a night like this?"

Emerson: "Yes, but I thought I'd wait until we got further out into the country."

Senior: "How's your new girl?"

Frosh: "Not so good."

Senior: "You always were lucky."

—Carolina Gentleman.

There's the wonderful love of a beautiful maid,
And the love of a staunch, true man.
And the love of a baby that's unafraid.
All have existed since time began.
But the most wonderful love—the love of lovers
Even greater than that of a mother
Is the tenderest, infinite, passionate love
Of one dead drunk for another.

—Duke 'N Duchess.

THE BEST SPORTING GOODS?

YOU BET!



CAROLINA SPORT SHOP



"Is *THAT* one?"

GADZOOKS! ALMOST GRADUATION!

For those dazed last days and a scintillating summer

See our wonderful collection
of the smartest, coolest summer clothes imaginable

Raleigh, Wilson



Winston-Salem

INFIRMARY FIEND

(Continued from page 22)

versity has purged nurses for far less. That will be twenty five cents for the wa—. Oh, I forgot. Well, Dearie, we'll know about it in a little while. Here, let me slip those handcuffs on again. That's a good boy."

Suddenly a voice from outside the building rang out. It sounded as though it were coming from the driveway below. "Gertrude, oh Gertrude! Did you get my card and candy? Oh Gertrude!"

"Now, Miss Chlodine?" cried Hugo eagerly.

"Now, Hugo. I told Gertrude about that boy!"

A sudden staccato blast from Hugo's gun resounded sharply into the driveway below. "Gert—" A deathlike silence prevailed in the room. Chlodine slowly withdrew her skull cap.

"His name was George," she murmured. "I saw his picture in her cell. Poor Gertrude. It's gonna be rough on her family. Excuse me, Dearie. I have to go fix out her accident blank. And I'd better get George out of the driveway before a car runs over him. See you later, Grotto, you sweet boy." With this she was gone.

"God, I've got to get out of here before I go mad! Oh Father, why?" I sobbed into my pillow.

"You don't got nothing to worry about, Mr. Grotto, my lil buddy. I'll get you out of this. I ain't as dumb as I look."

"You're not, Hugo?" I replied amazedly, wiping my eyes with my flannel wrist pads.

"'Course not. Every Sunday afternoon they lets me out for a walk in the woods. All I gotta do is contact one of the men in my political party and get you nominated for da Legislature or somethin'. Comes da time when you gotta go around makin' speeches and things the guys in the party is gonna start wonderin' where ya are. They comes and gets ya out no matter what tha cost. Even if you ain't a candidate you're a potent vote. Last time we lost three guards when they sprung Tom Eller and Bill Miller but they got 'em out o. k. 'Course the parties lost a few minor members but dat's only natcherl. And you'll have to promise to vote the way the boss says, Mr. Grotto. Don't cha be forgettin' dat!"

"God bless you, Hugo," I whispered, seeing a tiny ray of hope.

"God save the Party!" shouted Hugo, oiling the barrel of his gun.

School Directory

Dook U.: Your home away from New Jersey. Nurse shooting a daily occurrence. A large tower (complete with bells and chaperons). Only twelve miles from scenic Chapel Hill.

St. Mary's: Just the place to send a frustrated daughter. Lovely campus enclosed by the strongest barbed-wire money can buy. Chastity belts with every sheepskin. Instruction in Ju-Jitsu our specialty.

N. C. State: Give your boy a four-year vacation away from the farm. Send him to charming State College in the heart of Raleigh, N. C. We guarantee he will see Josephus Daniels and learn the best fertilizer to use for Spring Alfalfa.

Chapel College: Four first-rate beer taverns surrounded by a number of rest homes. Perfect climate for those who raise ducks. See the Playmakers and other local oddities. Drink beer all the time. If a female, bring a car and minister. Nature works overtime in this little hamlet.

Knees are a luxury. If you don't think so, just try to get ahold of one.

—The Bitter Bird.

"Are you the bull of the campus?"

"That's me, baby."

"Moo."

—Voo Doo.

Old-timer: "I can remember when the arboretum was only a cow pasture."

1947: "Well?"

—Carolina Gentleman.

Phi: "Who was that I saw you with last night?"

Bete: "Oh, just a little neck-nack I picked up."

—Sage.

The girl who does everything under the sun has shadows under her eyes.



University Service Station

DANCE INVITATIONS

Cards and Envelopes to
match in 3 sizes

.

PROGRAMS

Souvenir Programs
Numerous sizes and styles
One and two color

.

Orange Printshop

Telephone 3781

Chapel Hill

History of a Joke

Birth: A freshman thinks it up and chuckles with glee, waking up two fraternity men in the back row.

Age 5 minutes: Freshman tells it to senior, who answers, "Yeah, it's funny, but I've heard it before."

Age 1 day: Senior turns it in to the campus humor rag as his own.

Age 10 days: Editor has to fill magazine, prints joke.

Age 1 month: Thirteen college comics reprint joke.

Age 3 years: Duke 'n Duchess reprints joke as original.

Age 3 years, one month: "The Wataugan reprints joke crediting it to Duke 'n Duchess.

Age 10 years: 77 radio comedians discover joke simultaneously, tell it accompanied by howls of mirth from boys in the orchestra.

Age 20 years: Joke is reprinted in Reader's Digest.

About 100 years: Professors start telling joke in class before final exams.

THE QUESTION

Weighty problems have been solved

By many a grey-haired sage,

Atomic research forges forth,

And radar's all the rage.

Yet there is one dilemma,

That I am tangled in—

Where do the Quoinset ceilings stop,

And where the walls begin?

—The Spartan.

MAX SAYS:

For Your Mealtime Enjoyment



Steaks, Chops
and Seafood

UNIVERSITY CAFE

Next to Post Office

There was a young coed from Spenser
Who thought it her duty to censure
Her boyfriends for squeezin'—and that is the reason
They call her the spinster from Spenser.

—Jack Clinard.

"May I kiss your hand?"

"Whatsa matter—my mouth dirty?"

—Ramma Jammer.

Overheard in a dark corner: "Hands off, Columbus, you've discovered enough for tonight."

—Voo Doo.

First Chi O: "What did your date look like last night?"

Second Chi O: "Oh, he was tall, dark, and hands."

—Stanford Chappie.

Prof: "You don't know the first thing about syntax."

Stude: "Don't tell me they're taxing that!"

Phi: "Darling, I'm groping for words."

Bete: "Well, you won't find them there."

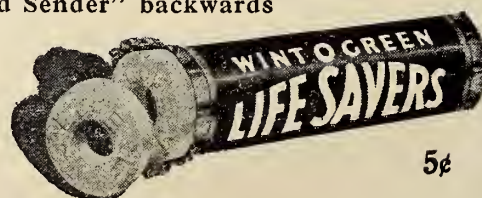
—Portia.

Are you a Rednes dilos*



Do you win the gals with your *smooth* line—
then lose 'em with your *rough* breath? Cheer up,
chum! You can be a *super solid sender*. Just get
hep to luscious Life Savers. Those dandy, handy
candies keep your breath so-o-o fresh!

* "Solid Sender" backwards



5¢

Cpl.: In this bottle I have peroxide which makes blondes,
and in this bottle I have dye which makes brunettes.

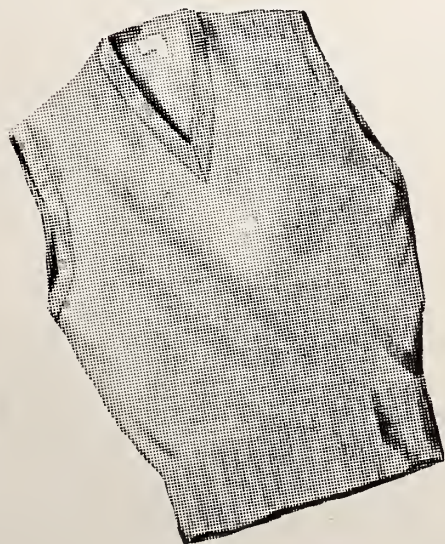
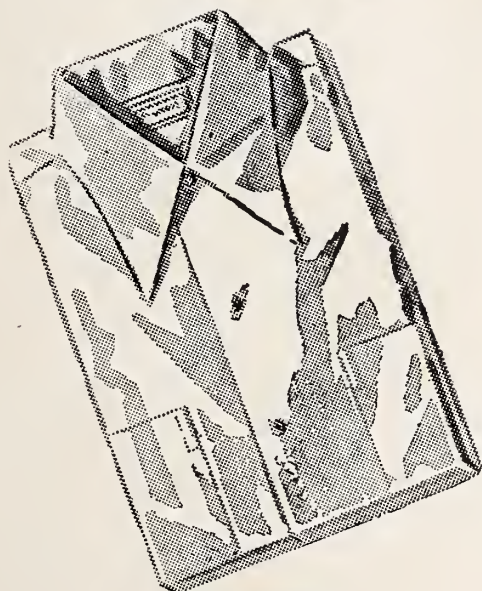
Pvt.: What's in the third bottle?

Cpl.: Gin which makes both.

Contest winner: Molly Redfearn, Box 717



Varsity



Dust off that tennis racquet. Get out that golf bag Brother, it's Spring—and hibernation changes into recreation! Here McGregor presents new, smart, colorful styles. It's perfect sportswear for perfect weather. Lighter, more crush-resistant, more packable . . . superbly tailored to help you go places—in comfort!

LEISURE COATS. Soft, rich 100% pure wool in striking colors and patterns.

SPORT SHIRTS. Cool and colorful. To be worn—with, or without a tie.

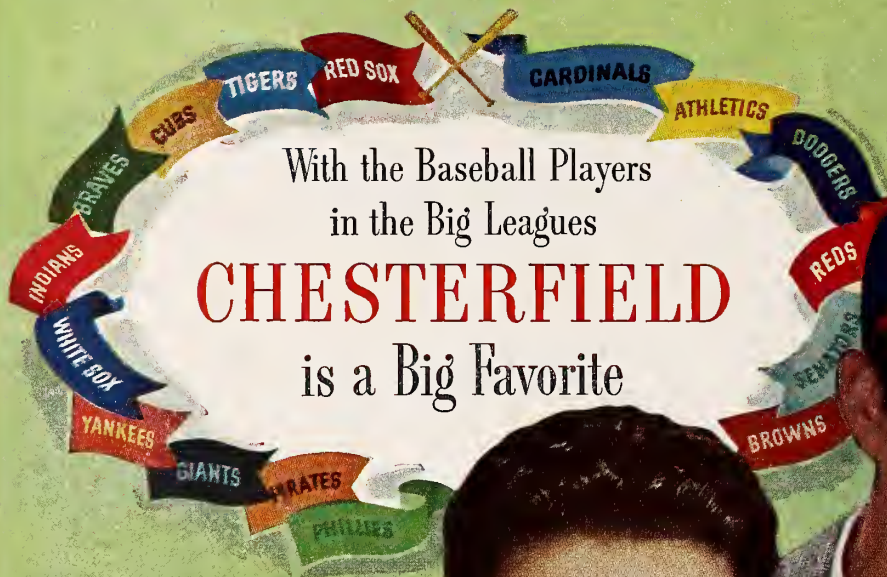
SLACKS. Smart, superbly tailored. McGregor-made to fit perfectly and drape luxuriously.

SWEATERS. Knitted of fine yarns. In many handsome colors to blend with jacket and slacks. In sleeveless, pullover and coat styles.

DRIZZLER JACKETS. Wind-proof and water-repellent in Norane treated Ameritex fabric. America's most popular sports jacket!

Varsity Supply and Service

Your College Store in Chapel Hill



With the Baseball Players
in the Big Leagues
CHESTERFIELD
is a Big Favorite

TED WILLIAMS ★ STAN MUSIAL

VOTED THE MOST VALUABLE PLAYERS
IN THE AMERICAN AND NATIONAL LEAGUES



A ALWAYS Milder

B BETTER TASTING

C COOLER SMOKING

ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD

RIGHT COMBINATION • WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS • PROPERLY AGED



